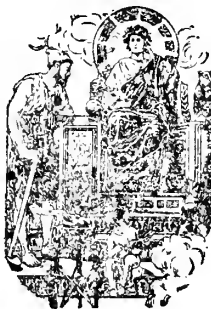


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THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 1.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1888.

Price 10 cents.

The Most Comprehensive Cycling Catalog Published.

❁❁❁ 60 ❁❁❁ PAGES. ❁❁❁

— THE —
Columbia Catalog
FOR 1888.

Published January 10, 1888.

Free by Mail Upon Application.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Principal Office:
79 Franklin St., Boston.

BRANCH HOUSES: } 12 Warren St., New York.
} 291 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

THE RUDGE AGENCY.

The Rudge Agency (recently relinquished by Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co.,) will be continued in the same place, 152 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., by

H. M. SABEN,

who has been actively connected with the agency for the past two years.

The 1888 Rudge Catalog is now in Press.

The SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER for 1888.

(Yost & McCune Patent.)

The Only Absolutely Safe Wheel Against
"Headers" Made.



IT IS THE BEST!

IT IS THE CHEAPEST!

Do Not Buy a Wheel Before You See The

SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER.

This is an absolutely safe wheel which retails for \$75, with tools and tool bag, enamel finish, trimmed with nickel, and plain bearings. One of the best wheels for all round road riding and hill climbing ever offered the public for the money. Best class of cold drawn weldless steel tubing in handle-bars, backbone and side forks. Other parts of the best steel drop forgings. In every way first-class as to its workmanship and material.

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has ball bearings all round and cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, enamel finish, trimmed in nickel, with tools and tool bag; workmanship and material such as used in all high grade wheels. The mechanical construction of these two wheels are identical. Those who purchase plain bearings can at any time have the ball bearings added, if they so desire, at the additional cost of \$25.

These wheels are safe, speedy and good road wheels, and reliable in every respect. Do not fail to examine before purchasing 1888 mount.

Retail Salesroom: 147 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Branch Offices in all the Leading Cities.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE M'F'G. COMPANY,

9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

GREATLY IMPROVED OVER 1886 PATTERN.

THE SAFEST MACHINE AND THE BEST HILL-CLIMBER!

THE * KING * BICYCLE

FOR 1887

WILL BE APPRECIATED BY ALL

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Because it is propelled by levers, giving a constant application of power so highly prized on sandy or muddy roads and in hill-climbing.

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Because, the treadles being in the rear of the hub, there is an uplifting at the fulcrum in front, removing the danger of taking a header, and the fork cannot be forced forward faster than the large wheel revolves.

FOR EASE OF RUNNING,

Because the new adjustable anti-friction bearings in our high-grade machines run very easily, are very durable, and cannot roll together; and there are no parallel bearings to retard the revolution of the wheels nor cog-wheel friction to overcome in coasting.

Secured by United States Patents and Pending United States and Foreign Applications by the Inventor, Rev. HOMER A. KING, Springfield, Mass.



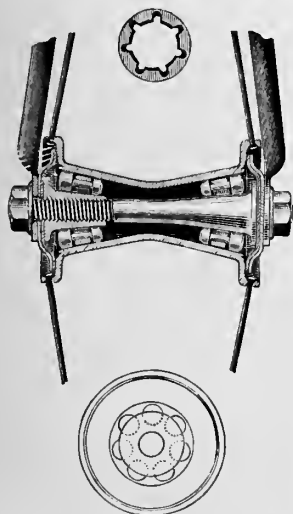
FOR INCREASE OF POWER,

Because the new motor, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands, enable the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals, and it can be set to sandy-road, hill-climbing, or racing speed.

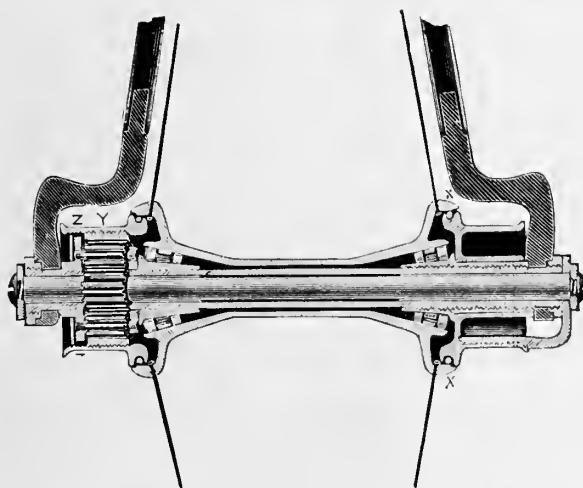
FOR ECONOMY OF POWER,

Because it is the only Bicycle in which the levers are raised without springs, the new motor raising one lever and foot automatically by the depression of the other lever, without retarding the revolution of the drive-wheel by the ascending foot, even by amateur riders, which on the crank wheel can only be avoided by expert riders.

Heretofore noticed and advertised as "Springfield's New Bicycle," "The Springfield Light Roadster," "The Springfield Bicycle," etc., and the only Bicycle in the market ever invented or first built in Springfield.



View of bearings in rear wheel, and end view of adjustable anti-friction roller bearings and revolving collar which holds them in place. Full explanation in Catalogue; sent free.



Cut showing how the depression of one lever, turning one propelling drum forward, turns the other backward and raises the lever without contact with the driving wheel. Full explanation in Catalogue; sent free.



Front View, with spade handles.

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SOLID CRESCENT RIMS.
 PARALLEL BEARINGS
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One-fourth Nickel includes Hub, Saddle-Spring, Handle-Bars, Brake, and Head. One-half Nickel includes also the Spokes of the large wheel. Full Nickel includes all except the Rim. We recommend and most riders order the \$110 style with anti-friction bearings to both wheels. A discount of 10 per cent. from third column prices is offered to any clergyman, or to the first purchaser in any county. Above prices are for 48-inch wheel; add or subtract \$1 per inch up or down. Spade handles, \$2 extra. Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.

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In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

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All Sizes and Makes at lower prices than ever before advertised.

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SWINGS Forward; Rolls Latterly; Tensions easy; Fits Perfectly; Elastic to Suit Weight; Front Spring takes up Slack allowed by Coils.

Finest saddle in the market, and money refunded if trial doesn't prove it. Send for circular.

L. S. Copper & Co.,

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CLEVELAND, O.



HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.



New Improved

The CALIGRAPH Writing Machine

OVER 19,000 IN USE.

H. T. CONDE, Gen'l Agt

76 and 78 West Washington St., Indianapolis,
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Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881.

Send for Catalogue.

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CHICAGO, - ILLINOIS.

Manufacturers of the well known

RIVAL and OTTO Improved;
OTTO SPECIAL BICYCLES; OTTO MASCOTTE and PETITE; and PARLOR TRICYCLES; and also the New Patented Bessemer, and a full line of

OTHER VELOCIPEDES.

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Fine Enameled AND Rustic Monograms, Club Badges, Society Pins, L. A. W. PINS, NEW DESIGNS, New and Unique Designs in Medals for Bicycle Race Meets. Diamonds & Diamond Settings a Specialty.

Horace Beddo & Co.,
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Manufacturing

Jewelers.

BEDDO'S

Kentucky Bicycle Agency,

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Finest Equipped Bicycle Repair Shop in the South

Send for Catalogue and Second-Hand List.



BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

The New RAPID, AMERICAN CHAMPION, STAR, RIVAL, OTTO, and other Bicycles and Tricycles sold on easy payments, with no extra charge except for interest. Second-Hand Wheels bought for cash and sold on easy payments. Repairing and nickel-plating.

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SECOND-HAND WHEELS BOUGHT, SOLD, AND EXCHANGED.

Send for our large finely-illustrated Catalogue, of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Descriptive Price-List of Second-Hand Bicycles free.

GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 7 G Street, Peoria, Ill.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

A Model Entertainment.



ABOUT this time of the year year comes the bicycle club benefit entertainment and the members of the committee on program grow thin and hollow eyed as they lay awake night after

night trying to figure out some appropriate scheme of entertainment. The cry for relief comes to our ears and is not unheeded. We have a young man on our staff who is subject to insomnia and it does not discommode him in the least to lay awake at night; so this young man has drawn up a model program for club entertainments which the GAZETTE offers to an awaiting world.

The entertainment should open with an address by the president of the club. The following form will require but few alterations to fit most cases: Ladies and gentlemen: In behalf of the ——— Bicycle Club, I bid you welcome to our ———th annual entertainment. Our club has enjoyed a season of unexampled prosperity and now enjoys the proud distinction of being the finest club in the land. Our tourists have toured further, our flyers have flown faster, and our scorchers have done more scorching than those of any other club on earth. Our men hold all the important records on the road and path from one-quarter up to a hundred miles.

Friends and fellow citizens we welcome you, we welcome the half-dollars you deposited at the box office as a guarantee of good faith. Thrice welcome. Any time you happen to be in the neighborhood of our club house, drop in and see us; if none of us are in you can talk to the janitor and keep him from growing lonely and morose. Come in and cock your feet up on our new Mexican oinx mantle-piece and drop your cigar stubs in the oriental tear jug that adorns the upper, north-east corner of the reception room. Make yourselves at home but touch the umbrella rack lightly. Monkey with the billiard table and twist your spine in the gymnasium. You will find the court plaster in the photograph album and the St. Jacob's Oil down in the cellar where its fragrant breath will not annoy the neighbors and prejudice them against our noble cause. Ladies and gentlemen, before I close let me say to you, welcome.

The next event should be a quartette. Soprano to lead off with about one minute handicap, the others to follow in order with basso on the scratch. Song should be sung in three heats.



First heat:

Oh come and fly with me!
Oh come and fly away!
With me,
Away,
Away,
Away,
Oh come and fly with me.
Away!
With me
So bright and gay
Oh come away,
Upon the glistening wheel
And feel
so bright and gay,
And gay,
And gay.

Second heat.

Oh come and fly with me!
Oh come and fly away!
With me!
Oh come!
Oh come!
Oh come!
With me and fly away,
Oh come,
With me,
So bright and gay!
Oh come and fly away,
Upon the wrey steed,
With speed!
Oh, come away,
Away!
Away!

It will not be necessary to sing off the third verse unless soprano fails to win first two, in which emergency repeat first verse, taking care not to repeat the second as it would hardly be appropriate. Oh yes, we almost forgot; the song may be sung to "Bou-langer's March" or "Johnny Get Your Gun," to suit the taste.

Next comes a declamation, of course. Who ever heard of an entertainment without a declamation? The scarcity of available material appropriate to a bicycular entertainment has caused us to procure, at unlimited expense, a special poem by the author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," "Beautiful Snow," "Welcome Gentle Spring" and other popular poems. We also furnish a complete set of gestures to accompany the same. These are taken from instantaneous photographs of the eminent tragedian, Hamlet W. McBeth, as he delivered it before spell-bound audiences for two hundred consecutive nights at the Dime Museum in Indianapolis.

SAVED.

Jimtown's sun was rising early,
On a handsome summer scene;
On the river white and pearly,
As an unecooked navy bean.



On the village with its house tops,
Stretching far as eye can scan;
On the meadows with their corn crops
And upon one lonely man.



"Sixty miles there are between here
And the other distant town,
And there isn't any team here
That can make it ere sun-down."

And this lonely party waded
Thro' the river cool and damp;
Into town he then paraded,
Like an ordinary tramp.



"I could telegraph the message;
But I can't afford the dime;
I could send it by expressage,
But it won't get there in time."



And he sought the spacious dwelling
Of the grand chief Muck-a-muck—
Ah, you think without my telling,
That he worked the place for chuck.



Thus bemoaning, wildly wailing,
Cried the noble Muck-a-muck,
As he mourned his usual failing
In acquirement of luck.

But not so, you are mistaken,
You are badly left this time;
Into town he was betaken,
To confess a horrid crime.



Up, then spoke a Jersey rider;
"With this little Star of mine,
And my humble self astride her,
We can reach the town in time."



'Twas a murder he'd committed
In cold blood—cold as a clam—
And the same crime had been fitted
Upon some unguilty man.



And the crowd that had asembled,
Cheered to see him pump his Star,
Till the *terra firma* trembled,
While they watched him from afar.

In a far and distant city,
Known to fame as "Blossom Rock;"
They would hang him without pity,
At precisely one o'clock.



It was lacking just a quarter
Of the fatal hour of one,
When the wheelman with a snorter,
Came a rushing into town.



When His Jiblets heard this statement,
He was filled with dark, blue gloom;
For he knew of no abatement
Of the victim's awful doom.



"Loose the captive from his prison!
Stay your bloody crime!" cried he,
"For the felony's not hisen.
Turn your guiltless captive free!"

Spake the ancient jailor: "Hello,
Who are you, I'd like to know?
Why, that slick and slippery fellow
Broke the jail a week ago."



The entertainment should wind up with a short melo-drama. The old style dialogue of the thank-goodness-the-table-is-spread order is entirely too tame for these times. We have arranged the proper thing, a dramatization of one of H. Rider Haggard's forthcoming novels. We have cut out a good deal of the South African, underground, and bottom of the sea parts, and worked in the bicycle to make it more appropriate to the occasion.

WAS IT FATE?

A BICYCLE DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

CYRUS CLOMETER: Star character but "ordinary" rider. A wheelman who may be relied upon to arrive with his silent steed just in the nick of time.

LINETTA VERE DE VERE: Leading Lady.

NAPOLEON VERE DE VERE: Stern Parent.

RODERICK B. LUDD: Villain of the deepest dye.

DIZZY DAISIE: Soubrette.

PATROLMAN MURPHY: Low Comedian.

Lady and Gentlemen Cyclers, Messenger Boys, Villians, Servants, etc., etc.

ACT I.

(Parlors in Vere de Vere's Mansion. Curtain rises upon Dizzy Daisey dusting the furniture and bric-a-brac.)

DAISEY: Alack! Alack! There goes the peach-blow vase. I didn't think a little knock like that would break it. I must gather up the pieces quickly for I think I hear my master's footsteps approaching.

(Note to the stage manager: The proper sound may be indicated by pounding on the floor with a coal shovel.)

Oh no, it is not he; it is only patrolman Murphy. Hello Pat! Come in and be agreeable. The folks have all gone out for the day.

Enter PATROLMAN MURPHY: Och, and so I will come in, for it 's your swate self I have to moind whether I want to or not. I was on me way around the corner, called by a telephone to come and arrest a burgaleer. I guess the burgaleer can wait a bit while dacent folks pass the time o' day together.

DAISEY: Had n't you better go on and get your burglar first? Maybe the folks will grow tired of holding him.

PATROLMAN MURPHY: Move on is it! And sure it's meself as orders other folks to move on. But tell me now, who is that foine Irish gntleman with his high wather pants who I see hanging around here so much?

DAISEY: He is Mr. Cy. Clometer, the bicycler, but he is no Irishman I'd have you know, (blushing perceptibly) one Irish beau about the house is enough. But hark! some one is coming; let me hide you in the closet.

Enter RODERICK B. LUDD: Ha! Ha! I am alone! No, there is that gaerul. (Note: This is the Dime Museum pronunciation for girl.) Here Daisey is a five dollar gold piece, go out and buy chewing gum. [Exit Daisey.]



DAISEY.

R. B. LUDD: 'Tis well, 'twas only a counterfeit. Now for me revenge!

Enter CY. CLOMETER: Who said revenge?

R. B. LUDD: I said revenge!

CY. CLOMETER: And who are you, a villain?

R. B. LUDD: (Aside) Great heavens he must have seen the program! No, I am no villain, I am your foster-brother!

CY. CLOMETER: 'T is false! Show me your strawberry mark.

R. B. LUDD: Base hireling, I will not!

(They clinch and fall together.)

PATROLMAN M.: (From the closet.) Gentlemen, which one of you are on top?

CY. CLOMETER: 'Tis I, Cy. Clometer!

PATROLMAN M.: Then I'll come out and uphold the majesty of the law.

Enter Patrolman Murphy, Napoleon Vere de Vere, Linetta Vere de Vere.

NAPOLEON VERE DE VERE: What means this?

CY. CLOMETER: Sir, I have saved you from an awful doom. This man is a villain.

R. B. LUDD: 'Tis false!

CY. CLOMETER: Sir, I claim your fair daughter's hand!

NAPOLEON V.: Never! Never! Leave my mansion both of you! Officer, do your duty!

(Exit all three in different directions. Linetta faints. Murphy and Daisey advance to the foot lights and sing "Pretty as a picture." Audience faints.)



THE PATROLMAN.

ACT II.

SCENE: Winding road, water-fall and gas well in the distance, also mountains and summer resort hotel. If there is any difficulty in arranging this setting the ordinary drawing-room scene may be used.

Enter B. LUDD: Ha, Ha!

SECOND VILLAIN: Ha, Ha!

B. LUDD: The cycling party comes this way lead by Cy. Clometer. Hast dumped those ten loads of fresh gravel upon the highway?

SECOND VILLAIN: I have.

B. LUDD: 'T is well. But see, here comes some one. We must dissemble.

Enter LINETTA: (On a tricycle.) Oh what a perfectly lovely tour we are having; but see, I have run ahead of the pace-maker and I fear I have lost my way. What shall I do?

Enter B. LUDD: (Orchestra will play deep basso music.) Ha! I have thee now gaerul, be mine! Come fly with me!

LINETTA: Avaunt base wretch, avaunt, so there!

B. LUDD: Ha! Here comes your parent, I will rob him!

Enter NAPOLEON: Ah, me daughter, how came you here?

LINETTA: Father, this person says he will rob you.

NAPOLEON: Sir, retract that statement. No gentleman would make such a remark in the presence of a lady. If you desire to rob me, we must withdraw to some secluded spot.

B. LUDD: Come, let us hurry. I have an engagement to murder a gentleman at ten o'clock and we must hasten. I never break a professional appointment.

NAPOLEON: And what is your profession?

B. LUDD: Sir, I am a villain! But come, let us go.

CY. CLOMETER: (Entering upon a niekeled bicyete.) Hold!

B. LUDD: Ha! Who are you?

CY. CLOMETER: I am Cyrus Clometer, your avenging nemesis.

NAPOLEON: Saved, saved!

LINETTA: Saved, saved!



B. LUDD.



CY. CLOMETER.



NAPOLEON.

Enter lady and gentlemen tourists all pairing off. Napoleon picking out the prettiest girl in the bunch, the rest choosing to suit taste, as per reversal agreement.

B. LUDD: See here, gentlemen, where do I come in?

Enter Murphy and Daisey from opposite sides of the stage.

MURPHY: You don't come in at all, you come out the little end of the horn. Just wait a few moments and I will arrest you. Come here Daisey.

CY. CLOMETER: Gentlemen, are you all paired off?

GENTLEMEN: (Together.) We are.

CY. CLOMETER: Then call back the messenger boy.



LINETTA.

Enter MESSENGER BOY: Here I am I have n't started yet.

CY. CLOMETER: Boy, order seventeen more tandems and tell the Colonel to rush them through.

All join hands and advance to the foot lights while Cy. Clometer speaks:

Kind friends the show is over now,
We're all paired off and sorted;
You've seen right triumph and seen how
Base villainy was thwarted,
Fate, like a red eyed, hungry pup,
Has followed it around;
But ere you ring a chestnut up,
We'll ring the curtain down



MESSENGER BOY.

A New Enterprise.

SKINNEYAPOLIS, Jan. 10, 1887.

EDITOR WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE:

As advance agent and general promoter of *Joblots Non-hippodromatic Aggregation of Talented Bicyclists*, I desire to call your attention to my great moral and instructive exhibition.

I suppose you are aware of the deplorable fact that bicycle races for a few seasons past have not been a success, either socially or financially, we might say. This I attribute more to the bad management of the various races than to a lack of public interest, as some would have us believe. Take the show business for instance; would our canvases be crowded all summer if the show careered over the country and made the mere announcement that Terrence Duzan would monkey a while with the elephants or that its other acts would be equally tame and stupefying? I wot not. Or, take the theatrical profession; could a combination travel on the road and draw full houses and turn hundreds away every night if its advertisements said that the third act would wind up with a duel with tin swords or that the heroine would commit suicide by jumping from a pasteboard wharf into the folds of a canvas sea? I wot not again. And right here is where the promoters of bicycle races miss it. There is a lacking element. There is no halo of romance thrown around a bicycle race. But there must be something of the kind or it will not be successful.

With this end in view I have prepared the following official circular and general order No. 1, which you will please insert on first

page next reading matter, e. o. d., p. d. q., t. f., and as soon as my great moral exhibition appears on the road, I will send you and your family some of my bright red complimentary tickets:

SEASON 1888

NOW OPEN FOR ENGAGEMENTS.

JOBLOTS NON-HIPPODROMATIC AGGREGATION OF TALENTED BICYCLISTS.

(30)

COUNT 'EM!

(30)

Program, Guide Book and General Pedigree Blank.

1st. Grand Entree by the entire company. They will ride four times around the floor, riding hands off on the last turn. This act is pronounced by competent judges to rival P. T. Barnum's Congress of Nations.

2nd. One-fifth mile race for the championship of Kosiesko county between T. W. Ex, ex-Champion, ex-Manager and general ex-ness; and John S. Duke, Champion Lunch Slinger.

3rd. Two and a half mile race for the championship of Alaska and one-twentieth of the gate receipts; between those fierce and blood-thirsty rivals Georgeous Whittaker, the road hog, and Percy Brick, the light-weight champion of St. Louis. During this act, the ushers will pass among the audience and circulate petitions for Mr. Brick's re-instatement as an amateur.

4th. Twenty-five mile team race; between the Western Pedal Pushers and the Eastern High Flyers. The first club consists of Frank E. Dingley, the North-western Blizzard; Tom Hardwick, the Kansas Cow-boy; Slasher, the Hero of Clarksville; Ham Sollingsworth, the Hoosier Wonder and General Destruction Scatterer; Ed. Bullock, who appears with special permission of John S. Duke; and Sauer Kraut Schock, the Long Distance eater. The Eastern team is made up of such talented artists as H. G. Socker, Champion of South Boston; White Horse McCurdy; Bobby Snealson, winner of the Clarksville Tea-Cup; Billy Rowe, the pet of Lynn; Lasy Swindle, the Midget, and Billy X. Roads, hero of Crawfordville. One feature of this race is that each contestant will take a turn at leading the crowd, thus offering a splendid opportunity for the inter-change of small coin, watches, etc., among the audience.

5th. Grand Hill Climbing Contest between Hal Greenroom, the De Soto terror and Sureman, the Corey Hill fiend. These gentlemen will both attempt the heretofore unheard of feat of climbing up the side of the wall.

6th. The Event of the Year. One-eighth mile race for the Championship of the World between the fearless and unsubdued record smasher, Billy Blowe, and the fearless English athlete, Richard Howl. This will be a race for blood. The floor on this occasion being lavishly smeared with red paint.

THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE.

7th. The whole performance will conclude with an exhibition of Fancy and Trick riding by Master R. F. Synagogue. This attraction has been secured regardless of expense direct from England. The air of the old country is still fresh upon him and he will readily say "Arry," "cawnt," "dawg," "hale," etc., etc. In his wonderful performance Mr. S. will ride slowly around the floor pedaling first with one foot, then with the other. He will also ride over such obstacles as lead-pencils, matches, etc. He will positively appear in the same suit that he wore before His Royal Highness Prince of Wales, and will also blow his nose in exact imitation of His ciblings, Duke of Nottingham.

For further particulars, terms, etc., address

TINHORN JOBLOTS,
Care F. AKE & Co.,
Skinneyapolis, Minn.

☞ Come early to avoid the rush at the box office.

Why He Liked It.

Editor (to friend)—"Have you seen my Christmas number?"

Friend—"Yes."

Editor—"What do you think of it?"

Friend—"Looks very well."

Editor (with a shade of disappointment on his face)—"I am highly pleased with it. I think it is ever so much better than my last year's holiday number."

Friend—"I don't think so."

Editor—"What, don't think so? Why, this number is all original, while the last one was mostly made up of clippings."

Friend—"Yes, that's the reason I like the last one."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

You want to know what a "star" machine is, do you, Josiah? Well, any machine will answer the purpose. Get right on and go down hill as hard as you can. When you reach the bottom you will find a nice, thoughtful stone about the size of an egg waiting for you. When you strike it, you will go sailing over the front part of the machine, and land on your head. You will see all the stars in the business then.—*Puck.*

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

"Where hills have been climbed, where great road races have been run, where wheels have been tested to their very utmost, THE VICTOR has been found at the front to tell its own story."-O. W. Co. Catalog.



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The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
25 Sentinel Building. Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application. Regular circulation 13,000.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

To Our Readers.

WITH the transfer of the subscribers of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD to the lists of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, the magazine comes this month, before a partly new constituency. This, with the beginning of a new volume and some changes in the magazine's management marks another epoch in the life of this eventful publication.

It is always customary with the advent of the new year, for the average wayfarer to formulate a set of good resolutions that he intends to keep for the ensuing twelve months—or till he sees fit to break them. Now the GAZETTE is going to tell you of its good resolutions for 1888. And it's not going to break them either; you watch and see if it does.

In a general way it intends to be the leading cycling monthly of the country.

But you have a right to object to this resolution as being a little too "general," so, gentle reader, if you want specific information as to what we are going to do, here it is:

The GAZETTE will hereafter be published on the fifteenth of each month. You may not get it for several days after that, but whatever delay you experience in getting your paper, will be the fault of our great and glorious government mail service, and not ours. We have known cases where papers mailed Thursday, reached subscribers in neighboring towns on Friday of the week following. In one instance the distance covered was twenty-five miles in the unprecedented time of eight days. Of course we felt it our duty as a voter and tax payer to call our genial and urbane post-master's attention to this remarkable record and suggested that if it would be of any good to him as a testimonial he was at liberty to use it, with our name attached. He did not appear to take the suggestion in the spirit that it was given, and as we had no wish to pick a grievance with the present administration, we let the matter rest. Patient reader, we hope you catch the idea.

But to resume. The GAZETTE will be a distinctively literary magazine. Its matter will be clean, bright and entertaining. We believe that we have demonstrated in the past numbers of the GAZETTE that an article may be humorous without resorting to "horse play," or entertaining without being of questionable propriety. The GAZETTE's reputation as a merry-maker is growing every month and we promise to keep it increasing. Hundreds write us monthly, that without the GAZETTE life would be a dark, blue unreality; with it, they laugh and grow fat. We follow the advise of Ben Franklin, when he said:

"It is better that one sad man be made merry,
Than a dozen glad ones made sad."

As far as the useful and practical go, the GAZETTE does not intend to neglect that in the least. We will print monthly articles of this description that will be of immense advantage to every wheelman, be he veteran or novice. Mr. Edgerton's excellent article on "The practical rider of the regular bicycle" in this number is an example of what we mean.

We will give as heretofore a comprehensive review of the events of the previous month, together with the gist of affairs of the cycle world in general, in paragraphs short but sweet.

The GAZETTE's original illustrations which have given it a reputation the length and breadth of the land, will be continued, of course. The GAZETTE without its pictures would be like Hamlet without the melancholy Dane, or to be more apt, like the Mikado without Yum-Yum.

That is all, we believe. Whatever else you get extra, and you want to look out for extras in the GAZETTE, you can consider as taking the place of the traditional chromo.

Oh yes, we came near forgetting. The GAZETTE promises to shun all participation in the amateur question.

What more do you want for fifty cents?

Re-Organization of the League.

AND now the League is to be re-organized. That a re-organization is desirable goes without saying. There are two questions of more than ordinary importance that the re-organization committee will be called upon to confront and it is on the wise settlement of these two questions that the future welfare of the League depends. It is very certain that for the League of American Wheelmen to continue as such, some radical changes must be made in the distribution of the League funds and that much mooted question of the admission of professional riders to membership must be forever set at rest.

The league at this time has grown to such proportions that to be governed by a strong central power is neither expedient nor desirable. We cover too much ground, our membership is too widely scattered to be under the control of one head. To get efficient work out of such an organization the machinery of government would be of such a weight as would break down of itself. The demands of the different divisions are so greatly deversified that a central power cannot begin to treat each as they would be treated. We wheelmen of Indiana are very sure that the wheelmen of Massachusetts or New York cannot tell us what we want as well as we can ourselves, and it is equally certain that the wheelmen of Massachusetts would resent having some other division telling them they must or must not do thus and so. The time has come when the state divisions are able to look out for themselves and to be refused that privilege is an insult to their various heads.

There is no use denying it, but the aims of each division are, to a certain degree, selfish. Any man will unhesitatingly pay out a dollar that he knows will be used for his own good or the good of a neighbor, that would hesitate about paying out a nickel for somebody he neither knew or cared about. Let the greater part of the League funds stay in the division, the smaller part go the parent body. As to how much, that is a matter for further discussion. We believe that no more should go to headquarters than is absolutely necessary to pay the salary of the Secy.-editor and his assistant. The *Bulletin* ought to be self sustaining all the year 'round. If it cannot be made so put it out bi-weekly or monthly. Ten per cent. of the dues ought to cover the balance of the expenses. The ninety per cent. could then remain at home and be spent by the persons who raised it. Then when any special work or special legislation is needed, the parties whom it is to directly benefit would be the ones to move in the matter. Their incentive would be greater than any outsider's could possibly be and the results would always be more satisfactory. If the division even then lacked the money necessary for the accomplishment of certain ends, the greater would be the incentive for securing new members.

There are other methods of disposing of the League funds. This is the logical one. The others are unfair or cumbersome and the adoption of any one of them is bound to result in dissatisfaction and discontent.

The admission of professionals into the ranks of the League is but one phase of the amateur question that we promised not to discuss. As this question in a new shape is to come up for settlement by the re-organization committee, we are going to express on it in full and then promise "not to do it again."

It is very evident that professionals or parties directly interested in them desire their admission into the League. The question is do we want them? Before we frame an answer let us see what are the objects and aims of the League of American Wheelmen, what are the interests of these professionals, and then, do they harmonize or do they clash. If the objects of both are the same we should welcome them, if they conflict we don't want them. They are the aggressive parties. Their interests would kill ours. That is plain.

The objects of the League, in a word, are the securing and maintenance of the rights and privileges of wheelmen under the law. Incidentally to this there are other benefits the League gives; reduced rates on railroads and at League hotels, a free medium of communication between members, regulation of race meets, and in general, that unpublished aim, to raise the standard of wheelmen and wheeling, socially and morally.

The object of the professional rider can be told in even less space. It is to make money, either for himself or his employer. He cares nothing for the rights of wheelmen on the road. On the contrary, he is the one great element that puts these rights in danger. He cares nothing for the privileges of wheelmen under the law. Give him a race track with a good "gate" and he is satisfied.

It might occur to some to ask, "why then, does the professional want to join the League?" That is easily answered. He wants to secure the endorsement of the better element of cycling for the furthering of his own private aims. He is no *wheelman* in the strict sense of the term. The mere fact that he rides a bicycle occasionally does not entitle him to membership in a cycling association any more than the fact that because he works with a brush a house painter should be admitted to an association of artists.

In the Boston Y. M. C. A. gymnasium there is a class in sparring. Why does not the Boston Y. M. C. A. admit John L. Sullivan to membership? He is a sparrer.

Some one says: "Is not the man who makes his living riding a bicycle as good as a man who makes his, selling bicycles or writing for a bicycle paper? Why the distinction in one case and not in the others?" Answering the first: he may be as good, he may be better; the question of goodness cuts no figure here. The League does not attempt to pass on the moral qualifications of its members. A professional may ride a good, square race, be a man any one would be proud to associate with; yet the fact remains that he rides for different objects than we do. His interests are not our interests. Answering the second question: The League is not an association of bicycle sellers or bicycle writers, but of bicycle *riders*. If it were an association of sellers or writers, then it would be fair to make the distinction between those who sold bicycles for a living and those who merely handled them for diversion. Then we could make a difference between those who write for their living and those who write occasionally for amusement or self-improvement.

As we have said, the professional element in cycling is the aggressive element. They are working for their own private ends. They would not hesitate to prostitute the cause of cycling to their own advantage. The League of American Wheelmen, while it is strong enough to withstand this element on the outside would be ill prepared to fight it in their own body.

Because a man is a professional is no reason we should not associate with him, if we want to, but we also want the privilege of letting him alone if we want to.

We are not in the habit of prophesying, but here is a little one on a venture. For every professional wheelman the League admits it will lose a hundred of its present membership.

* * * * *

Professional bicycle riders, like every other class differ widely morally. There is a young man, a professional rider, living in Rus-siaville, Ind., by the name of Sam Hollingsworth. There is another young man, a professional rider, who hails from Leicester, England. We can scarcely conceive of two more directly opposite characters. Hollingsworth, honest, truthful, gentlemanly, modest, virtuous. The other, his complete antithesis. In character, the rest of them range all the way between these two.

Mind you, we do not say: Professionals are unfit for our society; keep them out of the League. We do say *some* of them are unfit and we demand the privilege of associating with whom we please.

OCCASIONALLY Mr. Henry Ducker breaks loose long enough to climb some neighboring fence and cry loudly for the abolition of the amateur rule. According to this gentleman, cycling will never be popular as long as the unjust and infamous law known as the amateur rule is allowed to be enforced. "See how popular is base-ball," says he: "Base-ball circles have no amateur rule."

Admitting, for the sake of argument, the analogy between base-

ball and cycling, it might be well to ask—do we want cycling placed on the same basis as base-ball?

It may be that some few money-making schemers want to accomplish such a state of affairs, but we are sure that it is not the wish of the great body of cyclers in general.

The time is past, although some folks see it not, for wheeling to prosper under the flourish and excitement of the race track. Men buy wheels now for other purposes than to parade or race on. And does any one suppose for an instant that these same men, who are proud to be known as wheelmen, and are the back-bone of wheeling socially, would remain in our ranks for a single week, if cycling could at one fell swoop be placed in the same category as base-ball, and cyclers as base-ball players?

Not by considerable.

Monthly Summary.

FROM DECEMBER 15 TO JANUARY 15.

California. Board of Division Officers of the L. A. W. hold a meeting December 18.

Illinois. Lincoln Cycle Club give a smoker, Chicago, Jan. 7. Jesse Goring, member of the Illinois Cycle Club, died. Owl Cycle Club held a banquet Jan. 9. Capital Cycle Club, of Springfield selected officers as follows for 1888: President, Thomas F. Sheridan; secretary and treasurer, W. S. Reed, captain, S. M. Clark.

Indiana. WHEELMAN'S RECORD retires from the field, Indianapolis, December 29. Hagerstown Bicycle Club selected the following officers for 1888: President, Albert Heard; secretary, V. M. Cushman; treasurer, F. A. Lechliden; captain, George F. Updegraff. Riley Hunt, of Orange, marries Miss Anna McMahon, at Richwood, Ohio, Dec. 20. Laporte Wheelmen hold a reception at Concert Hall, Dec. 26.

Kansas. Leavenworth County Wheelmen elected the following officers for 1888: President, W. C. Schott; secretary-treasurer, Otto H. Wulfekuhler; captain, E. R. Jewett.

Maryland. Centaur Cycle Club, of Baltimore, hold a reception Dec. 26. Maryland Division hold a second meeting to talk over league matters, Jan. 7. Baltimore Club presented the drama "OURS," January 13.

Massachusetts. Mr. Barrow, of the Rudge Cycle Co., of Coventry, England, came to Boston and made arrangements to establish a branch house in this country, it has finally been decided that Mr. H. M. Saben is to be its manager. Harry D. Corey enters the employment of the Pope Manufacturing Co. Rover Cycle Club, of Charlestown held its first "Ladies Night" on, Jan. 2. W. B. Everett & Co., former agents for Singer & Co., have retired, Mr. Ross continuing in their place. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. retire from the cycle business January 1. Rover Cycle Club, of Charlestown hold their annual dinner at the Tremont House, Boston, Dec. 22. Dorchester Club gave its first social party at Lyceum Hall, Dorchester. Warren Wheel Club, of Roxbury, held a handicap home trainer race in their club rooms, Dec. 20. A. Kennedy Child, resigns his position with the Pope Manufacturing Co., his place being filled by Harry Corey.

Nebraska. Jack Prince comes out with a challenge to the world at large, for almost any kind of bicycle races, he also intends attempting to lower Frank Dingley's 24-hour record.

New York. The Buffalo Bicycle Club held its annual meeting in the gymnasium of its new club house on Monday evening, Dec. 12, and elected the following officers for 1888: President, Dr. Charles S. Butler; Vice-president, Otto W. Vogler; Secretary, R. B. Hoffman; treasurer, Charles W. Adams; Attorney, Albert C. Spann; Captain, Charles F. Hotchkiss. Niagara Falls Bicycle Club elected the following officers for 1888, at their meeting Dec. 12: President, F. I. Pears; Secretary and Treasurer, D. F. Bentley; Captain, A. G. Reeve. John R. Williams, representative for the sixth division resigns, Buffalo, Dec. 17. George Dacon of same city is appointed to fill the vacancy. New York Bicycle Club held a birth-day party Dec. 24.

New Jersey. Annual election of officers with the Elizabeth Club January 11.

Ohio. Central Wheelmen; of Cincinnati, move into their new club rooms, 287 Vine St. Avondale Bicycle Club, gave a minstrel performance, Jan. 13.

Pennsylvania. Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, held open house Jan. 2.

FOREIGN.

Russia. At the race meeting held in Moscow, Oct. 27, Wischniakoff won the two mile safety race in 7:45 and G. Grossman won the ten mile championship in 41:01.

England. H. H. Griffin has been appointed editor of the cycle department of the Sewing Machine & Cycle News. The Cyclists' Life Boat was launched and christened Dec. 17, at Hartlepool. A six day professional bicycle contest, competitors riding eight hours daily, was completed at St. George's Drill Hall, Newcastle, Eng., Dec. 10; result, Battensby, winning.

"A Sunset Idyl."

"Is this the office of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE?" came a gentle voice from the hall door, of the GAZETTE sanctum. Our reformed poet kept poking the stove and did not look up, but a gentle Manitoba blizzard that wafted down his back, told him that the outer door was open. Five times within the last hour he had been interrupted thus. Ordinarily he would not have cared. He was growing calloused to the cold, as he had grown calloused to the ways of the world in general, since he had adopted the rank of reformed poet. But on this peculiar morning he was engaged in composing a six canto epic for a prospective mid-summer number, and to be suddenly awakened from a dream of warm sunlight and green fields by a bang-up signal service cold wave was calculated to make even a mild-eyed poet wild with rage.

"Shut that door," he yelled, as he grabbed a piece of coal to emphasize his remarks if necessary.

"Ah, excuse me," stammered the poet, as he glanced toward the door and caught a glimpse of a fair face wrapped in a regulation pink toboggan.

It is an established fact in natural history that poets, however fierce they may be at times, are always gallant to the gentler sex. You may not have remarked this, but it is a fact, and our poet was no exception to the rule.

"Ah, excuse me. Leave the door open if you want to," and remembering himself, he threw his prospective missile into the stove, and added in his imported Chesterfieldian air, "come in, please and be seated."

"I thought this was the place," the fair creature gasped, "but don't you know I had an awful time finding it? Really I believe I went into six places down stairs asking for the GAZETTE office. None of them seemed so glad to see me as you were."

"No?" this from the poet.

"Say, why is it," she went on undisturbed by the poet's quiet sarcasm, "that you editors always have your offices so high up? It seems that it is always that way. I remember when I wrote poetry for *The Household Delight* that I used to climb six pair of stairs."

Our poet was going to say something about low rents, but he threw her off the scent by asking what he could do for her.

"It's about a piece of poetry I wrote and sent you last fall," she replied, "I called it 'A Sunset Idyl,' perhaps you remember it?"

The poet said he had a faint recollection of receiving something of the kind, but he was afraid it was lost.

"That's just what I thought, and I knew you would want so much to publish it, so I brought along a copy that I had pasted in my scrap book. Here it is."

So saying she took from her port-monaie a piece of pink note paper and handed it to the editor.

"Is n't it just splendid? Charley says it's the sweetest thing he ever heard. He says it's so full of pathos. Don't you think it pathetic?" she continued as he finished reading it.

"Yes, very," remarked the poet in a cold business like way, "I remember it now. I thought then it was a very nice little effort, in its way; but there are one or two trifling changes I should like to suggest if you don't mind."

"Certainly not," said the poetess.

"They are very trifling," said the poet. "I remember noting some of them at the time, but of course I would not think of changing any contribution however slight without the author's consent. That is the reason it has never appeared in our columns. We always have to be very particular about such matters."

"That's right," assented the poetess.

"I knew you would agree with me," replied the editor. "Now take the first verse for instance."

"Slowly she wheels, and hums a song;
The breezes with her loose locks play,
She knows that it will not be long
Before her lover wheels that way."

"If we print it as it stands some of our subscribers might fail to renew their subscriptions."

"What for?" innocently, inquired the poetess.

"Oh, I don't know; but they might," the editor said. "Now I don't exactly like that first word, 'slowly.' It makes one think it's a great exertion to ride and that scares off the novice. The tricycle manufacturers would never forgive us if we printed that. And then by the way, you don't say that it was a tricycle she was riding. It might be a velocipede or a tandem, for all you tell us, or a goat cart even."

"Well, I can change that, if that is all," assented the poetess, cheerfully.

"I am glad you take it in good part," remarked the editor, "that's always the better way, and while you are at it there's that 'with her loose locks play.' That gives a sort of disheveled idea of the girl. Suppose you fix that."

The maiden hesitated an instant, and then said, "how will this do?"

Blithely along the road she wheels
Her wirey steed, and hums a song,
Sweet dreams upon her fancy steals,
She knows her lover 'll soon come long.

"That's better assented the editor, "but still there is a sort of a melancholy, malarious air about it that I don't like. You see most of our subscribers are young persons to whom such sad, sentimental business is scarcely appreciated. Supposing we run it something like this:"

Briskly she wheels her two track trike,
(A better wheel was never built.)
She knows that soon along the pike
She 'll see her lover come full tilt."

"Then we could run it in as a trade advertisement and perhaps get five dollars on it. That's what we have to look out for, we cycling editors. Business before pleasure always. Dollars before sentiment. There's just one little change I think would still improve that verse, and that is the lover part. It makes the whole thing sound a great deal too Ella Wheeler Wilcox like. Don't you think so?"

"Yes?"

"I knew we would agree with me there. Suppose we make that brother or cousin? That would preserve the meter and be more in keeping with the proprieties at the same time. How does this strike you?"

Briskly she wheels her two track trike,
It runs along as smooth as silk,
She stops and looks a-down the pike
And sees her brother go for milk.

"There you see I have changed that 'full tilt' also, that's slang and slang is rigorously excluded from our columns. You see I don't hesitate to criticize faults of my own, as well as others. Now, of course, we will have to change the second verse to consist. It would never do to run the first one as we have decided to have it, and then come with our second one as you have it here."

The sun goes down, she softly sighs,
No more a love sleek air she hums,
The love-light fades from out her eyes,
He does not come! He does not come!

"Oh, of course we will have to fix up the second one, I expected as much, and have one ready. How would this do?"

She waltz and waltz with many a sigh
He never has been late before,
What if his love for me should die,
What if my dream of bliss be o'er?"

"That! that will never do in the world. You appear to have forgotten just where we left that girl in the first verse. Now if we do it something like this it would fit better."

The sun goes down, she fain would scream
To think for all he does not come,
She never thought he was so mean,
The awful, horrid, hateful hum.

"I believe I have those adjectives right, as far as my recollection of feminine disgust goes. But after all it seems that these verses of yours are out of season, even the way we have improved on them

they are scarcely appropriate to the season. You must know that we can't print verses about road riding, or that sort of business, when it's too cold to scarcely stir out of doors. Such things only go to harrow up the feelings of our readers, and of course we do not want anybody to feel weary and disgusted. Of course we might hold your verses until later in the year, but as I know you are impatient to see them in print, and have waited so long already, why there is no need to make you wait any longer. Now, if you could bring a little toboggan business, or something to give us a seasonable air to these verses of yours, I think that they would be just about the proper thing. Of course we would have to alter them slightly again, but I know you would not mind that if we can better them any. Suppose we put them this way?"

Her brother says she'll catch her death
Of cold; that sweet girl from Chicago,
So fast she slides it takes her breath
But still she will down the tobog. go.

"So far so good. Now if we can bring in some kind of a moral in the second verse it will add interest to the affair and do good as well. Suppose we take your second verse and alter it after this style."

She rides and rides about all day.
The management advance the price
Her brother would know why. They say
Her feet are large, we're short of ice.

"Do you think that will do?" asked the poetess dubiously.

"Do? Why of course it will do," replied the editor. "The way it's fixed up now, it will go into the scrap column of half the papers in the country."

"And will you print it?" she asked gayly.

"Well now, that's a different matter," replied the editor. We printed our last toboggan joke the first part of last season and the sad and melancholy gloom that it cast over the larger part of our constituency made us promptly resolve never to do it again. But I'll tell you what you might do. Send it to one of the St. Louis papers. There's a joke in that about the Chicago girl's feet and they will hail it with a wild and rapturous joy. Shall I copy it for you? No? I am sorry you have to go so soon."

The door slammed and the poetess had departed.



New American Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained

Patents issued of interest to wheelmen for the month ending January 3rd, 1888:

374,919. December 13, 1887. Charles E. W. Woodward, of Cambridge, assignor of one-half to the Overman Wheel Co., of Chicopee, Mass. Cyclometer.

374,873. December 20, 1887. R. R. Jones, of Lexington, Va., two wheeled vehicle.

375,707. December 27, 1887. Henry J. Hudson, of Blackfriars Road, County of Surrey England, assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

375,714. December 27, 1887. Harry M. Pope of Hartford, Ct., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

375,426. December 27, 1887. Arthur P. Ricard, of Toledo, Ohio, vehicle wheel.

375,555. January 3, 1888. W. P. Kidden, of Maplewood, Mass., velocipede.

375,940. January 3, 1888. Walter Knight of San Andreas, Cal., vehicle wheel

375,775. January 3, 1888. E. A. Seale and W. W. Downing, Brewton, Ala., vehicle wheel.

376,051. January 3, 1888. Robert Steel, assignor of three-fourths to A. F. Spring, A. C. Swartz and C. A. Spring, all of Philadelphia, Pa., velocipede.

375,961. January 3, 1888. Jas. F. Steffa, of Rockvale, Illinois, velocipede.

New English Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Messrs. HUGHES, ELI & HUGHES, Patent Agents and Engineers, 76 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained.

16,266. November 26, 1887. William Anyon and John Frederick Cooper, an improvement for folding or dividing the bicycle.

16,267. November 26, 1887. Lorentz Albert Groth, 5 Crosby Hall Chambers, London, E. C., improvements in the construction of bicycles.

16,297. November 26, 1887. Adolph Washington Kirsch and Joseph Goldschmidt, Jr., 89 Chancery Lane, W. C., an improved ball bearing for velocipedes and other vehicles.

16,298. November 26, 1887. Gustav Pickhardt, 89 Chancery Lane W. C., improvements in the tyres of wheels.

16,465. November 30, 1887. James Logan Watkins, 6 Warbeck Road, Uxbridge Road, Middlesex, improvement in the formation and equipment of military tricycles and bicycles.

16,471. November 30, 1887. Ernest Alfred Reynolds, 97 Newgate Street, E. C., an improved safety bicycle for two riders.

16,531. December 1, 1887. Charles Edwin Burton, 46 Southampton Buildings, London, W. C., improvements in velocipedes.

17,000. December 10, 1887. William Goulden, improvements in the construction of velocipedes.

17,014. December 10, 1887. John Boulton Brooks, improvements in velocipede bell attachments.

17,034. December 10, 1887. William Fisher and Edward Redman, improvements in mounting velocipede saddles.

17,080. December 12, 1887. Walter Chatwood Burton, improvements in velocipedes.

17,117. December 13, 1887. John Boulton Brooks, improvements in velocipede saddles and saddle springs.

17,202. December 14, 1887. Thomas Caveney and Charles Wrench, improvements in the manufacture of wheels applicable to velocipedes, perambulators, and such like purposes.

17,222. December 14, 1887. John Scott Kerr, improvements in the driving gear of tricycles, the said improvements being also applicable to bicycles and other velocipedes.

17,263. December 15, 1887. Charles Luvie, improvements in velocipedes.

Complete Specifications Accepted—Notice is hereby given that all persons interested in opposing the grant of a patent on any one of the undermentioned applications may, at any time within two months from the date of the Official Journal of the Patent Office in which the complete specifications were advertised, give notice at the Patent Office in the prescribed form of such opposition. 1,780. Geo. Todd. 15,068. Frederick Howe Gibbs.

Patents sealed. 1886. 14,544. George John Stevens.—5,065. Lucius Day Copeland.—14,969. Richard Green.—15,199. Isaac Watts Boothroyd and Phillip Charles Louis F. Renouf.—1887. 1,115. Walter Philips.

Specifications published.—1886. 16,340. Bown W., velocipede or carriage wheels (8d).—1887. 481. Parr J., bicycles (8d).—710. Watts I., and Powell, R. J., velocipedes (8d).—13,489. Austen C. T., seats for velocipedes (8d)—13,771. Muller, V. H., tandem bicycle (6d).

We have received the Christmas number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*, and shall be ready to furnish copies at twenty cents each. "Hee-Haw-Watha" is the title of the book, and it is supposed to tell how this celebrated North American Indian crossed the briny and visited all the celebrities of England and Ireland; he then comes home and relates to his family and tribe the wonders he has seen in the old world. It is a brightly written parody on Longfellow's great poem, and will be of particular interest to American readers. We shall have a limited supply, and hence those wishing a copy of "Hee-Haw-Watha" should send in their twenty cents right away.

Harry Hearsey, of this city, has just returned from his trip through the East. He says his prospects for the coming season are very favorable and feels confident he will get his share of the trade in Indianapolis.

The Overman Wheel Co. are getting out a fine boy's weel. It is called the Victor, Junior.



Do you want to change your mount next season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word.

A Happy New Year to all.

A Happy New Year to the trade.

A Happy New Year to our subscribers.

To our advertisers, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Munich, Germany, has a "comic" cycling journal.

The stone that rolls in the ocean gathers plenty of moss.

The *Cyclist's* launching of their life boat was a swimming success.

Harry Corey has entered the employment of the Pope M'fg. Co.

English wheelmen are complaining over the unusual wetness of the early winter months.

Massachusetts members will have a road book this year worth many times the cost of membership to the League.

The *Sewing Machine and Cycle News* have a new editor for their cycle department, Mr. H. H. Griffin.

Does it require much muscle to ride a bicycle? Oh no, but it requires a good deal of faith, hope and charity.

F. S. Buckingham, of Coventry, Eng., has engaged attorneys and is preparing to contest his suspension from the Irish Cyclist's Association.

John A. Wells has been re-appointed Representative of the Pennsylvania Division. It remains to be seen whether he will be confirmed or not.

The Overman Wheel Company claims to have received the largest order ever given for bicycles. They did not give us the number, but asserted that it was greater than 1,200.

C. F. Smith, of the Indiana Bicycle Co., is back from California. He reports business booming on the Pacific Slope and says he sold all but fifty-five of the sixty wheels he took out.

We read in the *Bi. World* that W. J. Morgan, at Indianapolis, did 728 miles in 48 hours. Strange what important events take place right here at home that we know nothing about.

We learn from the New Castle, (Eng.) *Examiner* that Morgan is willing to match Temple against any man in the world, mind you, for from \$500 to \$1,250. At least he says so.

The bicycle law of Oregon requires bicycle riders to stop one hundred yards from any person going in the opposite direction with a team, and remain stationary until the team shall have passed.

The *Cyclist's* life boat was safely launched at Hartlepool, Eng., Dec. 17. The whole sum necessary for its purchase (£600) was raised by the *Cyclist* from wheelmen all over the United Kingdom in less than one year.

Mr. E. A. Lloyd, many of whose pleasant and witty things over

the name of "The Welsher," have appeared in the English press, recently left England for Australia to seek health and fortune.

W. E. Cofman, (our old Kaufman) the trick rider, now performing in Paris, has issued a challenge to Dan Canary also in that city. The contest is for the championship of France and from 100fr. to 5,000fr. is to be put up on the result.

The *Bicycling News* takes exceptions to Stamson's remarks on English climate and marks them as libelous. We don't know exactly what Stamson said on the subject but it must have been pretty severe to libel real English weather.

SUCH IS FAME.—The *Brockton Gazette* says that a Brockton man, well known in manufacturing circles, inquired of a group of acquaintances the other evening, "Who 's this poet Whittaker, that I see 's just celebrated his Eightieth birthday?"

WHY NOT?

We call a bicycle a bike,
Tricycle we shorten into trike,
Now to save time and wind I think
A tandem should be called a "tink."

The *Wheel* says in noting the discontinuance of the RECORD: "The paper made no impression outside of its immediate neighborhood." We make this statement and can prove it if necessary: The RECORD had both a larger and wider circulation than that of the *Wheel*.

Hal Greenwood says he will climb Corey Hill twelve times if any one will pay his expenses and give him a \$50 medal. Now, John A. Wells offers to climb it the same number of times for a \$25 medal. In competition of this kind some one is always bound to cut prices.

Our readers may notice this month the non-appearance of our usual batch of correspondence. The fact of the matter is there is so little of interest going on in the various wheel centers at present, that rather than bore our readers with uninteresting gossip, we omit our correspondence entirely until the season is further along.

We have received the Christmas number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*, "Hee-Ha-Watha," and would advise all who want a copy of it to send us twenty cents at once as our supply is very limited and we can get no more from the publishers. It is well worth the amount asked, though as it says, the poetry is a good many laps behind Longfellow.

Kiss your girl when in your cutter
You fly across the bridge;
Yet, if clouds across the moon
Flit and fly, be not too soon,
Or you'll kiss no mouthlet; but her
Nose's rosy ridge.

Now the small boy goes upon the new ice to see if it will bear him. This is the best way to see if the ice is strong. If it is weak the boy goes through, if it is not he sits down and etches a spider on the glassy surface. In either case, he does not go on the ice for nothing. But when he goes out on the middle of a pond that will just bear his weight, to escape from a farmer who weighs half a ton, he has lots of fun.

The *Lantern*, the Christmas number of the *Cyclist*, is the finest thing we have seen as yet in the way of cycling annuals. English wheelmen in general and the proprietors of the *Cyclist* in particular may well feel proud of this production. "Violet Lorne," Henry Sturmey, G. Lacey Hillier, Harry Swindley and F. F. Smith, are the literary contributors. The illustrations by George Moore are appropriate and artistic.

The uses of the editorial "we" are many and various, but we think John A. Wells caps the climax when in a recent number of his paper he says editorially:—"We will agree to climb Corey Hill a dozen times if and one will pay our expenses to Boston and give us a \$25 medal. We will pay our own expenses if we loose." It reminds us of the country editor who wrote:—"If the dastardly tramp who recently called at our house, kicked our dog and sassed our wife, will call again when we are at home, he will be promptly ejected by ourself."

The Practical Rider of The Regular Bicycle.

BY C. W. EDGERTON.

THE BICYCLE:—"It takes a good workman to succeed with poor tools." In nothing is the truth of this old saying more marked than in its application to wheel and rider. Assuming that the reader, a rider of the regular bicycle, has been through the rudimentary instruction of the riding school or the disheartening experience of learning alone, and is the possessor of a good modern bicycle of proper qualifications and dimensions for his individual uses, a few suggestions on practical riding may be of some assistance.

THE HANDLING.—Out of the saddle, the wheelman, like the horseman, should generally be on the left ("near") side of his steed. To roll the bicycle about, grasp the left handle with the left hand and the center of the saddle with the right. It is unnecessary to handle, and thereby injure, the plated surface of the handle bar, spring or back bone. To turn your machine about on the road, drop the right hand from the handle to the step, raise the rear wheel from the ground and you can readily roll the bicycle about in either direction in an exceedingly small circle. To take your bicycle over one or two steps or a similar obstruction, grasp as before, by left handle and step and push the machine up ahead of you by the step. Never force the wheel forward by taking hold of the spokes, as some riders thoughtlessly do. To take it down one or two steps, grasp as before, but go down backward, pulling the machine backward after you. I have seen wheelmen, who should have known better, take a bicycle by handle and back bone and undertake to roll it down steps forward and ahead of them, finishing the performance by falling on top of the machine; a broken spoke, a bent crank or a twisted backbone being the result and reminder of their awkwardness. To take your wheel up or down a long flight of stairs or to trundle it over a long stretch of unrideable road, stand in front of your wheel, grasp both handles, turn the front wheel slightly to right of left so that the back-bone will stand to one side, place a foot on the nearest pedal pull the handle bar toward you, so as to raise the rear wheel high from the ground and you have your machine in position to trundle with ease—*a la* wheelbarrow.

THE MOUNT:—Too few riders appreciate the advantage of an easy graceful mount, which can be readily learned with practice. We are acquainted with the painful, protracted hopping of the novice, as he struggles to reach the saddle via the step and yet, for all conditions, the step mount, when properly executed, is the one practical way. Stand by the right of the rear wheel, left hand on cantle and right on right handle, take two or three easy running steps forward, pushing the bicycle, the left foot readily finds the step as the bicycle acquires sufficient headway, a gentle spring is given and the rider finds himself standing on the step and sliding easily into the saddle at the same instant. No hopping, no struggle and no risk of failure. The various pedal mounts, the stand-still mount and the vault are all good enough in their way, but in no way essential to practical wheelmanship.

THE DISMOUNT:—There are two necessary and practical dismounts. The first, the pedal dismount, in universal use and taught by all instructors. The nicety of its execution must depend upon the grace and agility of the rider. It cannot be taught on paper. The backward spring, or "forced dismount," is one of the most essential of all cycling accomplishments. It can be learned in a few moments by any rider. Every rider of the regular bicycle should practice it until he can, in any emergency and going at any ordinary rate of speed, spring instantly back from his saddle, alighting on both feet, astride of the rear wheel, the hands being shifted from the handles to the cantle of the saddle at the same time.

Henry W. Williams, a veteran wheelman of Boston, Mass., who is credited with having ridden the regular bicycle 7,500 miles without a fall (on page 511 in Karl Kron's *XM Miles on a Bicycle*) says: "My freedom from falls, in spite of a great deal of hard and sandy road riding, I attribute mainly to a knack I have of making a very quick dismount when emergency demands." I once asked Dr. Geo. A. Ross, of this city, how he had managed to learn to ride both a crank and Star and in five years riding over many thousand miles had never had a fall. He replied; "I never take unnecessary risks and I have a knack of making an instantaneous dismount when threatened with a fall." This "knack" is nothing more or less than the backward spring, or forced dismount, above referred to, and I believe

that if all riders would so practice it as to make it at all times available, three-fourths of the falls, collisions and upsets on the regular bicycle could be avoided.

IN THE SADDLE:—Under ordinary circumstances, sit nearly erect, inclining the body slightly forward rather than backward. For high speed, up grade or against the wind, grace must for a time be sacrificed for comfort and power, which are increased by leaning the body forward. Learn to ride hands off and to steer with your feet, but when you have nothing else to do with your hands keep them on the handles. Learn to back pedal, this like the mount will convince you of the advantage of having a wheel small enough and demonstrate the good of a pair of long cranks. If you have been a victim of the big wheel idea and are riding too large a wheel with too short a crank, sell it or trade it off for a proper fit. You can never be a practical rider on an impracticable machine. To ascertain the best length of crank for any size of bicycle and for average roads, divide the diameter of the front wheel by ten and add three-quarters inch. A similar rule may be applied to determine the best length for handle bars; divide the diameter of the front wheel by two and add two inches. Handles longer than this will prove a disadvantage in many ways,—avoid them.

LEARN TO COAST:—If the bicycle is provided with a good, reliable brake and the rider with average common-sense and judgement it is the safest way to go down hills. In 14,000 miles of road riding and touring I have never received a fall while coasting. Learn to use your brake when coasting and to let it alone at all other times. See that it is always sound and in working order. Remember that a hill that is too rough to be coasted and too steep for a brake or back pedalling had better be walked. Walking beats falling every time.

In endeavoring to ride over an obstruction, rut, soft spot, hole, bad culvert, curb, fresh gravel, etc., do not lean back; sit up, pull up and push down. This is the secret of success at such times. If you have misjudged a piece of road and have gotten into a bad place too far to back out, don't give up as long as there is a chance to pull through. A good pull on the handles, a firm, unrelenting pressure on the pedals may carry you through. At all events you will probably come to a stand still before you are forced out of the saddle.

Hill climbing must be learned by experience, as different tactics must be employed according to length, surface and grade. A common mistake with new riders is to start up a hill without enough speed.

ON THE ROAD:—"Never bite off more than you can chew." In other words, when planing a ride make your physical condition and strength a first consideration. Drink water whenever you feel the need of it, not oftener. If you are much heated, indulge sparingly and proceed with your ride at once after drinking. Avoid quarrels and wranglings with farmers and teamsters; you can often reform a "road hog" by treating him better than he deserves. When riding in company, do not try to "do anybody" or run away from your companions, unless there is a mutual understanding that scorching will be agreeable. As to speed, no rule can be laid down for general application, but while speed among individual riders will generally regulate itself, some regard should be paid to the highway laws relating thereto and the safety and comfort of other travelers.

USE:—The practical wheelman must ride. His wheel may be beautiful to look at, but it is made for use. On the wheel the business man economizes his time, rests from his cares and invigorates his body, the student or professional man clears the mist from his brain. Morally, none are likely to be injured by wheeling influence and associations, while physical and mental improvement are promised us by an army of experienced riders. The wheel to afford the full measure of enjoyment and benefit to its owner must be used regularly. He only, who rides daily, knows the real charm of cycling, for with muscles always trained and heart and lungs ever ready for the exercise, he finds naught but pleasure in the longest and swiftest runs. On the other hand, he who rides but once a week, or at longer intervals, with muscles softened and relaxed, is unprepared for and cannot fully enjoy the exercise. Such a rider never gets beyond the experiences of the novice and rarely knows the unexplainable pleasure which always accompanies the practical everyday rider.

ABUSE:—The regular, high grade bicycle of to-day, of all manner of cycles is the simplest in construction, most beautiful in outline and most graceful in movement. It is one of the triumphs of me-

chanical art. You are the fortunate possessor of one. Do not abuse it. When out on a run do not throw it down on the ground during a halt with the pedal bearings grinding into the grit and sand of the road side. Do not spurt at the top of every hill to see how fast you can coast down, regardless of the surface to be traveled by the wheels. At the terrific speed at which wheels are often coasted down rough hills, the concussion of the rims against stones, ruts and uneven culverts can be compared to that caused by blows from a sledge hammer. Many wheels succumb sooner or later to such treatment. It is only a wonder that any live through it. Keep off the side walks; more serious falls are taken there than on the road. Remember that the strongest warrantee given by the maker of your wheel can not be construed to cover the damages caused by abuse.

CARE;—Clean your wheel once a week at least, or immediately after a run in the mud, snow or rain. Use only a chamois for rubbing. A chamois when greasy can be washed out in benzine and made good as new. The best preparation for cleaning nickel is a thin paste made of whiting and alcohol with a little ammonia added. Oil the head of your machine with two or three drops of oil every day it is used. Ball bearings should be oiled sparingly every 100 to 200 miles. All bearings should be taken apart and nicely cleaned once a year. The best lubricant is four parts sperm to one part of paraffine oil. Keep outside of all bearings free from superfluous oil, that it may not soil the clothing or gather grit and carry it into the bearings. Keep nickel plate covered, when not in use, in fly season. Too few wheelmen know the great advantage of always keeping a bicycle in perfect adjustment.

REPAIR:—In the way of repairs it will be found a great advantage if you have purchased your wheel from an agent who is skilled in such work. It would be a great benefit to all wheeling interests if manufacturers would inform themselves more in regard to the mechanical and practical qualifications of their representatives and refuse to deal with those who are not skilled in bicycle repairing, or do not keep a competent repairer to do the work. If your bicycle requires repairing avoid lock-smiths, gun-smiths, black-smiths and wagon-makers. Bicycle repairing is a trade in itself. Any person with a little mechanical knack can learn to preform some simple repairs for himself, when emergency requires it, but it is best to take the work to a regular repairer when possible. The practical rider should know how to straighten a bent handle bar, crank, pedal pin or rear fork, to cement down a tire and to effect a proper adjustment of all the bearings on his machine. Before attempting any work on your wheel be sure you understand just what is necessary to be done and that you know just how to do it before you go ahead. In this connection I might appropriately close this paper with the quotation used at its commencement; "It takes a good workman to succeed with poor tools."

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The Springfield Roadster for 1888.

THIS year the Springfield Roadster Bicycle Co., will put two wheels on the market, one materially the same as their 1887 wheel and an improved one which will retail at \$100. This latter wheel the makers claim is equal to any high grade wheel now on the market, it is fitted with ball bearings all around, cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, enamel finish trimmed with nickel, and has all the modern improvements.

We saw last week, Messrs. Butcher and Ross, the victims of the recent explosion at W. B. Everett & Co.'s. They are both coming out of the disaster all right, though they have had a painful confinement. Their faces and hands still bear the fire marks, but they hope to escape all scars. They have been skilfully treated, and owe much gratitude to their attending physician.—*Bulletin*.

WOMEN, DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!—Madame Revere's Female Pills for Women Never Fail to always give Speedy and Certain relief. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sent by mail, securely sealed, in plain wrapper, for One Dollar; three boxes for Two Dollars. Particulars in letter for four cents in postage stamps. Address Mrs. E. REVERE, Box 283, Jersey City, N. J. *Adv.*

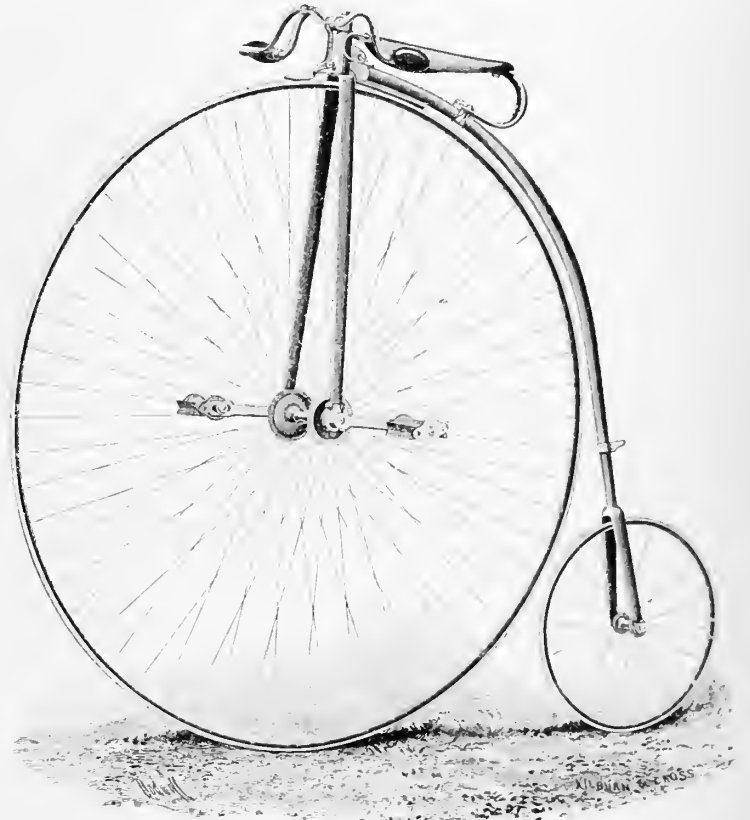
The Volunteer Columbia Bicycle.

It is with great pleasure that we present to our readers a cut and description of the new wheel the Pope Manufacturing Co. will put on the market this season, the "Volunteer," and we predict for it a very prosperous year and feel sure it will have won a place in the hearts of a great many of our cyclists ere the next season opens.

This wheel is not intended to encroach upon the field occupied by the higher priced cycles but will occupy one entirely to itself and we feel sure no other wheel can compare with it at the price which it will be offered.

The "Volunteer" will be made in but four sizes, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches, thus covering the most important ones.

The metal parts will be all steel, no castings, endless molded rubber tire, direct spokes in both wheels, and Columbia double grip



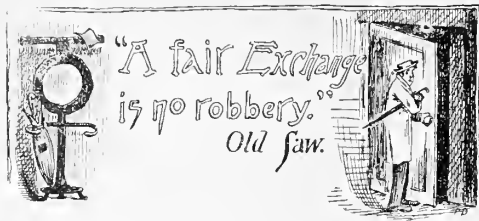
THE "VOLUNTEER."

rubber ball pedals, also Columbia adjustable ball bearings to both front and rear wheels, and will weigh with all parts on only forty-one pounds. The regular Columbia ball bearings will be on both wheels and are too well known to need any description. The head is practically the same as the Light Roadster and Expert, the handle-bars are cow-horn shape with the handles of the regular double grip pattern, though purchasers can have the pear shape or spade handles if they so wish. The cranks are of the "Knous" pattern, in which the pedals cannot slip, the latter having ball bearings. The saddle will be the improved "Kirkpatrick" style. Taking it all in all, we think the new "Volunteer" is the most comfortable, reliable, and altogether satisfactory bicycle that has been offered at anything approaching its price which will be \$100.

Temporarily successful manager—"What do you want with that bicycle Mr. Baggs? Your cast is tragedy on this trip."

Mr. Baggs—"I know that dear boy, but in case we have to disband at Waukegan, I want to be able to prevent the tragedy from reaching my legs."—*Puck*.

Many old fossils object to cycling because a man riding a wheel is so apt to lose his balance; but that's no argument. How many of these same old moss-backs lose their balance through broken banks and skipping cashiers, but they don't use that as an argument against banks, do they?—*Bulletin*.



An American paper advertises "fall" chairs. Another comments "probably bicycles."—*Wheeling*.

A Mrs. Coffin, of Ohio, regained her speech by faith last week, but Mr. Coffin is not so well.—*Judge*.

You can't always tell what a man means by what he says, but when he runs over a dog and takes a header he generally means just what he says.—*Bulletin*.

"Why, old man, what are you doing on a bicycle?" "It's my only chance to get a little fresh air without taking the old lady along, see?"—*Texas Siftings*.

Dick Howell commenced riding in 1879, and for any distance under twenty miles he is undoubtedly the fastest English professional rider living.—*Bi. World*.

A mathematician has discovered that a bicyclist can travel fifteen miles over a good road on his wheel with less exertion than he can walk three miles.—*Canton Roller*.

Why are you so anxious to have Miss Smith's name put on your New Years calling list?" asked Coburgger.

"Because," replied Werrott, "her father is a wine merchant."—*Judge*

An exchange tells us that there are three kinds of sheol—literal, good old-fashioned hell—fire, mental torment, and the (cycling) newspaper business. The same paper heads its clippings "worthy of our steel."—*Bi. News*.

Who knows that before the next century dawns it will be recognized that the inventor of the bicycle has done more to revolutionize the religious, moral, and social ideas of mankind than all the philosophers of our time?—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

S. G. Whittaker, the Chicago bicyclist, left for Minneapolis Thursday night. He went to make pace for Frank Dingley, who is to attempt to beat his own record of 100 miles. It is thought Dingley will be successful.—*Omaha Chronicle*.

A San Francisco gentleman, thirty-five years of age, who never mounted a bicycle until last April, is such an enthusiast, that in twenty rides on Sundays and holidays between that date and November, he covered upward of 1,200 miles.—*Bulletin*.

"Did you ever break a record?" asked the stranger of a wheeling novice. "No," responded the novice, "but I broke my right arm last year, my watch a week ago, my machine twice in a month, and last week I nearly broke my neck. I may break a record next."—*Wheeling*.

THE WAY THEY DO THEM UP IN ENGLAND.—The staff of a contemporary claim to be taller, thinner and faster than any other cycling journalists on the average. The adjectives no doubt apply respectively to their talk, arguments, and facility of arriving at wrong conclusions.—*Wheeling*.

Woodside will appear at Birmingham on December 26th in the Cowboy vs. Bicyclist's race, and will then return home for a few weeks longer. He writes to W. J. Morgan, stating that he has no idea of giving up racing for ten years yet, and will be one of the American team until his final retirement.—*Wheeling*.

A woman was seen bowling up Main street on a tricycle yesterday, her lap and various parts of the machine piled up with bundles of all sizes. Perhaps it is only reasonable to prognostigate that within a generation tricycles will swarm in the neighborhood of the dry goods and jewelry stores. In that case a new employment will spring up for small boys who will take charge of the steeds of steel at a charge of ten cents or so, while the fair riders go in to do their shopping.—*Buffalo Courier*.

The Italian now lays aside his hand-organ and monkey until the balmy spring rolls around again, and opens a chestnut stand on the corner. In a blue pea-jacket, slouch-hat, colored shirt, paper collar, home-made trousers, soiled skin and gold ear-rings, he is familiar to all, as he stands and wraps the roasted chestnuts in a piece of old vest, and says:

"Here you are, coma, right alonga; nice fresha roast chestnutta, fiva cente."—*Puck*.

The Star Bicycle Club held its annual election of officers last night and chose the following for the ensuing year: President, F. C. Blodgett; Secretary-Treasurer, R. F. Medbury; Captain, W. E. Metzger; First Lieutenant, N. G. Huff; Second Lieutenant, Chas. G. Blodgett; Standard Bearer, W. H. Bradish; Club Committee, the President, Secretary-Treasurer, ex-officio, and Leon Coquard and W. E. Metzger. After the election, President Blodgett was presented with a handsome watch charm, the workmanship of M. S. Smith & Co. It is of heavy gold, in diamond shape, with a rich edge richly chased. On its face is raised a miniature Star bicycle of solid gold, exquisitely executed. The relief bears a monogram of the letters F. C. B. Each letter is worked in a different alloy, copper, platinum and silver being used. Within the charm, and exposed by touching a spring, is a perfect coil-spring of gold that is a perfect conceit. Tradition has it that whenever Mr. Blodgett rides with an extra spring at hand, the coil of his machine never gets out of working order. He is now provided with the magic spring that insures against wreck and mishap.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Thoughts on a Columbia Calender

Before me on my littered desk
A New-Year Calender is lying,
I've read its pages one by one
And now to read it again I'm trying.
The printed part thereon does tell
But half the tale. It numbers off
My days and there it stops. 'T is well,
'T is left for me to fill the blanks,
To grace or scar,
To make or mar,
To spread ingratitude or thanks.



And so it is as here I sit
With evening's heralds at me blinking,
I thumb those pages o'er and o'er—
The lights without are winking, winking,
My dreams run wild, I scarce dare hope
They may come true, for they seldom do
In life's swift changing kaledoscope.

This day I live:
This day I sigh:
This day I love:
This day I die:

So day to day we blindly grope.

What a tale you could tell to me,
O, calendar, if you only would.
The smallest portion our thoughts would fill,
There's so much in you to be understood.

But you will not say,
Only day by day

As your ripening leaves are tossed on the winds,
You the tale disclose; till the very close
When numbering ceases and space begins.

STEEL WINGS.

A CYCLING ROMANCE,

By CHRIS. WHEELER, Author of "RHYMES OF THE ROAD AND RIVER."

CHAPTER V. (Continued)

"I think that is the same family," said Florence, "for if I remember rightly this young Mr. Carrington lives in Warwickshire, and Jack said that he had cycled all the way home there and back again to college on one occasion."

"Then I shall be quite pleased to see the young man," said Aunt Em, benignantly, "especially if he comes in place of those odious pets of your brothers."

"Mr. Carrington is a scholar, Aunt; he nearly beat our Jack last term."

"That is one for Mr. Carrington and two for Master Jack; you are clever, Florrie," said Mrs. Sinclair. "Jack should most certainly have been here for that pretty compliment."

"I'm sure I wish he was here," said Florence, "but, Aunt, do you know that Jack says that Mr. Carrington is more his friend than ever since being beaten by him in that last examination."

"Well, there is not much to be surprised at in that, Florence; it is only mean and shallow natures who feel resentment at being honestly beaten, and, of course, everything was as fair for him as for Jack."

"Yes; but Aunt, this Mr. Carrington was, as the saying goes, the favorite all along, though it is true Jack pressed him closely, in fact, as Jack wrote me, they were neck and neck—now that's not slang is it, Auntie?—and they nearly crossed the tape together."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Sinclair, "what professional language you use, Florence; one would think that you were just returned from 'the Derby'."

"I will allow that as I was not quoting Homer, I was quoting Jack, Aunt, and I believe myself that the language savors more of horse racing than it does of bicycle racing."

"Well, to go back to Mr. Carrington, he must be a sensible young man," said Mrs. Sinclair, "and all that surprises me is that he should ride a bicycle."

"Why are you so prejudiced against bicycles, Aunt? Has not Mr. Carrington a right to do as he pleases? and has not Jack the same right? If I were a boy I would get a bicycle just to spite you, I really would."

"Indeed, I believe you, Florrie, and I would not be surprised to know that Jack was one of the very first among his circle of friends to get one of the new velocipedes and then set all his companions in motion in the same fashion."

"O, I see you will never have a good opinion of Jack as far as his connection with the bicycle goes. And now I would just like to say that I admire him for not caring what people say about him making a big boy of himself riding a velocipede."

"That is right, Florrie, always stand up for your brother, though when I had anything to do with him; before he went to college, you know I looked after him, he appeared well able to stand up for himself."

"As he is now," said Florence, sententiously.

"Yes, I daresay he is much the same as ever he was," said Mrs. Sinclair. "Dear me, how I remember when he used to lead the boys into all kinds of mischief, stealing apples from Brand's orchard—'shot-gun Brand' the boys used to call old John Brand—really I never used to know when that boy went out if he would come home alive, and now, just to think of it, he is a full grown man."

"O, Aunt, do tell me some story about Jack while we are waiting for him," said Florence. "I will be so good, and it will keep me from being too impatient; go on, Aunt, while I watch the gate."

For all of Aunt Em's cavillings at "her boy Jack's" failings, she possessed a strong affection for him, having, in a measure, watched over him since his arrival in England, and nothing pleased her better than to relate little incidents of his school life to Florence, who always proved a most attentive listener. On the present occasion she

[Begun in GAZETTE for October, 1887.]

was just about to accede to her niece's request for a story when, suddenly, Florence cried out, excitedly, "O, here he is! here he is!" and springing from her position by the window, she ran to the door, crying:

"Come along, Aunt; come along; I see them at the gate."

Florence hurried to the front door upsetting, wonderful to relate, her favorite skye terrier *en route*. Mrs. Sinclair followed more decorously and arrived there to find her waving her handkerchief, frantically to two figures at the end of the lawn walk, one of whom was just fastening the gate after coming through it. The next moment both figures sprang to an attitude of something like five feet, and then were lost behind the trees at the head of the walk. A few seconds sufficed to bring the wheelmen, for such they were, to the house, and then one of them, springing from his machine and letting it fall into the hands of his companion who had also alighted, ran up the steps to the door and caught Florence in his arms, calling out in one breath:

"Hallo! Susy! Aunt! Stack them, Ned! How are you? Where's father? Why, Florrie, you are looking just splendid," and Jack Saxton kissed the fair face that was looking into his with all of a sister's love and affection.

"You want another kiss, do you? Well here's one; and one for Aunt, too, and now let me introduce my friend Mr. Carrington. Ed., what do you think of all of this fuss? Aunt, this is Mr. Carrington. My Aunt, Mrs. Sinclair, Ned., and Susy, this is my college friend. Mr. Carrington, this is my sister. You will all have to be good friends."

The gentleman addressed in the first place as Ned, and then as Mr. Carrington, had been engaged in stacking the bicycles, and he now came forward, saying:

"It affords me great pleasure to meet those of whom I have heard so much. I trust, Miss Saxton, that our acquaintance will be as lasting as your brother's and mine has been, and I hope will be."

"Now, Ned, give over classic speech-making. It will not go down here, you know," said brusque Mr. John; "and, Florrie I want you and Mr. Carrington to be good friends, and you, too, Aunt, for I believe that you knew his family when you were in London."

"Yes, I had that pleasure," said Mrs. Sinclair; but will you not have your bicycles brought in, Jack? They will frighten your father's horse. He might come in any moment. I shall send John round for them."

"Never mind, Aunt, we will take them in ourselves, or rather I shall attend to them. Florence, take Mr. Carrington into the house while I look after the machines."

"Very well, Jack. Come in Mr. Carrington. You must feel tired after your long ride."

"Well we are not exactly tired; at least, I am not. We left Egleshire at noon, and you know it is but thirty miles from here."

"Why, I consider that you have done remarkably well, Mr. Carrington. It is really surprising how far bicycles can travel in a day with apparent ease, and you can fly along so fast, too. Have you ever raced?"

"No, Miss Saxton, I have never had the pleasure of being in a race, for I should judge that it is a pleasure to those who indulge in racing."

"O, racing must be exciting," said Florence. "Jack races, you know, and I thought that no bicyclist could resist the temptations of the race-track."

"Well, really, I never cared for that department of cycling. I rest content with making the thing a recreation, and am satisfied if I can bowl along our regulation highways at the rate of about thirty or forty miles a day, using my eyes as well as my feet."

They were in the parlor when Ned. Carrington thus gave his private opinion as how best to enjoy cycling pleasures, and he had just finished speaking when Jack came round from the stable.

"Where is father, Aunt? he asked. "What's keeping him out so long? Sorrel can't have thrown him, eh?"

"O, don't talk that way, Jack, hardly ten minutes after you have got into the house. Sorrel does not throw people."

There now, don't be frightened, Susy. Of course Sorrel is a reliable animal. I only wanted to be a bit speculative. I wonder father is not in, though. He knew we were coming."

"You were not on time yourself, Jack; do not forget that," said Florence, laughing. "'People in glass houses, etc.; you know the rest."

"Yes, I know it, and I'll say no more, except that I wish he was here."

"I am sure I can't say what keeps him," said Aunt Em. "He will be here shortly, I suppose."

Jack took Carrington's arm and walked off, as he said, "to get brushed up."

While the young men were away, Florence sat by the window watching for her father, and no doubt thinking about her fine, strong, manly-looking brother. Here it may be opportune to take a glance at the outside appearance of the wheelmen companions. John Saxton was a typical specimen of young and vigorous manhood. Nearly six feet in height, powerfully and symmetrically built, with an open and kindly face, light hair and blue eyes, he looked the embodiment of health and strength, and, as a student, you would class him among those who patronized the gymnasium more than the lecture-room. But in this latter supposition the superficial observer would be most decidedly wrong. It is a mistake very commonly made by those who ought to know better than to make such mistakes; preceptors and tutors of our colleges and schools ignore, in a great measure, the claims of the physical man, and cater only to the needs, in many cases the artificial needs, if such a term is allowable, of the mental man, and many of them look on the athletic student with avowed distrust. John Saxton was the recognized athlete of his class, yet no harder working or more assiduous student could be found in the precincts of old Cambridge than the same John Saxton. A closer look at his face, than is usually vouchsafed by the superficial observer, would have revealed characteristics about the mouth and chin which denoted a firm, and, as his more intimate friends could testify, a tenacious will. John Saxton was an Englishman, and a thorough one; there was no mistake about that.

With respect to the outside seeming of his companion we must be particular, having so critically examined that of "young John."

Tall and slightly built, Edward Esling Carrington was the very antithesis of John Saxton in personal appearance. Though not so tall by fully an inch, as his friend, his exceedingly spare, though well-proportioned, figure gave him the appearance of being much taller. His face seemed small compared with the proportions of the rest of his frame, but his large nose, rather inclined to be pointed, thin lips and a high and broad forehead, gave it a decidedly intellectual cast, though there was in his eye the least little tendency to abstraction, or rather there was in it that appearance which leaves the observer in doubt as to the drift of the owner's thought, or the objective point on which his attention may at the moment of observation be centered. His manner was quiet and self-possessed, with just enough tinge of reserve or shyness, to leave you in doubt as to which attribute it really was. Shy, many persons hastily conjectured him to be, and pitied him—pitied him to themselves, very much to themselves—for what they supposed to be his unfortunate failing. Unduly reserved, too exclusive, thought others—thought so to themselves, very much to themselves—indeed, it was worthy of note that these observers, superficial or not, as they might be, took good care that their opinions about Mr. Ed. Carrington should not be unloaded indiscriminately, lest by any chance they should reach the ears of that gentleman himself.

It is a fact, a well-known one, one which almost every one is familiar with, that there are certain faces which, while possessing nothing very remarkable about them, and not even giving any distinct evidence of the possession by their owners of any passion or power to be feared, yet impress those with whom they are brought into contact that the said owners are individuals whom it is best not to trifle with.

Such a face was that of Edward Carrington, but the almost inviolable expression of repose and self-containment which rested in it, took away from the air of stern thought which, without doubt, formed the foundation of what many would like to term his aristocratic face.

The bicyclers had been domiciled for half an hour when Major Saxton came back from his afternoon ride, and on entering the house he immediately asked for his son.

"Where is he, Florrie? Where is our Jack?" he cried, as his

daughter came to meet him. "I saw his horse's hoof-prints or rather tracks all the way up the avenue."

"He is here, father, all safe, or rather I should say they are here," said Florence, "for Jack has brought his friend Mr. Carrington with him."

"Mr. Carrington, eh?" said her father, "only Mr. Carrington, or has he been carrying a ton of college sports around the country with him?"

"Hush, father, the idea of trying to make a pun over the name of Jack's friend, and such a terrible poor attempt, too, I should not have noticed the feeble effort at all."

"Ha, ha! Florrie, then why did you let that little tongue of yours play traitor to your judgment; it was a good hit after all, eh? you had to notice it, but where are the young gentlemen?"

"They are dressing, father; they both rode their bicycles all the way from Cambridge, and Jack has such a splendid one, we must get him to bring it in and let us look at it."

"All right, Florrie, we will have a look at the new idea, but what I want first is to look at Jack."

The Major went out to divest himself of his riding boots, and in a short while returned to the parlor. A few minutes after his son entered accompanied by Edward Carrington. The greeting between father and son was hearty and cordial, as was also the welcome which the host tendered his son's friend.

"Why, Mr. Carrington," said the Major, "we ought not to be such very great strangers; I remember a gentleman of your name in the Fourteenth Bengal native cavalry. Jack tells me that he is an uncle of yours."

"Yes, sir, you are right, he is an uncle of mine."

"Well, you may be proud of him; Carrington was a good fellow; he is in India still is he not?"

"Yes, sir, he is on General Ramsey's staff and he is very anxious that I should go out to him and try India as an engineering field."

"Don't you go, Ned," said Jack, throwing himself on a sofa and yawning ferociously; "there is no room for you out there and the climate is abominable, eh, father? Hallo, here's Florrie! isn't that so, Florrie?"

His sister entered the room at this moment, "Dinner is waiting, father."

"And I am waiting for it," cried Jack; "but you have not assented to what I said just as you came in, Florrie."

"O! you asked me if something was so," Florence said. "Why, yes, of course it is so, that is, if what you said implied that both Mr. Carrington and your own big self are very tired and hungry after your day's ride."

"Right you are, Florrie, you have hit one nail on the head, anyhow, but it is not the one I am intent on driving into Mr. Carrington's head, I was just trying to convince him that India is a most unenviable portion of the earth's surface."

"And why were you trying to convince him of that fact, or rather supposition of yours?" said Florence, wonderingly; "do not run down poor old India, Jack."

"Not any more than it deserves to be run down, Florrie; but just think of it, here is Carrington, fresh from a delicious ride in fair sunny England, glorious old England, fresh from the fields and hedges and hills and dales, and he wants to leave all this beauty and betake himself to that hot-house of the world, that royal baking oven of her Britannic majesty—India."

"Why, Mr. Carrington, you have no idea of going to the East, have you?" said Florence; "surly you are not going to turn soldier?"

"No, Miss Saxton, I have no idea at present of soldiering. I fancy that I would be no acquisition to the ranks of those who follow the lead of Mars. I was only telling your father how my uncle had made a proposition that I should go out to India as an engineer."

"And you think well of the proposition, I suppose?" said Florence.

"I hardly know what to think of it," said Carrington, "many things would prompt me to take advantage of some small chances I have of obtaining a government position which a great many men would accept right off without giving the matter second thought, but there are other things which hold me back from deciding to leave England."

"Well, the fact of your having friends and relations already in India is worth considering, Mr. Carrington," said Florence.

"Yes," replied Carrington, "and it is my uncle now out there who is most desirous that I should try my luck at some of the road making and bridge building, which, doubtless, will always be going on in that vast dependency of her majesty."

"And of course," said Florence, "my brother has been recommending you not to go. Jack is half a maniac in the matter of prejudice against the land which had so much to do with keeping us separated for so long and he rails against it as it were the very 'Inferno' of our friend Dante."

"Your brother and I have often talked about India and Indian matters," said Carrington, smiling, "and I know exactly what his views are, and therefore take his opinions with a grain of salt. I expect he had all his veneration—if he ever had any—for Musselman and Hindoo, and all of his respect for Mahomet, or the 'Supreme Intelligence' scorched out of him ten years ago."

"Yes, you are right in saying, if he ever had any knowledge of them," said Jack, as he gazed meditatively at the ceiling; "but what I cannot make out is why a man should think of going to a country where the climate, and the manners, and everything else connected with the people are diametrically opposed to all he has ever been accustomed to."

"It does seem a little odd," said Major Saxton, "and yet my boy what would India be now, or what position would she occupy in the Asiatic world if some of our western Caucasian blood had not ploughed up this field that Alexander tried to rake?"

"Very true," said his son, "but recollect, father, that most of the fellows in past years who went to the east, expected to make and no doubt did make fortunes, but the day that gave every unlucky sojourner in Hindoostan a fortune, is unfortunately over—that is no pun, Ed.—and I most certainly cannot see why a fellow should go out there when he has such a sphere waiting for him in the southern Hemisphere, for, by all accounts, New Zealand and Australia are a hundred per cent. to be preferred to India."

"Well, now, gentlemen," said Florence, "as we cannot go at an hour's notice to any one of these places, even should we so wish, suppose we go to dinner. It is fully time that you two tired out bicyclists should be attended to."

"Do we look very tired, Miss Saxton?" said Carrington. "If my face implies that I am in any way tired it tells a story and I am certain that if I do not feel anything the worse for the ride your brother does not."

"Right Ed., not in the least, though I will plead guilty to being most ravenously inclined to whatever is edible. Come along, Auntie, and attend to your old charge."

It was a pleasant party which sat that evening round the table at Larch Hill, and Major Saxton felt ten years younger as he listened to the voice and gazed on the tall form of his son, as he sat at the board and rattled off his jokes and pleasant sayings, born of the springtime of manhood. In his son the Major saw all that he had hoped and longed to see, and no wonder he allowed a shade to come over his face as he thought every little while, how he would have to consent to a parting, and at no distant date too, with that son, the advisability of which separation he felt to be almost unquestionable.

The Major remembered that evening well. On many occasions afterwards he found his thoughts recurring to the things that were said and done within their little circle; oh that, the first time, when, though broken, it had gathered, all that was of it, in the place that felt more like home than any other which he had known for over a score of years. He had pictured to himself on that evening as he leaned back in his large easy chair and looked at his son lying extended on the lounge, while Florence and Ed. Carrington littered the table with the contents of several portfolios of sketches, how he could enjoy life quietly and contentedly if but his children could be always near him. He had asked himself why this could not be, and then he half censured himself, when his heart asked the question, why something else could not have been, why had fate been unkind, why had the full cup of life's happiness been denied to him, John Saxton, the man who had worked honestly and bravely? Why had it been denied to him, and apparently passed over to others who had not faced the rough edge of life as he had faced it, and who had not apparently touched with even a finger point the ungloved hand of the sternest world's work? And then he repelled the thought as

unworthy of him, and accepted quietly the rather broad-based doctrine that "what is, is well."

And why should not things be just as he would wish them to be? Why, after all, must it be absolutely necessary that Jack should select a distant field in which to do his share of the labor portioned out to humanity? Why should Florence ever have occasion to leave the home which he could provide for her?

Questions such as these have been asked over and over again by many a parent, by many an anxious father, by many a fond mother, and, forgetting the days when they were young themselves, they having asked the question, furnished the answer, very often in the fashion they would wish to have it answered.

But the Major did not attempt to answer any such question on this evening, although he tried very hard to do so during the week of Carrington's stay at Larch Hill. On this evening—the one of his son's arrival—he was quite contented to be happy in a part realization of one of his dreams of the west, dreamed over and over again in the east.

[To be continued.]

Romance of a Ride.

Along the winding road we sped,
Past woodland, stream, and village,
And from the birds a plaudt win
While busy at their pillage;
The breezes rustle through the limbs,
The leaves in sunlight glitter,
Where robins sing their blithest hymns,
And tremulously twitter.

Down in the clover fields the sheep
Are huddled close together,
In contemplation calm and deep,
Deliberating whether
'Twere best to halt, or best to flee,
Before conjectured dangers,
Quite unaccustomed thus to see
Such expeditious strangers.

The cattle, pausing at the brink
Of crystal water flowing,
Lift up their big, meek eyes and wink,
Then greet us with a lowing;
In mellow music runs the brook,
The echoes chasing after,
Reflecting every glance and look
With sunny smile and laughter.

On, on, we speed, swift as the wind,
Till distance dulls and deadens
The din of hamlets left behind;
The sunset softly reddens
The fleecy curtains of the west,
And slender shadows stealing
Across the roadway hint of rest,
And of an end to wheeling.

We reach the little garden gate
Where once I took a header,
And fell—in love most desperate,
While up the path I led her.
'Tis she who leaves the three wheel now,
I place the ring, a gold one,
Upon her finger, kiss her brow;
You know,—the tale 's an old one.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in *Outing*.

The first time you mount a bicycle you will think you are trying to ride a boa-constrictor that has a fit. Pretty soon you will conclude that you are on horseback on a western cyclone which has n't had its route properly laid out by its advance agent. A bicycle is not a marine affair, but it can box the compass with great celerity. If it starts with its head to the north, it will be pointing south-east half-south so soon that you won't know whether you are bound for Kalamazoo or Venezuela. After you've been on a bicycle a little longer, you will not care which way you are bound for. All you will want will be to get somewhere, no matter where. When you find yourself in this frame of mind, there is only one thing to do. Shut your eyes and wait for the earthquake.—Puck.

If any of our subscribers will send us any item of local interest, it will insure its insertion in our monthly summary.



1888.

The new year cometh on apace—
Just like a wheelman in a race,
He'll fly full speed around the track
Of time, and then he's gone;—alack.

Already at the tape he stands,
Wailing old Father Time's commands;
Sharp on the strike of twelve he starts,
And round the turn he quickly darts.



Apast the quarter pole he goes—
The robbin sings, the crocus blows;
Fierce summer's breezes dry and burn,
The time he makes the quarter turn.

The homestretch smooth he enters now—
The fruit hangs ripe upon the bough;
Now winter's winds begin to roar,
The tape is crossed, the race is o'er.

Thus, at a never-varying pace,
Is run each year Time's annual race;
One does but stop, another starts,
While we look on with fluttering hearts.



The wheelman now puts up his bike,
In rasaline, anti-rust and the like;
And trudges about where he wants to go,
Wading through slush, and mud, and snow;
In a jingling cutter he takes a ride,
With some other man's sister by his side;
Or takes it easy at the club,
And fills up on salads and other vile grub;
About half the night he will billiards play,
And act in a general sort of a way,
Quite different from a strict bicycle man,
For you must know
'Tis the month of Jan.

His Wish.

Come here my boy,
And sit on my knee;
You want a toy
For your Christmas tree.



What shall it be—
A big, red ball,
A knife, a top,
Or a pink-cheeked doll;
A picture book,
Or a box of blocks,
A Noah's ark,
A Jack-in-the-box,
A wooly dog,
Or a spotted cow;
Something to hang on the
topmost bough,

Way up high where all can see.
My little boy, tell me, what shall it be?

The little fellow closed his eyes,
Sat a moment in mute surprise;
But on'y a moment sat he thus,
His boyish mind was made up at once.
"O pa," and he opened his blue eyes wide,
"A sure-'nuff bicycle,
Just like you ride."

Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of *one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order.* This rate is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates.

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A Feast of Sports in the February Number.



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SHALL-:-SAY-:-SO,



But so far our ordinary road machines seem to be

SPEEDIER,

And to run more easily than the frail and specially light built racing wheels of our English and American competitors, which latter in our opinion furnish no basis for honest comparison.

Our latest acquisition was Frank Dingley's Wonderful performance in the Minneapolis Rink, when he ran

350 1-2 MILES IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

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Add to this Dingley's Track Record of

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And thus, Gentlemen, the "American Cycles," though road machines, hold every important road and long distance record, and it is only fair to give some credit to the

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Gormully & Jeffery M'f'g Co.,
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Largest Manufacturers of Cycles and Sundries in America.

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THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. 111. No. 2.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., FEBRUARY, 1888.

50 cents per Annum.

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The Rudge Agency (recently relinquished by Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co.,) will be continued in the same place, 152 Congress Street, Boston, Mass., by

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who has been actively connected with the agency for the past two years.

The 1888 Rudge Catalog now Ready.

THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

SAM'L :- T. :- CLARK :- & :- COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Owing to the increased business of the above firm in the past two seasons, during which time the

New Rapid Bicycles and Quadrant Tricycles

have become so thoroughly and favorably known to riders throughout the country, it has been found necessary to increase our facilities for handling this growing trade, and for this purpose the above corporation has been formed.

And in making this announcement to the Cycling public, we consider it an opportune moment to ask them to

REMEMBER

That we were the first to introduce on the American Market, our now famous method of wheel construction, with **TRUE TANGENT SPOKES**, and that while every American Manufacturer of note has been forced to copy it, we still have in all our **NEW RAPID CYCLES** the **BEST** and **STRONGEST** cycle **WHEELS** ever made.

REMEMBER,

Too, that the **QUADRANT STEERING**, as applied to all our **QUADRANT TRICYCLES**, remains unequaled as a perfect steering device and anti-vibrator without the use of springs to the front wheel.

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First, last, and all the time, that we shall be in the field for **THE SEASON OF 1888**. with a line of Cycles of all kinds that cannot be surpassed in any respect.

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The Safest Machine and the Best Hill-Climber.

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Will be Appreciated by all.

As a Roadster,

Because it is propelled by levers giving a constant application of power so highly prized on sandy or muddy roads and in hill-climbing.

For Safety,

Because, the treadles being in the rear of the hub, there is an uplifting at the fulcrum in front, removing the danger of taking a header.

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Because the new adjustable anti-friction bearings run very easily, are very durable, and there are no parallel bearings to retard the revolution of the wheels nor cog-wheel friction to overcome in coasting.



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Because the new motor, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands, enable the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals, and it can be set to sandy-road, hill-climbing or racing speed.

For Economy of Power,

Because it is the only Bicycle in which the levers are raised without springs, the new motor raising one lever and foot automatically by the depression of the other lever, without retarding the revolution of the driving wheel by the ascending foot, even by amateur riders, which on the crank wheel can only be avoided by expert riders.

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Agents Wanted in all Unoccupied Territory.

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BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

The NEW RAPID, AMERICAN CHAMPION, STAR, RIVAL, OTTO, and other Bicycles and Tricycles sold on easy payments, with no extra charge except for interest. Second-Hand Wheels bought for cash and sold on easy payments. Repairing and nickel-plating.

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Send for our large finely-illustrated Catalogue, of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Descriptive Price-List of Second-Hand Bicycles free.

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(Yost & McCune Patent.)

The only absolutely safe wheel against "headers" made. Don't buy a wheel before you see the Springfield Roadster



THIS WHEEL, \$75.

This is an absolutely safe wheel which retails for \$75, with tools and tool bag, enamel finish, trimmed with nickel, and plain bearings. One of the best wheels for all round road riding and hill climbing ever offered the public for the money. Best class of cold drawn weldless steel tubing in handle-bars, backbone and side forks. Other parts of the best steel drop forgings. In every way first-class as to its workmanship and material.

The 1888 Pattern Springfield Roadster for \$100,

has ball bearings all round and cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, enamel finish, trimmed in nickel, with tools and tool bag; workmanship and material such as used in all high grade wheels. The mechanical construction of these two wheels are identical. Those who purchase plain bearings can at any time have the ball bearings added, if they so desire, at the additional cost of \$25.

These wheels are safe, speedy and good road wheels, and reliable in every respect. Do not fail to examine before purchasing 1888 mount.

C. F. STOKES, 293 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.,
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SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. COMPANY, 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.



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Bicycles put in order and stored for the winter at small expense. Better have your bicycle overhauled now than wait until spring.

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LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER Advertising, 45 to 49 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this paper on file and are authorized to make contracts with **ADVERTISERS.**

When writing to Advertisers please mention the Gazette.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 2.



THE boys were all gathered as usual in the club room. From the unanimous subject of the conversation going on, the casual listener might have taken it for a meeting of some sewing society instead of a bicycle club. Every one was earnestly discussing the subject of dress; what he should wear for the coming season and where he should get it.

The racing man had declared himself in favor of a full suit of black Jersey tights. "That 's all right for you fellows, who want to show off your forms to good advantage," put in the Captain, "but how would we poor, ordinarily constructed mortals look in full tights? I am in favor of the regulation League suit by all means."

"I would be in favor of the League uniform too," remarked the new member, "but you never can depend on getting a fit."

"'Pears to me you boys are awfully particular," put in the Club Liar, "the worst possible fit you can get now-a-days don't begin to compare with the bum cuts we boys used to wear in the pioneer days. And then the cloth, too. I hear every body kicking about the cloth in the League uniform. Why gentlemen that cloth is no more to be compared with some we used to have shoved on us than I am to— to— well, no matter."

"Did I ever tell you about a suit I got 'long back in '81? 'T was when I lived in Kokomo, and our home facilities in the way of getting bicycle clothes made were mighty limited, I tell you. Such a thing as sending away to a regulation tailor was never dreamed of in those days. You fellows don't begin to appreciate your own fortunes, in living in such an advanced age.

"This was back in '81, mind you, and a country town with less than a score of wheelmen. The suit I had been wearing, suited me exactly, and I suppose I would have got my next one made by the same old tailor, who had a shop over pop's store; but about that time a new firm struck town and opened up what they called the Manhattan Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, and Hat and Cap Co. Ross-winkle & Co., were the proprietors. The way they advertised in the *Kokomo Kicker* for the first few weeks was the talk of the town.

"A new bicycle rider struck town about the same time. His name was Levi Cohentritz, as I recollect it. One of the first things Levi would do on meeting a brother wheelman would be to present one of Ross-winkle & Co.'s cards, announce himself as one of the proprietors, and before he let up on his flow of gab he had his new acquaintance pledged heart and soul to buy his next suit of clothes at the M. C., G. F., H. & C. Co.

"The boys liked the little 'sheeney', for all he was so persistent and as Cohentritz was too long a name to waste wind over, they called him Co., which agreed very well with the name on his card.

"One day early in the spring Co. met me walking down street

near his store and of course nothing would do but what I should go in and see his stock of bicycle pants. 'Shust vat you want,' remarked Co., 'and the completest line you most ever saw.'

"'But I don't want any pants,' I protested.

"'Vell you come in any way, I shust vant you to look at him,' insisted Co.

"So I went in.

"We went by long tables piled with clothing of all colors and shades, way to the back part of the store. There Co. grabbed at a pile of something and pulled out what looked like a pair of pants for a four-year-old kid, only they were a sort of a sky blue color.

"He held them up while a proud smile passed over his face. He appeared to want me to say something.

"'Pretty, I remarked. 'But don't you think they are a little light colored for young children?'

"'Young shildren!' he gasped, 'vy Holy Moses, man. Dose vas bicycle pants for men like you vas.'

"I said I was glad he told me but that I did n't believe he would sell any pants of that color around Kokomo.

"He smiled a sardonic smile and said, 'maybe you like something with a pattern?' and without waiting to secure my acquiescence in the matter, hauled out something from another pile.

"'Well?' said I.

"'Vell!' said he.

"'What are those?'

"'Those?' he gasped, 'those are the latest thing in bicycle pants. Dey vas shust your size. Von't you try 'em on?'

"'Not by a jug full,' I replied, 'you don't suppose I'm going to wear a pair of pants like those? They 're too loud. I don't want people to think there 's a brass band a-coming when they see me riding along. Besides you don't suppose I'm going to run around here looking like a Highlander without any stockings, just for the sake of trying

on one of your unreasonably loud pair of pants?'

"'Loud?' he cried, 'they vas not loud. They vas quiet und modest und so very English.'

"'That may be so,' I replied, 'but when I get any, I want a pair of regular American pants. I was born in Montgomery county.'

"'I tell you vat,' he remarked confidentially, as he drew near and whispered in my ear, 'I give him to you shust at cost to start the style.'

"I told him I appreciated the compliment he paid to my popularity, but I was not actively engaged in starting styles that season and did not care to start in on so large a job as introducing his checker-board bicycle pants.

"'Vell,' he said, not to be put off, 've can send to the factory and make you up a pair shust like vat you got on. Let me take your measure.'

"And before I could open my mouth he had whiped out his tape line and had me measured down to the inch, so he said.

"'Now you vant a shacket,' he said authoritatively. 'Vat shall it be something light or something with a modest pattern?'



"I told him if it had to be anything, a plain, dark one was what I wanted.

"All right, here you vas,' and he produced something from under another pile. 'Shust your size. Try him on.'

"I saw it was useless to resist, so I peeled off my old coat and put on his. The arms fitted me all right but I could 'nt button it up any more than I could put on an umbrella cover. The edges would 'nt come within six inches of each other.

"That 's shust right,' exclaimed Co., as he caught hold of the sides and pulled them as near together as he could.

"I held my breath until I felt myself grow dizzy. I told him it was no use, but he did n't see it.

"Nonsense,' he said as he stepped off to view the effect. 'Fits shust like it was made for you.'

"I told him it might fit me all right if I did n't have anything to but to stand and hold my hands by my sides, but that in riding a bicycle, he must surely know that it was sometimes necessary to reach forward, and that, I was sure was an ordeal his jacket was ill-prepared to undergo.

"So Co. relented.

"I 'll bring you one,' he said, 'that will fit you better.'

"He yanked out another coat from the same pile and I tried that on. It fitted me around the waist better but the sleeves were fully six inches too long and the back of the jacket trailed down somewhere near the ground.

"Ve can take 'em up,' he said, as he saw me glance with dismay at the sleeves.

"Yes,' I said, looking down at the bottom of the garment. 'But I want a bicycle jacket, not a full-dress coat.'

"Shust the style,' he insisted, 'and it fits you perfectly.'

"Just then I happened to look in a glass and caught a glimpse of a side elevation of the affair. 'What is that big swelling between the shoulder blades?' I asked, 'I have n't a hump on my back.'

"That is nothing,' expostulated Co., 'that will all come out in a-while. Besides, you see, it gives you a chance to breath.'

"I can't wear anything like that,' I said, 'I can't go out on the streets dressed this way, and I can't afford to give up my position and go into the dime museum freak business.'

"Nonsense,' said Co. cheerfully, 'you 'll get used to it in a short while. You can never get a better fit.'

"I mildly but firmly told Co. that I could never be satisfied with the coat and he went over to the side of the store to look for another, and while he was gone I nosed around and just as luck would have it I found a jacket on the table that suited me exactly. I put it on. It fitted a T. In a few moments Co. came back.

"Put up your coats,' I said, 'I 've found one here that fits me exactly, and I won't look at any more. How much is it?'

"Co. grabbed me by the neck as though to look for the price mark. 'Seven dollars and a half,' he said, 'but you can have it for six and a quarter.'

"I knew the price was too high, for the coat was rather shabby looking, but there was no way out of it, so I paid him the money, took my old coat that he had carefully wrapped up for me, and left.

"I walked hurriedly to the office, and went to work. I had fairly forgotten all about my purchase when one of the bicycle boys came in for a chat

"By the way,' I said as he was leaving, 'I bought a new bicycle jacket down at Co.'s this morning. There it hangs over on the hook.'

"Don't see any new jacket,' my visitor said as he edged over towards the coat rack.

"There it is right in front of you. Are you blind?' I ripped out.

"That?' he said nodding toward it, 'Why that 's the same old jacket you wore all last season.'

"I jumped as though I had been shot. There, sure enough, hung my old jacket. I reached for the package Co. had done up for me, and nervously unwrapped it; and I 'll be hanged if there was n't the pair of sky-blue pants and the hump-backed coat."

McCurdy Pays Forfeit.

A DISPATCH from Minneapolis, Minn., dated Jan. 13, gives the following particulars of the unsatisfactory ending, and the reasons therefor, of the match between the bicyclers, S. G. Whittaker and A. A. McCurdy: "The bicycle race which was to have taken place last night between Whittaker and McCurdy developed into quite a sensation. It was arranged for \$2,000 a side, with a side bet of \$200. Yesterday \$6,000 in two bets was put up with J. S. Woods by Thomas T. Roe of Chicago and W. A. Tanner, the backers of McCurdy and Whittaker, respectively, Steve Carlisle as the referee. McCurdy declined to race with Carlisle as referee. The latter at once declared Whittaker the winner of the race. McCurdy objected,

and said he knew he would lose the race on a foul, so he did not go into it. Whittaker claimed that his wheel was plugged with emery and was fixed for him to lose. Less than two weeks ago McCurdy dropped back into town, accompanied by Roe and a gentleman named Davis, of Chicago. Then came Whittaker of Omaha. The race was set to be run on Jan. 9. At the time \$500 a side had been posted, and the same day \$1,500 additional was posted. The Chicago men made a written agreement with Whittaker to throw the race in consideration of \$2,500. Yesterday the stakes were increased to \$6,000 a side. This was at 3 o'clock. An hour afterward Roe and Davis made another big bluff at Tanner. He called again. This made the stakes \$8,400 a side. Still Col. Tanner, Whittaker's backer, smiled. They began to fear that Whittaker had been given more to win than they had offered him to lose. Then they took another tack. They rented the rink for the night, so that, as a last resort, they could prevent the race. Whittaker was

on hand last night, notwithstanding that his wheel had been plugged during the afternoon. McCurdy finally refused to ride. Suddenly the big rink was in Egyptian darkness. The lights had been turned out. The referee decided Whittaker the winner. Then came a wrangle over the stake-money. Finally Mr. Woods, who held the stakes, turned the money over to Tanner."—*Clipper*.

Rudge & Co. are making the Kempster rowing tricycle. The English patents have been purchased by a syndicate, that will introduce the machine to Englishmen. Wallace Ross is over there and will demonstrate the capabilities of the machine.

The Hudson County Wheelmen, (N. Y.,) will give a thousand-mile medal to each member who rides one thousand miles, beginning Jan. 1, 1888, and an extra bar for each successive thousand miles.

It is seldom one gets off anything new, but we noticed a green rider get off a new bicycle the other day.

Twenty years ago Beecher predicted that the coming man would ride a bicycle.



CAPTAIN: "If this don't ketch the boys who want to run up a record before the next season opens, I give it up"

A Modern Mazeppa.

BY HARRY ESTEY.

A dozen of our boys were gathered around the fire in the club-room one evening, smoking and waiting for enough to come to hold a meeting and make arrangements for a run Thanksgiving Day.

Some one had just gotten off an ancient chestnut and was being severely roasted, when Joe Grant asked if we remembered Ed. Hall, who left town so suddenly about three months before.

"Well, you bet!" "I should shout!" "If ever a mean fellow straddled a wheel, his name was Ed. Hall!" "He was n't a rich haul for us anyway!" These and other similar remarks were the answers.

"Well," continued Joe, "I have just learned the reasons for his leaving town and will tell you about it if you care to listen."

There was not a fellow in the club who would not leave his dinner, his glass of diluted water, or even his best girl, to listen to Joe Grant's lively stories. So in an incredibly short time our little company had gathered around him, and were urging him as one man to tell us about it.

Joe lighted a fresh cigar, coaxed it into burning to suit his taste, and then proceeded with the story.

"Hall came here about a year ago, and as our club was small he easily became a member, few questions being asked. But, as you all know, he was the meanest fellow in the club, and I suppose his going away saved us the trouble of expelling him. But to tell you about his going:

"You see, one Sunday, the first of this season, I was out riding alone. I had got several miles from town when Hall overtook me. He too, was riding alone, so I could do no better than to accept his invitation to ride in company.

"He was a good rider and we ran along at a lively pace for a mile or two, when we came to a farm house. Nothing wonderful about that, but just beyond the house was a little grove in the edge of which was a very pretty girl swinging in a hammock. I raised my cap to her as we passed, I scarcely know why, for you all know I seldom do such a thing."

"Oh yes, we all know," we answered in chorus, with a wink to each other.

"Well, I happened to that day and Hall did the same, he also turned as we were going out of sight and threw a kiss back to her. I should have never thought of the incident again but Hall spoke of it several times and remarked how pretty she was. I laughed at him a little and asked if it was a case of love at first sight.

"We parted soon after and I thought no more about it till the other day when I heard the rest of the story.

"It seems he remembered and rode that way the next Sunday. When he reached the grove there was the girl in the hammock again. He managed to take an easy fall just as he was raising his cap to her. She gave a little scream and was just going to faint when he picked himself up, begging her pardon, and assuring her that there was no cause for alarm. He quietly sat down on the wall beside her and easily led her into conversation. She was a trifle vain and something of a flirt, so when he told her he was in business here and gave her a false name she readily believed him and felt quite flattered. He stayed there chatting with her until he had only time to reach town before dark, then, telling her he would come again the next Sunday, he said farewell, mounted his wheel and rode home.

"The next Sunday was bright, so he was out in good time to keep his appointment. He found her as before and spent the afternoon in a lively flirtation with her.

"As there would be a good moon after eight o'clock, he decided to spend the evening with her and ride home by moonlight. After a while a stout, robust looking fellow came sauntering up the road and joined them. The girl introduced the newcomer as Mr. Bond. It appears that she was engaged to Bond and, as he was inclined to be jealous, he eyed Hall as much as to ask, well, what are you here for any way? Hall paid no attention to him, and continued his small talk with the girl. After a while Bond asked her to go with him for a walk. She told him she did not care to walk.

"Then when he asked her if she was going into the house with him, she quietly informed him that she was not.

"He had been growing angry all the while and now he burst out

asking: 'Who is that little snipper-snapper scamp, and what is he doing here, any way?'

"She rose in all her small majesty and told him if he had nothing to do but insult her friends he had better go home and stay there. He promised her she should be sorry for all of this and left them.

"A little later she and Hall went into the house but the old folks did not take kindly to him and the girl seemed more quiet and thoughtful, probably regretting the quarrel with her lover. Hall stayed till ten o'clock, then mounted his wheel and started for home, laughing to himself to think how easily he had worsted the farmer. When he had gone about half a mile he suddenly heard a sharp ping like a stout cord quickly straightened, at the same moment he felt himself experiencing one of the peculiar joys of cycling,—taking a header. He was riding slowly, so the fall did not hurt him, but before he could rise some one was upon him and held him down.

"It was Bond, who with a friend to assist him, had stretched a cord across the road, each having hold of one end. When Hall rode over it they brought it up with a yank between the wheels of his bicycle giving him the header.

"Bond picked him up in his arms as if he had been a child and set him on his wheel, his friend holding the wheel up. Hall was a great coward and begged piteously that they should not hurt him.

"Bond told him, oh, no, they only wanted to show him a new way to ride that confounded thing.

"They tied his hands fast to the handle bars, then his feet to the pedals, then they turned him around and gave him a little start back the way he had come. Bond gave him a push and sarcastically advised him not to come that way again till he got turned around.

"He rode for a few minutes thinking only of getting away from his tormentors, their shouts and laughter following him. As soon as he thought himself a safe distance from Bond he began trying to devise some plan to get out of the scrape. So long as he kept going he was all right but if he stopped he would take a bad fall and be as bad, or worse off than he was while moving. He tugged at his hands but the were well tied and they only cut and lacerated the flesh.

"When he got back to the farm house where he had spent the evening he thought of shouting for help, but he disliked meeting them in his present situation, then, he thought by the time they could get out he would be half a mile away. So he rode on keeping a lookout for a chance to turn around. After riding about a mile he came to a crossing of the roads and succeeded in getting safely turned towards home. When he got started towards home, however, he felt no more comfortable. It seemed quite probable that Bond would be watching for him and perhaps use him worse than before. Even if he was let alone, he was a good dozen miles from home securely fastened to his wheel.

"When he reached the scene of his recent adventure, his heart, if he had such a thing, was in his mouth, but all was quiet and he rode along unmolested. But the next farm house he passed he heard that mocking laugh come floating out from among the barns in anything but re-assuring accents. It caused him to increase his speed so he was soon out of hearing. He slowly slackened his pace and again began to reflect upon his situation and the chance of being able to exchange his bicycle for his bed upon reaching home.

"He remembered a farm house a short distance ahead of him and thought if he could only call some one out there they could catch him and cut his bonds, then he could ride home in comfort. He thought he had rather explain to some one out there than in town. He could see no better way, so when he got within a short distance of the house he shouted for help. A moment later he wished he had n't.

"His call was promptly answered by the deep, powerful voice of a dog. In his present situation, Hall had less desire than cyclers ordinarily have to form an acquaintance with the gentle guardian of the night, so he spurred for all that he was worth. He had only passed the house a few rods when he heard the dog rush out and after him. A moment later a man ordered him to halt.

"He would have only been too happy to have obeyed if he had seen any way of so doing without serious consequences. The dog was too near, and his howling too suggestive to induce him to risk taking a fall, so he only redoubled his efforts. A moment later a bullet went whistling merrily past his head. Before the farmer

could reload, Hall had placed a safe distance between himself and his pursuers.

"If you will go out to that neighborhood now you can hear a weird story of how farmer Jones was aroused at midnight one night by an unearthly yelling and when he came out to see what the trouble was, the devil was just flying away, but dogs and lead had no effect upon him.

"Hall again reduced his speed as soon as he dared, and resolved to seek assistance from no more farmers.

"His constant fear was a header, but fortune favored him and he reached the town without further mishap. Now the question which he had been studying for a dozen miles was, how to free himself from his steed. At last he decided to try and ride up beside some building and stop, leaning against the building for support. He got up on the side walk and rode slowly along till he came to a building he thought would answer. He rode along beside it as close as he could and allowed himself to fall over towards the building, but he had got a trifle too near, or was going too fast, and a moment later he felt himself falling away from the wall. He jerked at his hand and foot to put them out and save himself but the cords reminded him that he was still fastened to the machine and he fell to the ground a mixed heap of man and bicycle. His shouting soon aroused some of the neighbors who came out to see if a murder was being committed. Among them was one of Hall's fellow clerks who cut his bands and assisted him to his home. He was not much hurt and explained his situation by saying that he had been riding that way on a bet.

"His companions, however, doubted his story, and in some way learned the truth of the affair. He was disliked by all of the clerks where he worked and they lost no opportunity to laugh at him and torment him. Their jokes became, as he thought, unbearable so he gave up his situation and left town somewhat suddenly."

Improved Methods of War.

An old story of the East tells us that a magician once devised a method of warfare for a king who was a particular friend and protegee of his, by which he could array, on a sort of chess board, his own and any army of hostile troops, and by a touch of a spear-point kill as many of the enemy as he chose, and by reversing the weapon and using the shaft he could cripple or disorder them. Some of the recent inventions or improvements of military means and methods suggest a decided tendency toward mechanical, if not magical, warfare. A reduction of the necessity of employing and exposing men by substituting machines or mechanical processes, would certainly be a great alleviation of the horrors, if not the expenses, of war. The machines and their uses are undeniable. How far they may enable belligerent powers to dispense with men and peril of life or limb is not so clear.

Here, for one change toward mechanical warfare, we have Mr. Drawbaugh's electric microphone, just perfected, or at least made practicable, which is intended to be not only a substitute but an improvement of picket service. It will detect the movement of a hostile force at least as promptly as the most vigilant advance guard, and report it more speedily. Besides it will never sleep on its post or get tired out by protracted service or exposure. Of all the warlike inventions ever imagined a substitute for a picket service strikes us as being the most improbable and visionary. Yet it is seriously reported among the ordinary news of the day as a fact.

The Gatling gun and its congeners is a less startling change from manful to mechanical fighting, and besides the world has got used to it. But in its inception it was hardly less an improbable substitute for the fire of a battle line than the Drawbaugh microphone for the vigilance of a picket line. Wholly unlike in form but closely akin in purpose and method is the gun that can be hid in a hole and loaded, raised by electric force and fired and dropped out of sight and danger with the few men who are needed to manage it. Either of these weapons can be made to replace a considerable body of men and do better service.

Still another change in the same direction, but not going the same length by any means, is the use of bicycles for such forms of field service as have hitherto had to use horses or rely on the slower and less effective movements of human legs. This change does not

visibly spare the exposure or efforts of men, but one may readily conceive that the greater rapidity of motion it secures may diminish the danger of the service it is employed in. And, oddest of all changes—yet one can't see why it should not be one of the most obvious—is the employment of dogs on advance duty. Fifty years ago Mr. Poinsett, the Secretary of War under President Van Buren, in his report on the war in Florida with the Seminoles, suggested the employment of Cuban bloodhounds to hunt out the fugitive Indians in the swamps and everglades, or, as he expressed it in language that Whig ridicule made familiar as "household words" all over the land "not to worry them but discover where they are." So far as we can recall, this was the first time that dogs were ever proposed for warfare in any civilized land. And the use then suggested was very different from that reported from some of the military frontier services in Europe.

There is something grotesque as well as terrible in the changes of old-time, formal, iron-backed military service proposed or effected by these processes. Dogs and electric machines on the picket line; a crank grinding out a death grist of a thousand shots a minute under a little steel shed; a gun rising mysteriously out of a hole in the ground to throw a dynamite shell at a huge steel ship two or three miles away, blowing it into a million fragments, and sinking mysteriously into the ground again; a battle line advancing at racing speed on bicycles, all done with a show of few men, some with none, like the magical warfare of the oriental wizard. It looks queer. But it is all a hard, positive reality, except the bicycles and the hidden gun, and there is no reason in any practical obstruction why they may not be obvious and operative facts, too. All the same, the powers of the earth go on adding regiments and corps to their myriads of men, and what mechanism can do to alleviate the evils of war it is not given a chance to prove.—*Indianapolis News*.

Woodside has decided not to abandon racing at present.

It's all very well to manufacture a tricycle called a sociable. What the great world is sighing for, is one that will do for a church sociable.

The *Times-Democrat*, New Orleans, for Jan. 1, has sketches and pictures of New Orleans wheelmen, including, Ed. Shields, President of the N. O. Club; Benjamin C. Rea, the Captain; Frank Fenner, and Harry W. Fairfax.

We are glad to note the stand taken by the Overman Wheel Co. for the coming season. They say they will employ no paid riders to ride their bicycles, but will put the money this item formerly cost into bettering in every way their machines. Records by paid riders are something that the general rider cares very little about, and if the expense of such has to be added on to the cost of the wheel the result is bound to be re-active. The move of the Overman Co. is a sensible one.

Apropos of recent swindles in bicycle racing, the following letter of introduction to a sporting man named Tanner, of Minneapolis, was given by one Bob Ehlert, of Chicago, to McCurdy, of Lynn, not long ago, and by McCurdy presented to Tanner:

This will introduce to you A. A. McCurdy, of Lynn, Mass., undoubtedly the fastest Star rider in the world. He has run several hippodromes with me, and is as square as they make them. He has a backer he wants to "work," and I have recommended him to you, and have written McCurdy to call and see you. He is training at the rink in your city.—*Lynn Item*.

The Columbia Bicycle Catalog for 1888 has just been published by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, New York, and Chicago. It is a handsomely printed book of sixty pages, illustrated with forty fine wood engravings. In it appear descriptions of their Light Roadster, Expert, Volunteer, (new), Veloce, (new), Safety, Semi-Roadster, Standard, and Racer Columbia bicycles, and the Light Roadster, Ladies' Two Track, Surprise, (new), Tandem, and Racer Columbia tricycles. This catalog, which is one of the most comprehensive of its class published, will be sent free by mail upon application.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

"Where hills have been climbed, where great road races have been run, where wheels have been tested to their very utmost, THE VICTOR has been found at the front to tell its own story." -O. W. Co.'s Catalog.



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During the coming year we expect to circulate a great deal of

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Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
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The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

"Give 'Em a Trial."

A VOICE comes from the vicinity of Buffalo that says: "Let the professionals in for one year. Give them a fair show, and if, at the end of a year, the League is not satisfied that they have helped the sport, turn them out."

How sweet it is to think that we are thus permitted to take into our family circle the poor, hard working professional, who for years and years has been devoting his whole attention to promoting our interests and boosting along the cause of cycling in the intervals between fixing bets with his backer and selling him out to some other fellow's backer.

We would in all probability never have known anything about these modest, but energetic friends of ours who all along have been covering up their good deeds, from the eyes of the sorrid world. We have often in a sort of vague, indefinite way, suspected that the professional racer was too good for this world, but we never knew we were entertaining angels unawares, till Mr. Henry E. Ducker or some other discerning individual comes along and shows us just where and how the professional has helped us to enjoy the blessings of free roads and half-price hotels.

And to think that all along we have known nothing at all about all this.

And, so we are to be permitted to enjoy the professional racer for the space of one year and at the expiration of that time if we fail to become stuck on him, he will go. If at the end of the year our hearts still resist the entrancing charms of the fixed race, and the seductive sound of the pool seller's melodious voice and our fancy turns again toward the destructive club run, or the enervating tour; then he will leave us. It may be sadly and with tear stained eyes, but rather than remain in uncongenial company the poor, down-trodden racing man will retire.

Dear children, did you ever hear of Æsop? Well, Æsop lived many years ago, and in his time achieved considerable prominence as a manufacturer of high-grade fables, in which he did a rushing business. There is not much doing in the fable line at present, consequently there are very few new fables on the market. But there are many of Æsop's that are still in good running order and occasionally we find one that fills the bill just as well as though it were made to order for the occasion. Such is the story of

THE ARAB AND THE CAMEL.

An Arab was sitting one evening in the peaceful quiet of his tent, cogitating to himself and turning over in his mind the latest phaze of the tariff question, when he was interrupted by a camel sticking his head through the flap of his doorway. He looked around for a brick to throw at the intruder, for he was a very dirty camel and besides his breath smelled bad. The visitor, however, forestalled him by making some remark about the weather and saying that he was n't partial to the cold, himself.

At this time in the world's history the gift of speech was not confined to mankind alone, but was indulged in by book agents, candidates, camels and some other members of the animal kingdom, so this camel's speech attracted no unusual comment.

The Arab puffed out a cloud of smoke as a sort of deodorizer and replied that he was sorry to hear that it was growing colder.

The camel took this remark as a slight encouragement and begged to be allowed to keep his head under cover till the cold wave flag was lowered. The Arab could hardly refuse so modest a request so he moved to the further corner of the tent where the mild aroma of the camel was least noticeable and continued his cogitations.

Presently the camel remarked that he was subject to rheumatism in the knee-joints of his fore legs; and suggested that he be allowed to put *them* under the tent flap, too. To this the owner consented.



THE SITUATION 1888.

In about fifteen minutes the camel broke out again. He said he did n't like to hear the tent flap going swish-swash against his hump; it made him nervous, besides he was subject to boils on his hump, and he was certain that unless he could get his hump under cover, a crop would come on sure. This time he did not wait for the Arab's consent but raised up the tent flap and pulled his hump inside. This satisfied him for about ten minutes, when he said that after revolving in his mind the arguments on both sides of the case, the committee on ways and means had decided that inasmuch as the tent had belonged to the plaintiff in the first place, there was no



THE SITUATION 1889.

reason why he should further delay taking possession of it. So saying he humped himself, so to speak, and drew his hind quarters under the shelter.

"But there is no room for me and you both," the Arab expostulated, "what are we to do?"

"I am very comfortable, thank you," replied the camel. "But come to think of it, maybe I would have a little more elbow room if you were not here. Perhaps you had better sit outside a while and cool off."

The present application is self evident.

Tit for Tat.

SOMEBODY among the English cycling pressmen is trying hard to bring on a newspaper war. This is a sample, as near as we can remember, of some touching paragraphs from two of their prominent papers:

46753

One day last week the Hon. Secy of the Ipswich Harriers had his wheel stolen from the Club House on Newbury Street.—*W—ling.*

We would like to call our esteemed (?) cotemporary's attention to the above clipping and desire to ask if it means to insinuate that the Hon. Secy. was instrumental in having his own wheel stolen? Are we to let this incendiary remark go unchallenged? Shall the Ipswich Harriers rest under the imputation that their highest officer arranged for the purloining of his own wheel? Was it to throw the crime on to some unguilty member of the club that the Hon. Secy. had his wheel stolen. If not, why does the insinuating sheet above allude to say that the Hon. Secy. of the Ipswich Harriers had his wheel stolen? Some explanation is necessary.

The above or something on the same style of literature we find scattered through the columns of the *B—g N—s* week after week.

Here is another from the other side :

On the 15th inst. S. C. Orcher succeeded in lowering the 13 and 14-mile indoor safety record.—*B—g N—s.* (of the 19th.)

As usual, the bigoted sheet, into whose insipid columns we stick our shears for the above item is about six months behind the times. Our readers surely remember that way last summer we said that before another season opened Mr. Orcher would be the proud holder of some of the worlds' records. The above only proves what we then said. That our esteemed (?) cotemporary who travels under the misleading cognomen of *News*, is just getting on to the fact is another evidence of its decaying faculties.

Another from the same source :

The *C—ist* of last week devotes 19-3-10 lines to a description of a new process of sugar curing the hams of road hogs, and yet this sheet pretends to be a cycling trade journal. Heaven save the mark!

All of which to a man up a tree on this side of the pond is exceedingly amusing.

Buzzings From New Jersey.

ALTHOUGH for the past few weeks the mercury has been making frantic efforts to force its way through the bottom of the thermo., and has frozen the very marrow in our bones, we are still on deck, and, like healthy mules, able to kick our little kick. Despite the cold a few of the rough and ready riders, of whom we have a large number in this State, have managed to get in a jaunt now and then. Dr. Fred Knich, of Westfield, lets neither ice nor snow interfere with him making professionals a-wheel, and a few days ago the "old vet.," D. B. Bohnett, of the Elizabeth Wheelmen, was seen pedaling up High Street as though he enjoyed winter riding. And so he does; in fact he likes any kind of riding in any kind of weather.

Business is beginning to freshen up and the dealers report that everything points to a great boom during the coming season. No changes of any account will take place in this part of the State that I know of. It was reported a couple of months ago that an English firm intended to establish an agency in this city with the intention of sweeping everything, but the agent has failed to materialize. Howard A. Smith will again try the experiment of running a branch store in Orange, and this will serve to make things lively for L. H. Johnson, who had the field to himself last season. It is not likely that any thing like a cut-rate competition will result, however as the two are the best of friends.

The latter part of this month the Hudson County Wheelmen will give a monster cycling entertainment in Panorama Rink, Jersey City, and expect to make Rome 'owl. The program will consist of fancy riding, slow races, polo on Stars, a one mile race, and last but not least, a lecture by Thomas Stevens. When Hudson County makes up its mind to spread, it makes the splinters fly.

Mr. Editor, why, oh why, don't you squelch that funny man of the *American Wheelman*? His hits about taking Christmas cards in payment for advertising space are enough to make one weary—awfully. Now just ask the funny man (?) how much cash—cash is king—he receives, ever has received, or ever expects to receive in payment for the upper half of the second page of cover in his December issue. What 's the difference Mr. *Am. W.*, between taking a machine which you propose to sell, or taking Christmas cards which you intend to give away? "None of your business whether we take a machine or cash." Of course not Mr. *Am. W.* Then why concern yourself about the Christmas cards? But they must have something to fill up space, so let 'er go.

Before your next issue I hope to be able to record the fact of some of our local cyclers having ridden their wheels to the ice coated surface of

EAGLE ROCK.

Monthly Summary.

FROM JANUARY 15 TO FEBRUARY 15.

California. The Bay City Wheelmen intend forming an inter-club road racing association, provided they secure the co-operation of the other clubs. Bay City Wheelmen elected the following officers for 1888: President, E. Farbaugh; Vice-President, J. R. Hopkins; Secretary, H. C. Cummins; Treasurer, C. A. Elliott; Captain, P. A. Libby.

Colorado. W. L. Van Horn marries Miss Alice Knapp. Denver Ramblers elected the following officers for 1888: President, J. F. Allers; Captain, R. Gerwing; Secretary, W. E. Perkins; Treasurer, W. L. Van Horn.

Connecticut. New Haven Club celebrates its anniversary Jan. 24. New Haven Bicycle Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, W. W. Frisbie; Secretary, S. C. Sperry; Treasurer, A. W. Welton; Captain, C. E. Laron.

Illinois. Lincoln Cycle Club, of Chicago, give a minstrel performance at the Madison Street Theater, Feb. 15, to raise funds for a gymnasium. Kankakee Ramblers organized and the following officers elected for 1888: President, G. F. Crawford; Vice-President, W. S. Halsey; Secretary-Treasurer, A. L. Hatch; Captain, C. F. Dickey. Chicago Bicycle Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, W. C. Thorne; Vice-President, L. W. Conkling; Secretary and Treasurer, R. E. Schmidt; Captain, F. A. Ingalls.

Indiana. Indianapolis Wheelmen organized Feb. 3.

Kentucky. Horace Beddo is succeeded in business by his former partners, and hereafter the firm will be known as Kroft & Adams. Newport Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, C. A. Van Dusen; Secretary-Treasurer, L. L. Buchanan; Captain, George Van Dusen.

Maryland. A. E. Mealy, C. C., appoints J. K. Bartlett, Jr. representative to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of C. W. Abbott. Rambler Cycle Club, of Baltimore, held a meeting Jan. 14 and elected the following officers for 1888: President, A. A. Barrington; Vice-President, W. E. Swindle; Secretary, F. H. Hoover; Treasurer, H. Diggs; Captain, F. M. Clotworthy. Sam'l. Clark, of Baltimore, is succeeded in business by the Clark Cycle Co.

Massachusetts. Malden Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, E. E. Foye; Vice-President, F. M. Sherburn; Secretary-Treasurer, A. N. Foke. The Springfield Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: Secretary, E. E. Williams; Treasurer, W. Burns. Hyde Park Ramblers elect the following officers for 1888: President, J. E. Walters; Secretary-Treasurer, J. P. Boyden; Captain, F. G. Hall. Sommerville Cycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, J. B. Cann; Vice-President, J. H. Woodbury; Secretaries, H. L. Billings and W. B. Nelson; Treasurer, E. Sanger; Captain, F. B. Kimball. Springfield Club give a minstrel performance at Chicopee Falls Jan. 15. Roxbury Bicycle Club give a grand ball Jan. 18. Warren Wheel Club, of Roxbury, held a dance at Fontleroy Hall, Feb. 10. Dorchester Bicycle Club give a whist party Jan. 17, and a dance Feb. 3. The club at North Attleboro elected O. W. Clifford, President; W. E. Luce, Vice-President; T. E. Bell, Secretary; C. F. Kurtz, Treasurer, and F. C. Groton, Captain for the ensuing year. Annual dinner of the Massachusetts Club was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, Friday evening, Jan. 27. Jamaica Plain Bi. Club give a complimentary dinner to E. J. Woodworth at Tremont House, Boston, Jan. 13. Jamaica Plain Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, C. A. Underwood; Vice-President, W. A. Mossman; Secretary and Treasurer, F. P. Walker; Captain, E. C. Chase. The Brookline Bi. Club held its second annual ball at the town hall Jan. 25. The Jamaica Cycle Club, of Jamaica Plain, gave its second entertainment Feb. 2, at Elliot hall. The Sommerville Club had a ladies' night Jan. 30. Roxbury Bicycle Club gave its first annual ball at Oriental hall Jan. 18. Warren Wheel Club held its annual reception Feb. 10. Cambridge Club give a dance Jan. 20.

Michigan. Star Bicycle Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, F. C. Blodgett; Secretary-Treasurer, R. F. Medbury; Captain, W. E. Metzger.

Minnesota. The proposed race between McCurdy and Whittaker falls through on account of alleged crookedness on both sides.

Missouri. W. M. Brewster, C. C., appoints L. H. Parsons Local

Council at Edina; A. C. Miller at Hannibal, and J. B. Jennings at Moberly.

Pennsylvania. Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, elect the following officers for 1888: President, F. Read; Vice-President, T. Hare; Secretary, P. S. Collins; Captain, W. T. Fleming. Frankfort Bicycle Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, R. Crackshaw; Vice-President, R. Dean; Treasurer, C. Denn; Secretary, G. Hare; Captain, J. Dyson. Germantown Cycling Club elects the following officers for 1888: President, F. Reed; Vice-President, Dr. C. B. Knerr; Secretary, H. T. Rogers; Captain, G. F. Cravens. South End Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, elect the following officers for 1888: President, W. W. Roberts; Vice-President, L. Kolb; Secretary-Treasurer, J. A. Lehman; Captain, J. J. Bradley.

New Hampshire. Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, elect the following officers for 1888: President, C. A. Hazlett; Secretary-Treasurer, W. C. Walton; Captain, G. E. Philbrick.

New Jersey. Union County Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888: President, Dr. F. A. Kinch; Secretary, F. E. Reese; Captain, A. N. Pearson. Elizabeth Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888: President, G. C. Pennell; Vice-President, W. Chandler; Secretary, A. N. Lukens; Captain, S. J. Berry, Jr. The Owl Bicycle Club, of Bordentown, elect the following officers for 1888: President, Prof. C. P. Hoffman; Vice-President, J. Matthews; Secretary, C. E. Burr; Captain, F. G. Wilse. Orange Athletic Club give a ball Feb. 10. Bloomfield Cyclers elect the following officers for 1888: President, J. V. L. Pierson; Vice-President, T. Palmer; Secretary, P. Graham; Treasurer, F. Van Aucken; Captain, T. D. Palmer.

New York. Manhattan Bi. Club held its first reception at the Lexington opera house, New York, Feb. 3. Long Island Wheelmen give a ladies' reception Jan. 30. Ariel Wheel Club of Poughkeepsie, disband. Walter Bonner wins the long distance medal offered by the Calumet Cycling Club, of Brooklyn, riding 6,374 miles. Long Island Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888: President, J. D. Huggins; Vice-President, F. J. Warburton; Treasurer, M. Furst; Secretaries, C. C. Allen and E. A. Caner. Kings County Wheelmen give a grand opening at their club house Feb. 1. A club is organized in Wappinger's Falls with the following officers: President, A. M. Roy; Secretary, J. Punter; Treasurer, F. Warhurst; Captain, H. H. Brown. The Genesee Bicycle Club, of Rochester, elect the following officers for 1888: President, B. Woodhull; Vice-President, B. A. Pratt; Secretary, C. H. Doud; Treasurer, F. H. Cross; Captain, M. Schaffer. Manhattan Athletic Club holds its annual games in Madison Square Gardens Jan. 28. *Outing* changes hands.

Vermont. Vermont Wheelmen at Brattleboro give a dance Jan. 17.

West Virginia. H. P. Wilconson, C. C., appoints C. R. Gætz, of Wheeling, to be Secretary-Treasurer, and C. C. Byers, of Parkersburg, as Representative.

Wisconsin. Milwaukee Wheelmen, at their annual meeting Jan. 19, elected the following officers for 1888: President, H. R. Miller; Vice-President, T. J. Mayer; Secretary, H. P. Andræ; Captain, T. J. Schroeder.

FOREIGN.

England. Second race between cow-boys and cyclists, held at Bingley hall, Birmingham, Dec. 26 to 31, resulting in favor of the cyclists, they winning by over nine miles. Maltby leaves England for America on the steamer Chicago, Jan. 24. Jules Terront wins the 100-mile professional race at Birmingham, Dec. 24, in 5 hrs., 58 min., 40 sec. The Stanley Show, the eleventh annual exhibition of bicycles, tricycles and accesories was held at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London, from Jan. 28 to Feb. 4. Total number of exhibitors, 124.

Australia. Fred Wood beats Rolfe in a three mile championship race, Nov. 24. In the five mile championship test race given by the Pioneer Bicycle Club Fred Wood comes in first in 16 min., 52½ sec.

The March number of the *Gazette* will contain, besides its regular departments, a well-written article on "Mid-winter Cycling in California," by J. J. Bliss; "A Stroll A-wheel in England," by Stamson, and a short cycle story by the editor; each of which will be illustrated. Considerable space will be given to an interesting table of diagrams of the various hills known to cyclopedom. Mr. Harry Corey also contributes an instructive article on "The Rover Type of Safeties."

Our Chicago Correspondent.

JAN. 26, the Lincoln Cycling Club gave their first dancing party. The Lincoln Park Refectory had been engaged for the occasion luckily, and as a natural consequence nearly two hundred stalwart and otherwise young society gentlemen and their ladies followed Capt. C. C. Pierce and lady through the grand march. Frieberg's orchestra furnished the music, and Caterer Rodley the refreshments. A more thoroughly enjoyable affair than this party, would be difficult to find.

Chicago wheelmen mourn the loss of the bright little RECORD. It was indeed phenomenal how soon it flew into popular favor here. The RECORD used to be due in Chicago Friday evening, and should it fail to reach a Chicago subscriber on that day, he would invariably ask some other fellow: "Has yours arrived? Let me see it."

If the various city clubs are as active in wheel matters the coming season as they are at present in social affairs a most successful season will be the result.

The Illinois Cycling Club gave their third dancing party at Martine's west side academy, Jan. 20. Fully one hundred athletic young gentlemen, each one having a double grip on a charming "Daisie" glided over the slippery floors keeping perfect time to a dreamy waltz-song. This affair as is usual with the west siders, was a success as far as pleasure and social ability was concerned. Lovely women, beautifully attired knickerbockered young men, their muscular calves encased in black silk stockings, a great profusion of flowers and a splendid orchestra, served to render a scene of festivities that will linger for some time in our memories. Especially of the poor young men's.

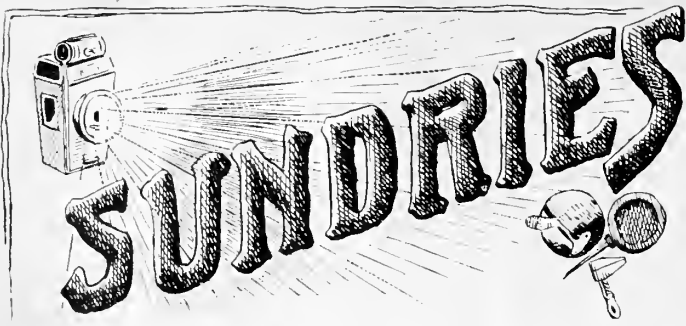
The Owls were delightfully entertained at the residence of a young lady admirer of the club—especially of the treasurer. Some forty couples danced the "German," which was ably led by Treasurer Cory.

F. Ed. Spooner, Secy. of the Lincoln Cycling Club has accepted a position in the cycle department of A. G. Spaulding & Bro's Chicago house.

Come boys! Who shall we nominate for chief consul? Who for secy.-treas.? We must have a road book for '89.

R. H. Ehlert, captain of the Illinois Cycle Club has handed in his resignation. A new captain will be elected at their next meeting. Will Davis or Frank Riggs are both made of the proper "stuff," and the choice of the club will undoubtedly center upon one of them.

Is it a wonder that the L. A. W. have such bitter fights in protecting the rights of wheelmen? In Minneapolis last week we were treated to as severe a set back as we well could have. A crowd of "fakers" and beats crowd around a pile of greenbacks and each stuff as many into his pockets as he possibly can. The McCurdy-Whittaker race turned out to be as rank a hippodrome as we have heard of for a long time. When McCurdy reached Minneapolis some five weeks ago he was accompanied by a letter addressed to Colonel Tanner, a "sure thing" sport, and it was written by a prominent amateur, Bob Ehlert, of Chicago, stating among other things that "McCurdy was undoubtedly the fastest Star rider in America, and that he had a wealthy backer (Tom Roe) in Chicago whom he wanted to work." McCurdy and Tanner evidently came to an understanding. Whittaker was there backed by the latter "sport." Now it seems that Roe went to Minneapolis determined to get Tanner's money; he accordingly offered Whittaker \$4,000 to allow McCurdy to win. The \$4,000 turned Whit.'s fevered brain, he accepted and signed an agreement to that effect. Whit. did not get a chance to make his money, however, for McCurdy who had an "idea" that the referee was in with the Tanner gang, flatly refused to run. The stakes, nearly \$17,000 in all, were given to Tanner, and McCurdy turned the gas out to hide his blushes. When the "fakers" that crowd the professional ranks finish plucking golden geese and retire from the track, cycling will be vastly benefited and have good reason to rejoice. A well-known Chicago wheelman sorrowfully remarked to me: "Poor Tom Roe, duped, betrayed and swindled at his own game, by tricksters infinitely more cunning and unprincipled than himself. I should think he would awake to the fact that professional bicyclers on general principles are not to be trusted, but like all 'good' democrats they have their price and it matters little how vile the means are, providing they get their share of the 'swag.'" GIES.



Do you want to change your mount next season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word.

Indianapolis has a bicycle club at last.

The Chelsea Club is talking up a club-house scheme.

Philadelphia cyclers have had a jolly time on the ice this year.

A European cycling tour will leave Philadelphia this summer.

When did you examine your wheel last to see what condition it was in?

The Milwaukee Wheelmen tripled their membership during the last season.

Now is a good time to touch up the enamel on your wheel with liquid enamel,

The Pope Manufacturing Co. have an exhibit at the Stanley Show, in England.

Pem. Coleman, official handicapper of the N. C. U. for the last six years has resigned.

Outing, was sold last month. The new management as usual promises great things for the future.

Pennsylvania members of the L. A. W. seem determined to have John A. Wells for representative.

No Julius, you're wrong. Of course a road is so much ground; but a road hog is not a ground hog.

Mr. Wm. L. Ross is superintendent of the branch house of Singer & Co., at 6 Berkeley Street, New York.

Munich, Germany, has the largest number of cyclers of any city in the Empire. It boasts of 1,500 riders.

Three Philadelphia cycling clubs have an aggregate membership of 350. The Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Century.

For damages sustained for false arrest the Circuit court, of Newark, N. J., decided L. S. Haskell, a wheelman, entitled to \$25.

W. B. Everett is lost to the trade, though he leaves his name behind. It will be a good many years before he is lost to wheeling, though.

Wheeling calls the *Cyclist's* life-boat "the bum boat" and then editorially calls attention to its coarse humor as being "distinctively funny."

The wheelman in the winter
Likes to loaf about the stove,
In the spring he will begin ter
Rove.

The C. T. C. is now incorporated and under a law that makes every member of it liable to a limited amount in case of its bankruptcy.

The H. B. Smith Machine Co. are experimenting with a Rover-type Safety, driven by Star mechanism, which will be ready for the market late in the season.

If our E. C., the *Canadian Wheelman* will only give us credit for what it clips from our columns we will be satisfied, otherwise we wish to enter a large sized kick.

The league tickets this year are even cheaper looking and flimsier than those of last year. A raffle ticket is a permanent piece of stationary along side of one of them.

In order to increase their business the coming season the firm of Sam'l T. Clark & Co. has been merged into a stock company under the name of The Clark Cycle Co.

Mrs. Harold Lewis, wife of ex-Captain Lewis, of the Philadelphia Bi. Club, covered more ground on her tricycle in 1887 than any member of that club, excepting two or three.

Horace Beddo, of Louisville, Ky., has been succeeded in business by his former partners and hereafter the firm will be known as Kroft & Adams. We wish the new firm every success.

Captain Schroeder, of the Milwaukee Wheelmen offers a gold medal to the member riding the largest number of miles, and President Miller, of the same club, offers a silver medal to the second best.

Mr. Sam'l T. Clark sailed for England on the steamship Ems to visit the Stanley Show, now in progress in that country, and to look after business interests in general. He will return in about four weeks.

The Springfield Roadster Co. will have their western headquarters at C. F. Stokes, 292 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. Mr. Stokes will have an assistant, W. S. Doane, formerly with Stoddard, Lovering & Co.

The Stanley Show, England's great yearly exhibition of cycles, is now opened in London. Some idea of the extent of the bicycle business in England may be gained from the fact that 124 makers exhibit goods at the Stanley show.

Henry Murphy, the new proprietor of the Lynn Bicycle Park proposes to put the park in thorough condition for cycle races and is in conference with William F. Allen with a view to engaging him to manage the bicycle races this season.

A St. Louis wheelman had a twelve mile race with a greyhound. Before half the distance was run the dog showed signs of giving out and had to be watered and sponged. At the finish he was completely used up. Twelve miles is a short run for a bicycle rider, and is frequently taken before breakfast, just for an appetiser.

Our German cotemporary *Der Radfahrer* for Jan. 1, contains illustrations of a new adjustable crank for cycles, in which a secondary crank carries the pedal and slides over the face of the crank proper in a groove cut thereon, being held in one of several positions by a spring catch. It is the invention of Herr Rodel.

O frozen roads of winter-time!
I'd sing thy praise in words sublime,
For that's just in my line.
But my attention now is drawn
To steering,—steering hard and strong,
I cannot stop to frame a song.

Under the rules of the new Philadelphia association a member of any club belonging to the association will receive its aid in any dispute or lawsuit relating to cycling in which he may become engaged. In case of such dispute or lawsuit arising, each club of less than fifty members will be assessed a sum not exceeding a sum which is yet to be decided upon, while any club of over fifty members will be assessed a sum not exceeding double that amount, for use in defraying the expenses arising therefrom. This looks like business. It takes money to go to law, and you can't get a great deal of law for a very little money.



New English Patents.

- 14,698. October 28, 1887. Charles Kingston Welch and Francis Boyle Bale, improvements in velocipedes.
- 14,730. October 9, 1887. John Edington Park, improvements in and relating to lamp attachments for cycles.
- 14,748. October 29, 1887. James Logan Watkins, improved attachments for fixing or regulating the position of bicycle and tricycle lamps.
- 14,765. October 31, 1887. John Boulton Brooks and William Fisher, a new or improved apparatus for holding, securing, and locking the brakes of velocipedes.
- 14,867. November 1, 1887. John Keen, improvements in connecting pedals to velocipedes.
- 16,844. December 7, 1887. David Reginald Ashton (trading as Ashton Brothers), 13 and 15 London Road, Clapton, E., Middlesex, for improved bicycle and tricycle wheels.
- 17,034. December 10, 1887. William Fisher and Edward Redman, 50, St Lawrence Road, Brixton, S. W., for improvements in mounting velocipede saddles.
- 17,352. December 17, 1887. George Patrick, improvements in bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.
- 17,499. December 20, 1887. Albert Slim, an apparatus to aid cyclists to impel their machines.
- 17,505. December 20, 1887. Thomas Charles Pullinger, improvements in dust-proof ball bearings for velocipedes and other purposes.
- 17,517. December 20, 1887. Joseph Estner, an improved velocipede or carriage.
- 17,557. December 21, 1887. John Starley, an improved method of padding trusses, saddles for horses and other animals, or velocipedes.
- 17,571. December 21, 1887. Henry Francis Tyler, improvements in saddles as used for bicycles, tricycles and similar vehicles.
- 17,600. December 22, 1887. John Harrison, improvements in spring brackets for bicycle and tricycle lamps.
- 17,680. December 23, 1887. George Townsend, for improvements in luggage carriers for velocipedes.
- 17,724. December 24, 1887. Victor Polydore Fevez, 186 Fleet Street, London, E. C., for improvements in velocipedes.
- 17,745. December 24, 1887. Percy David Hedderwick, for improvements in brakes for velocipedes and other vehicles.
- 17,753. December 24, 1887. Joseph Johnson and Albert Robert Wickens, 191 Fleet Street, London, E. C., for improvements in convertible tricycles.
- 17,774. December 27, 1887. George Salter (of the firm of George Salter & Co.), and Charles John Holdship, 6 Livery Street, Birmingham, for improvements in velocipede saddles and saddle springs.
- 17,780. December 27, 1887. John Howes and George Neville Howes, 13 Regent Street, Cambridge, for an improved arrangement of driving gear for bicycles.
- 17,881. December 29, 1887. William Andrews (of the firm of Wm. Andrews, Limited), for improvements in velocipedes.
- 17,882. December 29, 1887. Henry Osborne, for improved means of attaching india-rubber tyres to metal wheels.
- 17,928. December 30, 1887. George James Chapman, 32 Pembury Avenue, Tottenham, for improvements in cycles.
- 17,991. December 31, 1887. John R. Tuff, 2 Clyde Terrace, Southampton, for improvements in differential gearing for velocipedes.
1. January 2, 1888. James Carver, Eskell Chambers, Market Place, Nottingham, for improvements in the arrangement and application of a spiral spring to be applied to the saddle or saddles of tricycles and other velocipedes for the purpose of reducing vibration.
8. January 2, 1888. H. Lucas (Tom Bowling) Lamp Works, Bir-

mingham, and W. Prestleton, 19 Church Vale, Handsworth, for improvements in lamps for velocipedes and other purposes, their attachments and burners.

23. January 2, 1888. John Sherrin and John Vaughan Sherrin, Codrington Road, Ramsgate, Kent, for the entire or partial propulsion of bicycles, tricycles and velocipedes by means of electro-motors worked by primary batteries. Complete Specification.

46. January 2, 1888. William Cook, 21 Cockspur Street, London, S. W., for improvements in pedals for bicycles, tricycles, or other apparatus operated by foot power.

73. January 4, 1888. William Wilson, for improvements in or relating to perambulators, tricycles, go-carts and bath chairs.

134. January 4, 1888. William Henry Beal, Town Hall Buildings, Halifax, for improvements in appliances for driving sewing machines and cycles, also applicable to the driving of rotary pumps.

180. January 5, 1888. Edward Mushing, 68 Smithford Street, Coventry, for improvements in bicycle and tricycle seat springs.

184. January 5, 1888. Arthur H. Lee, 49 Victoria Buildings, Manchester, for improvements in gearing for velocipedes.

209. January 5, 1888. Francis J. Nibbs, 277 Albany Road, Camberwell, S. E., for improved driving gear for velocipedes or tricycles.

Quaker City Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, February 1, 1888.

THOSE who imagine bicycling is on the wane are not bicyclers or readers of bicycling gossip. Things are booming. A dozen new Pennsylvania clubs are talked of. Clubs are increasing in membership. Long southern and northern rides are talked of for next summer to last from three to six weeks. Several improvements are talked of. What? Improvements on bicycles? Yes, fact.

We are pleased to know that bicycle matters are booming elsewhere. Notwithstanding the weather is cold, there is a good deal of out-door work, but it is confined to the few who take a pride in showing a good record month in and month out. Our local clubs are becoming quite interesting social centers, and as a consequence more attention is being given as to who shall be admitted. There is a good deal of club aristocracy developing itself, but when we come to understand the motives and reasons it is all right. There is a greater necessity of caution in this regard in all large cities than in smaller cities, where a man is known and cannot be a snide unless he is found out.

We have had a glorious winter so far. To one who knows what a Dakota blizzard is, it is like living in a band box to live in Philadelphia.

Cycling interests are on the boom all through eastern Pennsylvania. W. J. Wilhelm, of Reading, will stay with us. Keen has a non-slipping pedal to show, which is well spoken of. Things at Harrisburg are all right. Clubs are talked of in smaller towns. Salesmen and some mechanics and draughtsmen are coming in. Bank and store clerks are taking to the pastime.

Yes. "Monotony thy name is sculling," as the *Bi. World* says. We agree all over. Sculling is good but bicycling is better and what is the doctor's name that will deny it.

Our Owl Bicycle Club of Bordentown, a short run up the river, elected the following officers: President, Prof. C. P. Hoffman; Vice-President, John Matthews; Secretary, Charles E. Burr; Captain, F. G. Wilse; First Lieutenant, Charles R. Garwood; Second Lieutenant, Howard Newell; Standard Bearer, Paul O. Hudson; Bugler, Lewis W. Wilse.

Philadelphia will soon have a central cycle club of its own. The matter is now up for voting. One of its objects, and a good one is to defend the legal rights of wheelmen.

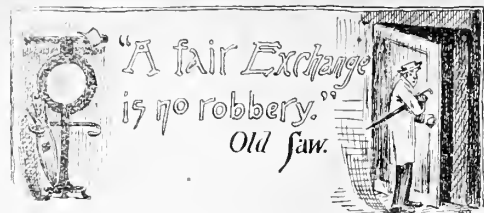
The South End Wheelmen's Club are about to put in a piano. The club is steadily growing in membership.

So far as elections have gone this season a generally excellent set of fellows have been elected as officers for the various clubs. In some clubs there is quite a scramble for the offices.

Terront, the English bicycler, won the recent race for 100 miles at Birmingham, England, in 5 hrs., 53 min. and 40 sec. Good Time.

The Springfield and Alden, Mass. clubs have elected new officers.

QUAKER.



Adam was the first man to sell a race.—*Texas Siftings*.

It's five cents to go down the toboggan. Going up is a-cent.—*New York Journal*.

When ice is thick and deep 's the snow,
And winter days are drear O!
Man wants but little here below
Zero.

—*Boston Courier*.

The tricycle is taking the place of the bicycle, largely because of the less demands which it makes on the skill of the rider. It is even asserted that smiling is possible on a three wheeler.—*Boston Transcript*.

Volapuk, the new language, contains only one swear word. It will never be adopted by the cyclists. There are occasions when he yearns for a language that contains nothing but swear words.—*Norristown Herald*.

"They don't die in the house," was called after a Boston cyclist by an urchin. He did n't know what the young fellow meant until he read this morning's paper, and ascertained the fate of poisoned "Rats."—*Bulletin*.

No 'lociped peddlers need n't 'ply at dis cabin. When I straddle a saddle it ain't wif de 'spectation ob makin' my ole legs do de canterin'. 'Ef I ebber take a fool notion ter ride an' walk at de same time, yer 'll see me harness up a bean pole and play circus wif de chilun.—*Texas Siftings*.

The tricycle is always ready at the door for an errand to the market, a call on a friend, a spin for pleasure, or a journey to the next town. And where is the horse that, driven by his mistress, can be counted for a uniform speed of eight miles an hour, with a possibility of ten or twelve miles on fine roads?—*Scientific American*.

But the bicycle and tricycle are not only enjoyable modes of locomotion; they are also without a peer in their hygienic capacity.—*S. M. Woodburn, M. D.*

Neither extreme youth nor advancing age would seem to be any bar against the enjoyment of tricycle riding.—*"A Family Doctor" in Cassell's Family Magazine*.

Ethel—"Which toboggan slide do you like best, Corey's hill or Wright's hill?" Mabel—"Oh! Corey's hill, don't you? It's so much steeper that the men have to hold on to—er—the toboggan ever so much tighter."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"I want a surgeon at once," he said, as he hastily entered a hospital; "I've just shot three of my fingers off!" "I'm sorry, my friend," replied the Superintendent, "but you'll have to grin and bear it for a while. The surgeons are all over to the toboggan slide.—*Texas Siftings*.

Not one minister in a hundred takes a sufficiency of the physical exercise needed for the healthy preservation of the body. * * * Buy a bicycle; learn to ride it, and henceforth additional pleasure, health, recreation and means of education are placed in your hands.—*Rev. George W. James in San Francisco Christian Advocate*.

Said Congressman Sam Randall to an acquaintance, on a Baltimore & Ohio train, the other day: "Why is this administration like a bicycle?" Not waiting for his companion to reply, he answered his own conundrum by saying: "Because the little wheel is in front." Samuel must have read his answer in the "Stars."—*Ft. Wayne Gazette*.

We claim a great utility that daily must increase;
We claim from inactivity a sensible release;
A constant mental, physical, and moral help we feel,
That bids us turn enthusiasts, and cry, "God bless the wheel!"
—*Will Carleton*.

So long as it is a novelty anywhere, there it implies a little publicity, but not more than riding on horseback, nor, indeed, so much. A woman on horseback is always stared at, and must expect it; she is raised high from the ground, and is in full view from both sidewalks, whereas if she rides a tricycle she is lower and less noticeable.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

They speak of the dangers of cycling; what sport is there that has not dangers? In foot-ball you are liable to get your bones broken or your shins barked; in cricket you get your head cracked with the ball, and other petty injuries; and I think it would be found the same with every sport under the sun. Danger,—it is the danger in our sports that makes us the bold and fearless Englishmen that we are.—*Wheeling*.

To distinguish steel from iron, scrape off the nickel or enamel and pour on the object to be tested a drop of nitric acid of one-half specific gravity. Let it act for a moment and then rinse with water. On iron the acid will cause a whitish gray stain and on steel a black stain.—*Ft. Wayne Gazette*.

Friend—"Why, Wheeler, what a state you're in! Had an accident?" Bicyclist—"Yes, slightly. In that race against time, yesterday, I broke my machine, my head, two fingers, a rib—" Friend—Hold on, for heaven's sake? Was there anything you did n't break?" Bicyclist (sadly)—"Yes, the record!"—*Tid-Bits*.

The number of serious accidents from bicycling and tricycling is very small, and we venture to assert far smaller than those incident to bug-

gy riding. In the matter of health there can be no comparison of buggy riding and cycling. The cramped-up position of the one and free motion of the limbs in the other need no comment as to which is the most desirable.—*San Francisco World*.

The "American Rambler."

THE above cut represents the "American Rambler," the new safety bicycle which is made by the Gormully & Jeffery M'fg Co., of Chicago. Ill.

It is the lightest machine of its kind made; weighing with all parts on, only forty-four pounds. It sells for \$120 in standard finish and the manufacturers claim it to be the easiest running, neatest and most simple rear driving safety on the market.

Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club.

UNDER date of Jan. 20, the *L. A. W. Bulletin* publishes the fact of the disbanding of the Ariel Wheel Club, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., which would to the casual reader, convey the impression that no other club existed in that city, and their disbanding was due to the fact that many of its members had given up riding or disposed of their wheels. To wheelmen visiting Poughkeepsie and all who have enjoyed the hospitalities of the Ariel Wheel Club, they will find the latch-string on the outside of the club-room doors of the Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club, where they will meet a majority of the former members of the Ariel Wheel Club.



THE "AMERICAN RAMBLER."

The Surprise Columbia Tricycle.

MANUFACTURED BY THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company presents an entirely new form of tricycle for the coming season, and puts it on the market at a price very much lower than the standard machine, though it is as carefully made and the material is none the less worthy. The cut gives one a good idea of the form and details of the machine, and the brief which we publish below will supply all that is lacking to a comprehension of the wheel. The open front will commend itself to the ladies. The folding arrangement allows the wheel to be compressed to a width over all of twenty-nine inches, and this will enable the owner to take it through an ordinary doorway. The running track may be varied in width from thirty-four inches to thirty inches. The form of the machine renders a balance gear unnecessary, and thus one complication of the ordinary double driver is done away with.

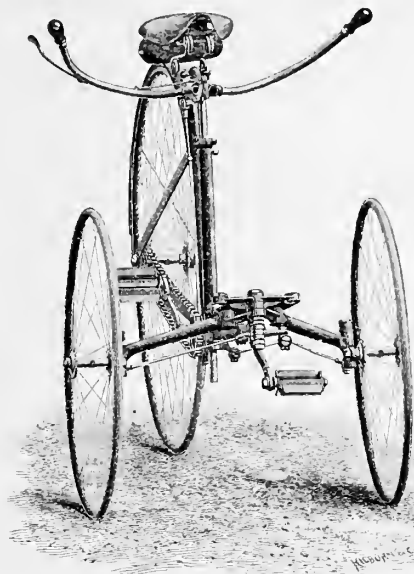
BRIEF.—32-inch driving wheel, 26-inch front steering wheels. Endless moulded rubber tires, 1 inch to driver, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch to steers. Crescent felloes. 44 and 24 direct spokes. No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ wire, with both ends enlarged. Copeland folding frame of seamless tubular steel. Tubular driving-wheel forks. Wallace dwarf steering-heads. Adjustable handle-bar steering. Hollow curved handle bars, adjustable for height. Vulcanite handles. Adjustable plunger brake. Adjustable crank-and-chain driving gear. Wallace sprocket wheels. Ewart forged steel, detachable link chain. Detachable Knous cranks. Columbia "double-grip" rubber ball pedals. Columbia adjustable ball-bearings all around. Adjustable L seat-rod. Harrington cradle-spring. Knous adjustable saddle. Dust shield. Width over all, open, 39 inches; folded, 29 inches. Gear, 48 $\frac{1}{2}$. Weight on all, 73 pounds. Finish, enamel and nickel tips. Price with ball pedals, \$150; with parallel pedals, \$145, making it about \$15 cheaper than the average high grade American tricycle and about \$25 cheaper than those of English manufacturers.

The Veloce Columbia.

THE following is a brief of the Veloce Columbia, the new safety, which the Pope Manufacturing Company have put on the market for this year.

BRIEF.—31-inch rear (driving) wheel, 30-inch front wheel. Endless moulded $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rubber tires. Crescent felloes. 40 and 36 direct

spokes, No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ guage with both ends enlarged. Columbia adjustable ball-bearings, all around. Seamless-steel, tubular front and rear forks and perch. Adjustable crank-and-chain driving gear. Ewart forged-steel, detachable-link chain. Detachable Knous cranks, 5, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 inch throw. Columbia "double grip" rubber ball pedals. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cone steering-centers. 28-inch hollow, continuous steel curved handle-bar, adjustable for height. Vulcanite handles. Adjustable plunger brake. Adjustable L seat-rod. Harrington cradle-spring. Knous adjustable saddle. Lantern bracket. Foot-rests. Steering-wheel shield. Gear 55. Weight 51 pounds. Price, with "double-grip" ball pedals, \$135; with "double-grip" parallel pedals, \$130.



THE SURPRISE COLUMBIA TRICYCLE.

Captain's Report of Star Wheel Club.

Club runs, 29. Miles in club runs, 1,303. Average, 45.

Centuries, 12: A. R. Scott, 4; 100, 100, 103, 175. Robert Ruck 4; 100, 100, 103, 175. H. E. Chubb: 1; 103. Vincent Matthews, 1; 103. Walter Collins, 1; 101. Wm. Taylor, 1, 100.

Mileage record for first six members: H. E. Chubb, 4,749; A. R. Scott, 4,363; Robert Ruck, 4,240; Wm. N. Taylor, 3,775; R. W. Wright, 2,400; Chas. Fogelberg, 2,116. Total, 21,640.

Mileage for the club (40 members), over 50,000 miles. H. E. CHUBB, Capt.

The New York Clipper Annual for 1888

has been received. The *Annual* contains an account of the earlier days of the American stage, theatrical, musical and sporting chronologies for 1887, aquatic and athletic performances, billiard, racing and trotting records, baseball and cricket data, with a table of records of all kinds in all departments of sport.

The Massachusetts Road Book will be sent out March 1. It will be ready before that time, but it has been thought best to wait until the close of the renewal season before delivering them to members.

It is said that Jack Keen will astonish the world at the Stanley Show with a new pedal, which renders slipping impossible, and yet does not hold or confine the foot in any way.

An English writer, starting with the assumption that all cyclists have inbent knees, recommends occasional horseback riding to correct the evil.

Sporting Life, of London, holds \$125 which Harry Etherington has deposited with them, backing Nick Kaufman against the world as the champion trick bicycle rider, as yet it has not been covered.



THE VELOCE COLUMBIA.

A Valentine.



El Wheelman to his Love.

*You are so fair;
In every line and every part
Perfection dwells. My eager heart
Discerns in you but perfect grace;
And there 's an air
Of freedom in your open face.
You are so fair.*

*You are so true.
When troubled and with care oppressed
You call me forth and give me rest.
You lead me, too, in merry mood;
Most surely you
Will not prove fickle. You are good
And kind and true.*

*You are my own.
No other with you can compare;
To me you always hold that rare
Place in my heart, where love doth kneel,
And I have grown
Happy in your good grace, my wheel.
You are my own.*

From Nashville to Niagara by Wheel.

DURING the winter months when it was more comfortable to sit around the club room stove and discuss the pleasures of last season's runs and tours, or to listen to the many hair-breadth escapes and extraordinary performances of the ever present club fabricator than it was to wheel, it was suggested by a member of the Nashville B. Club that they tour to Niagara Falls sometime during the summer. The proposition struck all of us favorably and seven or eight at once agreed to start; others joined the ranks until finally twelve had agreed to make the start if they could make arrangements to get off for a month's vacation. One of the projectors was commissioned to select the route. After searching many maps and corresponding with several consuls and other wheelmen, a route was decided upon that lead through Louisville, Cincinnati, Hamilton, Dayton, Springfield, Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo. The time agreed upon for starting, was Monday, July 4—the glorious Fourth. The distance computed was eight hundred and sixty miles, and it was agreed that the actual riding time should be thirteen full days, with five or six full day stops at the principal cities; altogether not over three weeks, which would make a fraction over sixty-six miles a day while riding.

As the time for starting drew near, the number of starters began to dwindle down; some of the twelve were sick, some out of the city, while others could not leave their business, until only four could be found who were ready to go, not a very big four either. Perhaps a slight personnel of each of the four would not be out of place: First, as he is the largest, comes Joe Gibson, Jr., height 6 feet; weight before starting, 158½ pounds; mounted on a 58-inch Expert Columbia, which had been ridden by him about nine thousand miles in the last five years. Thomas C. Petri, age 30 years; height, 5 feet, 11½ inches; weight, 135 pounds; mounted on a 54-inch Victor light roadster, nearly new. Ed. D. Fisher, height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 135 pounds; age, 37 years; mounted on a 53-inch New Mail, nearly new. Joseph C. Combs was the pony of the party, age 29 years; height, 5 feet, 7 inches; weight 118 pounds; mounted on a 48-inch Victor full roadster, which had been ridden one year. Each had a M. I. P. bag or back-bone luggage carrier, which when packed with changes of underwear, medicine, tools, etc., added twelve or fifteen pounds to the weight of each wheel. We had valices which we expressed ahead to cities where we made full day stops.

So we started on the glorious Fourth early in the morning before the small boy with his pockets full of punk and shooting crackers appeared upon the scene—and you know how early that is. Messrs. Rhodes and Murdock were there to escort us out of town.

Out of the city across the steel bridge to East Nashville, the streets were very muddy, but when about a mile out the old Louisville and Dickerson pike was reached the road was in fine condition. To Goodlettsville, twelve and a half miles without dismounting, we arrived at 6:40 A. M. We were met by J. R. Cole, a citizen of the town and a friend to all wheelmen, and invited to breakfast, which invitation was accepted without much ceremony. The way fried spring chicken, biscuits and other good things disappeared was a caution. Here our escort shook hands all around and returned to the city. We continued on to the top of Blue Ridge nineteen miles from Nashville. Here the gravel pike gave out and we had a fair dirt road for seven miles, when the rain caught us and we took refuge in a barn near the roadside. The owner of the barn came down from his house, a few rods off, and invited us to come in.

The rain stopped early in the afternoon and we started out, but the road which would have been very fair in dry weather was now, almost unridable, so we walked and rode as circumstances required and reached Franklin before dark.

We made an early start the next morning. Before breakfast time we were on the road to Bowling Green. Now if there is any time in a wheelman's career when he really feels the necessity of getting over the ground rapidly, it is when he is headed for a breakfast that is waiting for him in a town about ten miles ahead. But nine times out of ten he has to proceed slowly. We did not happen to strike the tenth case. The road was a rough, worn out macadam, and running along parallel with it was a delapidated mud road. This gave us an assortment, and when we got tired of bumping over the macadam we would try jolting over the mud.

Presently we stopped at a well along the roadside, and from a little shanty near by ran out a pack of negroes of all ages and sizes. It hardly seemed possible that so many could crowd themselves into

such a little box, but they must have done it for they could n't have come from any other place.

Headed by old aunty they came flocking about us and looking with wide open mouth and eyes. "Is you-all gemmen goin' to buil' a railroad?" asked the leader. Just what gave her the idea that we were connected with railroading would be hard to say, but a little thing like that did n't bother Gibson, and he answered promptly:

"We did intend to keep the matter secret but since you are on to our little scheme we will own up, we are going to build a railroad. Mr. Gould, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Ives," said he, indicating his three companions, "these gentlemen and myse f are going to build it. It will run right across your land and through that house. Now if you could just pick that house up and set it over that way about ten feet you would accommodate us greatly. You don't need to do it r ght away, but any time when you are not too busy."

So we mounted again and rode solemnly away, but the railroad that they longed for never came. Finally we reached Bowling Green and chased the wolf from the door with corn cakes and ham and eggs. Then we started again on a good, hard road and wheeled along at a brisk pace until early in the afternoon when we were again caught by a rain. This little entertainment lasted about three hours, but when it was over we started out again and reached Glasgow Junction where we stopped for the day. This gave us 91½ miles for the two days.

When we started out next morning we were not in such a hurry as we were the day before, for profiting by experience, we breakfasted before starting. So we jogged along at an easy gait and reached Cave City in about an hour. Already the citizens had entered upon their daily tasks of loafing in front of the store. They stopped whittling and dropped their running discussion of affairs in general as we came in sight and welcomed us. They brought out chairs in front of the store and passed around the cigars and we told them about our ride, that which we had accomplished, and that which we expected to accomplish. They took great interest in the matter and in all probability "them bisickel fellers" still form the subject of occasional discussion at Cave City.

From here a mud road leads to a place that enjoys the picturesque name of Bear Wallow. We started on this road, but found the mud too bad to pull through. Gibson was digging bravely along when snap went one of his handle-bars, pulled off close to the head, and there we were. Repairs in that part of the country was out of the question so there was nothing for Gibson to do but to trundle back to Cave City and take the train for Louisville where a new bar could be attached to the machine.

The rest of us watched the unfortunate rider start back, then we mounted and rode away toward Bear Wallow. We pitied Gibson considerably because the dirt road was improving and he was missing a good little run, but after we left the Wallow on what a native assured us was a pike, we changed our minds and came to the conclusion that Gibson was the fortunate one of the four, after all. Away back in the time of Daniel Boone that path might have been entitled to the name of pike, but it evidently had not seen any repairs for the past quarter of a century, and it was about as tough as one could imagine, but as it could not get any worse it began to improve and gradually we began to note the work of the road carpenter. We began to feel sorry for Gibson again. The road kept getting smoother and smoother and we kept pitying him more and more; and at last when we came to a long two mile coast, as smooth as a cellar door, we got off our wheels and wept for him. No we didn't, that is a cold-blooded untruth, but we ought to have done it.

Away we went legs over handles, down, down, down; while a beautiful panorama rolled past us, it was the beautiful scene that by a happy arrangement of nature seems to accompany every long, smooth coast, and we watched it too for the smooth road beneath us demanded but little attention. But the show was over at last and we found that we had to pay for it. Free shows always do turn out that way. A long hill stretched for two miles ahead of us and it was a corker! We went up a little way and then concluded to give it up and walk, and as we walked we talked about the gloriously easy time Gibson was having on the luxurious railroad.

After we got up the hill we continued to envy Gibson, for five miles of loose sand, deep as Emerson's philosophy lay before us. We kept right on walking and tried to remember little newspaper extracts that we had seen at various times about the value of walking

as an exercise. Any one disposed to try this healthy recreation would do well to pick out a road that is not sandy, and a day that is some cooler than one hundred in the shade. As for myself, I shall continue to prefer bicycle riding.

Thus, we entered Magnolia, and now that it is all over, I can scarcely wonder that the hatchet faced mistress of the hotel brought her jaw down firmly and insisted that she did not accommodate tramps. We felt hot about it at the time and appealed our case to the man of the house, but the old woman came along and tried to forestall us. After more or less talking on both sides,—more on the old woman's and less on our's,—the landlord said :

"Hanner, you go in an' shet your mouth."

"Well, I won't."

"Well, you will."

"You dassen't put 'em in the front room with the carpet on it, I don't 'low no tramps in my best room."

"I just will put 'em there if I please."

And he pleased, too. It is so seldom that the man carries his point under such circumstances that the incident impressed itself upon our memories as something strikingly unique.

We had no grudge against the old man but it is better that ten innocent persons be punished than one guilty wretch escape, so we waked the old man and his wife before daybreak, paid our bills, and went five miles to the next village for breakfast.

What is that about the guilty conscience needing no accuser? I forget the authorized wording of the remark, but for all that I am quite sure that there is something the matter with the conscience of the woman who runs the hotel at Buffalo. She thought that we were policemen come to arrest her, but we assured her that we were peaceable civilians and I punched Petri in the ribs to show how absolutely harmless he and the rest of us were.

After breakfast we found Mr. Goodin, one of the most whole-souled wheelmen in Kentucky. He assured us we would have good roads on to Louisville, and when we started out he accompanied us as far as New Haven. The road was graveled and it gradually improved and as we neared New Haven we came to the largest coast we had yet seen. It was Muldrough's Ridge, and for four miles we whirled away without touching a pedal. Four solid miles! And when we reached the bottom we had got enough coasting for once.

At New Haven, Mr. Goodin turned back, and as we shook hands all around we wished him much joy in climbing the four miles toward home. It was tough luck for such a good fellow.

At Bardstown, where we stopped at noon, our cyclometers showed that we were 163½ miles from Nashville, and 34½ miles from our morning's starting place.

Mt. Washington was the next point ahead of us and there was a fine, undulating road all the way; just enough coasting and climbing to keep up interest when we were tired of looking at grand scenery. When we reached the little town everybody turned out to see us, and from the amount of interest we attracted, we judged that this was the first high-toned, moral entertainment they had had in the place for a long time.

They had a wheelman in the place, one real, live wheelman, and although we did not happen to see him, we heard much of his skill and daring.

"He comes down this here road," said an enthusiastic citizen, "lickety-klip at about a mile a minute as far as you can see him. He went to Bardstown and back the other day, and I reckon he was n't gone more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at most, oh, he can ride, he can."

In a friendly way, I would like to caution Billy Rowe, Whit, Neilson and these other young men that have an idea that they know how to make speed on a bicycle, that they had better keep away from Mt. Washington, Ky., if they don't want to lose their scalps.

Starting again, we were on the direct road to Louisville and a fine road it was, too; but as we came to within seven miles of Louisville we found the roads rough and dusty. This is the state of roads in the vicinity of most large cities, owing to the heavy travel and we soon learned to look for it. At the outskirts of the city we found Gibson and Horace Beddo, the veteran wheelman of Louisville, waiting for us. It was about half past six when our guide towed us up to the Alexander Hotel and a look at our cyclometers showed that we had traveled 74½ miles that day.

We spent the next day driving about the city and the Kentucky boys made our short stay a pleasant one, and when we started out next morning, Mr. Beddo accompanied us about ten miles. Here is a little advice based on experience: The tourist that expects to wheel through Louisville, Ky., would do well to cut out the name and address of this Mr. Beddo, and paste it in his hat.

The road leading out of Louisville continued good through Shelbyville and other small towns, on to Frankfort, where we arrived about noon. All along the road we had found grand scenery, but we also found the worst and the most road hogs we had ever met, and that prevented our enjoying the scenery as much as we might otherwise have done. The road hog that thrives on this particular highway has no equal in the land. Well dressed and apparently intelligent men will demand that you get off "them things" while they passed. In making this gentle request they would use a variety of expressions that would make a sailor or a steamboat captain sick. We generally dismounted on such occasions because we considered that the easiest way out of it. One time when we dismounted, the party in the wagon demanded that we bring one of the wheels up and let his horse get used to it, but we told him that our time was pretty well occupied and we did not care to go into horse training.

Late in the afternoon we arrived in Georgetown, so we stopped there for the night. A look at our cyclometers showed that we had made 70½ miles that day and were 274 miles from Nashville.

July 10th after an early breakfast, we mounted and wheeled out on the old Lexington pike which started off fair, but three or four miles out the road was very rough. Combs had eaten more honey for breakfast than was good for him and as a natural consequence, became very sick and had to stop and rest often during the day. We passed Corinth and arrived at Williamstown for dinner. The last twelve or fifteen miles ran parallel with the Cincinnati Southern railroad and was terrible. We were told that the railroad company was the cause of it; the railroad crossed the pike so often that the company obtained permission to close the pike and build a new one all on one side of the railroad and keep it up, they made a few cuts and fills and left it to take care of itself and the result is the road is so bad that an ox team can hardly traverse it. We arrived at Florence at dark only eleven miles from Cincinnati, we had intended making Cincinnati by night, but on account of Combs' sickness, which lasted all day, we concluded to stop here all night and run into Cincinnati in the morning for breakfast. Total day's run, 74½ miles; from Nashville, 338½ miles; to Cincinnati, 350 miles. Out seven days, six on the road and one in Louisville. Total expense for each man for the seven days, \$13.15.

Tuesday, July 12, after breakfast, we treadled our wheels around to Mr. Chas. Hanauer's on Race street, mounted with Mr. H. for an escort, out Race street to the incline, (we left at 9 o'clock,) through Clifton, Burnett Woods, by Springrove Cemetery and through Chester Park, whence Mr. Hanauer returned. The roads through these places are magnificent. We are now on the old Dayton and Springfield pike and a good one it is, too. We were feeling good all around and only made one or two stops between Cincinnati and Hamilton, (which is twenty-five miles from Cincinnati,) where we took dinner. After dinner we passed through Trenton, Middletown, Franklin, and Miamiasburg to Dayton and stopped at the Phillips, one of the League hotels. Total run for the day, or from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., 64½ miles.

Just before getting to Franklin, Combs in trying to ride over a railroad track that ran obliquely across the pike, let his large wheel slip between one of the rails and the board inside of the rail, down about six inches and fell over to one side bending about twenty inches or two feet of the rim and several of the spokes almost at right angles. Here was a pretty howdy do. Fisher suggested that we go on the old principle of finding your money where you lost it; that we put the wheel in the same place and bend it back as nothing was broken. We did so and in a moment we had it straight enough to pass the forks and away we went. From Miamiasburg to Dayton the road is very rutty, so much so in places that all you had to do was to pick you out a nice rut and stay in it for a mile at a time. The day was extremely hot; the reader will notice that we have had no rain on us since the 5th, consequently we had dust all the time.

Wednesday, July 13, we walked all around the beautiful city of Dayton in the forenoon, and after dinner took a horse car for the

dummy at the city limits which we boarded to go out to the Soldiers' Home. About half-way out our train colided with a down train which smashed up one of the engines and scared the female passengers, but no one was hurt and we continued on to the Home, and returned to the city in time to mount at 4 P. M., and run over to Springfield 26½ miles to supper. We are now 439 miles from Nashville. The road is fine from Dayton to Springfield. At the Arcade Hotel we met two touring wheelmen, Mr. J. E. Gould and Mr. W. T. Fleming, of Philadelphia, on their way to St. Louis and other western cities. We also met Mr. Kirkpatrick, our President; Messrs. Price, Olds, Maxwell, Burnett and other prominent Springfield wheelmen.

Thursday, July 14, after breakfast we were entertained with carriage rides around the city the guests of Messrs. Baker and Pierce, accompanied by Mr. Hollenbeck, of N. Y. and Mr. John Butner, of Boston. We left Springfield at 3 P. M. accompanied by Mr. Burnett as far as Urbana, fourteen miles, road very fine; in one hour and thirty minutes, and continued on to Magnetic Springs, Fountain Park, a summer resort, where we arrived in time for supper. Fifteen miles from Urbana, twenty-nine from Springfield in about three hours; distance from Nashville 467½ miles.

Friday, July 15, we left here early and ran through Woodstock and Maryville, where we stopped for breakfast, twelve miles from the springs. We passed on rapidly to Richwood and Prospect over very fine gravel pikes. We are now in Union county and can see fine smooth roads branching off in every direction, with sign posts at nearly every corner directing the way. We were informed that there was six hundred miles of these fine roads in this county alone. What a paradise for wheelmen. We met two wheelmen about five miles out from Maryville, from Chicago to Cincinnati. All dismounted and had a pleasant chat for a few moments. Between Maryville and Richwood we made nine miles in forty-five minutes. We arrived at Marion for dinner, forty-four miles for the morning. Called on Mr. H. B. Hane at the First National bank and received valuable information about the route to Galion, two miles out from Marion the good pike stopped short, and the dirt road to Galion was very bad and it took until night to make the twenty-six miles from Marion. Run for the day seventy miles, from Nashville we are 538 miles. We met Mr. Chas. H. Snyder, Consul at Galion, who entertained us royally. Do not fail to call and see him if you are touring through Galion.

Saturday, July 16, left Galion at 7 A. M., on dirt road passed through Leesville, West Liberty, Shelby and Plymouth where we took dinner and continued through Greenwich and New London. Two miles out of New London it had been raining and the road was unrideable, so we took to the railroad track and walked six miles to Rochester where we took supper and lodged for the night. We found that we had made fifty-one miles for the day.

July 17, left here at 7 A. M., arriving at Cleveland in time for supper.

Monday, July 18, we concluded to stop one day in Cleveland. The forenoon was passed in sight-seeing over the city generally. In the afternoon Mr. Wright and Mr. Chubb escorted the party around the city on wheel and out Euclid Avenue about six miles long, said by many to be the most beautiful resident street in America, and it can not be discounted much. We had dinner at the Union Club, thanks to the kindness of Mr. McAbee, and taken all together, we were royally entertained while in the beautiful city by the lake.

Tuesday, July 19, this is the day that we had selected to make the century run of the tour. So we were up early and after a light lunch, mounted at 4:50 A. M., out Euclid Avenue to terminus, turned to left on sand and plank road to Willoughby, twenty miles to breakfast at 6:50, left at 7:45. Mentor was soon reached and as we passed rapidly by, we viewed the house of Garfield, here the pike was loose and sandy but the side paths were excellent. Paynesville was passed at 9 A. M., Geneva at 11:35; the wind had now changed and was directly in our faces, and the road in places badly covered with sand. The South Ridge road to Saybrook was fair riding; then we took the North Ridge road to Ashtabula which was poor and sandy. We took dinner here at 1:45 and found that we had made sixty miles so far. One hour was taken for dinner and rest. We left at 2:45 and rode rapidly over fair roads, through Connant and Girard, Pa., where we arrived at nearly dark. Here we met two

wheelmen *en route* from Pittsburgh to Niagara; they had stopped here for the night so as to make a century to Buffalo the following day. After light refreshments, we mounted and rode as rapidly as possible, but darkness soon caught us, and, as we had no lanterns in the party we had to ride by guess work. It was so dark that we could not see the road, we were guided principally by the trees on each side of it. We would ride along until we fell off and mount and try it again, but luckily we met with no serious accidents. Fisher took a header and bent one of his handle bars almost double and as we were then only a mile or two from Erie, we all concluded to walk in, reaching there at 10 P. M.; distance for the day 104 5-8 miles, and 743 3-8 miles from Nashville. The century had been made. There were two conventions in session and every room at all the hotels were full. What a dilemma! Covered with dust from head to foot, tired and no place to sleep. Two of us occupied large settees, with pillows and quilts, in the office of the hotel, while the other two concluded to try the nice, soft floor of the writing room, where there was no danger of falling off, and soon we were sweetly slumbering as only a wheelman can. Expenses from Nashville to Erie, sixteen days, \$32.30 for each man.

Wednesday, July 20. Did not get out until after 8 o'clock; remained in the city until 3 P. M., and was escorted out to the city limits by Mr. Wood who rides a pony Star, and put on the right road. We arrived at the town of North-East where we concluded to stop for the night and run into Buffalo the following day. The road from Erie to North-East was very sandy on account of having no rain on it for a long time, but ordinarily it is said to be very fine. Distance from Erie, 16 miles.

Thursday, July 21. Left North-East at 6:30 A. M. on very fine gravel road, passed through Westfield, Brockton and Silver Creek, the run from Freedonia to Silver Creek, twelve miles, was made in fifty minutes, here we took dinner. About one hour was taken for dinner. When we mounted and soon passed Irvine, three-quarter mile, where we had ordinary road composed of clay and ruts to Evans Centre, 7½ miles from Irvine. Here we find the road to Eighteen Mile Creek, six miles, very fine blue gravel. The day was so fine, with fresh breezes from the lake, whose border we had been skirting all day, that if it were not for the numerous stops to view the fine scenery, we could easily make twelve miles an hour. From Eighteen Mile Creek to Bay View, 7½ miles, the road is elegant, but between there and Hunters Rest it is somewhat rutty. At West Seneca we again strike the plank road running into Buffalo, six miles, where we arrived about 6 P. M., having made 77½ miles for the days run; so good had been the roads that we felt as fresh as when we started in the morning. Distance from Nashville 836½ miles.

Friday, July 22 was passed in this beautiful and business like city where we were nicely entertained by the local wheelmen in various ways that will not soon be forgotten by the 1887 Niagara tourists.

Saturday, July 23. Left Buffalo for the Falls, taking the river road, which was a poor dirt one. Just out of town we were the innocent cause of the first and only serious accident on the road. A market wagon driven by a German woman, accompanied by her two sons, to which was attached a horse or mule, I have forgotten which. Before we could dismount and get off of the road, as we always did when we met women driving, the mule shied, ran off the road, turned the wagon up side down, he then became detached from the wagon and ran a short distance where he was caught, the wagon was smashed up and the woman bruised up some, but not seriously. We stopped about an hour to help them get fixed up and continued on our way. We passed Tonawanda, 13 miles, and road to the Falls as fast as the rutty, dirt road would allow, where we arrived at 11:30 A. M. Twenty-five miles from Buffalo; from Nashville straightway to Niagara Falls, 862½ miles, not counting the runs in and around the cities on the way. The days out foot up 19½; actual riding time on the wheel 12½ days or an average of 70 miles a day.

We had accomplished what we originally proposed, that was to make the entire trip on wheel on a regular schedule; the route as selected was in the main followed all the way. Here the tour is at an end. On account of business engagements, Messrs. Fisher and Petri returned home by rail and Gibson and Combs continued to Hamilton, Ont., to visit friends by wheel and returned a few days later via Detroit and Chicago. Total necessary expenses for each man from Nashville to Niagara, 19½ days, \$42:30.



The "Prof's" Defiance.



I'm a rattling record smasher—
Hear me toot.

I'm a lardy-dardy dasher,
Bet yer boot.

I knock all other riders sway back;
You never see me lay back,—
I'm a scorcher from away-back.
Hear me hoot.

Those who love me call me "Howling Blizzard;"
I'm a pet.

I've pulled many a good man's gizzard,
You can bet.

When I mount my racer slender,
And get down on my bender
I can "get."

When e'er I strike a race-meet,
It is said

All other racers know it means defeat,
They are dead.

You should see me as I make
A mile without a break,—
I fairly take the cake.
I paint things red.

There's not a man on earth I can not beat
On a trial.

I'm a stranger to defeat,
I should smile.

If you want to meet me, sonny,
Plank up the ready money,
You'll not feel so awful funny
After while.

O, I ride the best wheel out,
That is so.

If the whyfore of this shout
You would know,—

Why the riding season 's nighing
And to earn my pay I'm trying.
So that is why I'm crying
"Let 'er go."

February.

Oh February, February,
Listen to my vague vagary,
Months of months extraordinary,
Shortest of the months you are a
Chestnut old, and ripe, and hairy;
You fit my muse so mercenary,
You are short and I am very
Much the same, my huckleberry.

Now it is the young man, merry
Cuts down on his commissary
Dept. Forswears e'en Tom and Jerry,
While he saves from his salary,
Funds to buy a fringed card, very
Neat, esthetic, light and airy,
(?T is for his bright luminary,
Fresh from ladies' seminary,)
To her all thoughts are tributary,
Other girls but secondary.
Thinks this young man sedentary,
How he 'd take his little fairy,
Had he the cash, to Ellen Terry.
He's short like you old February,
And short like me, so very, very
Short of funds and dictionary
Words to rhyme with February.

Some Valentines.

THE RACING MAN.

O, every day or two
The valentine would be due,
If the years ran by
On the red-hot fly,
The way you racers do.

*But as it is, we're time
To jerk an annual rhyme,—
And we wish no luck
Of luck to the track,
With this, our valentine.

THE CRANK WHO RIDES WITH HIS HANDS OFF.

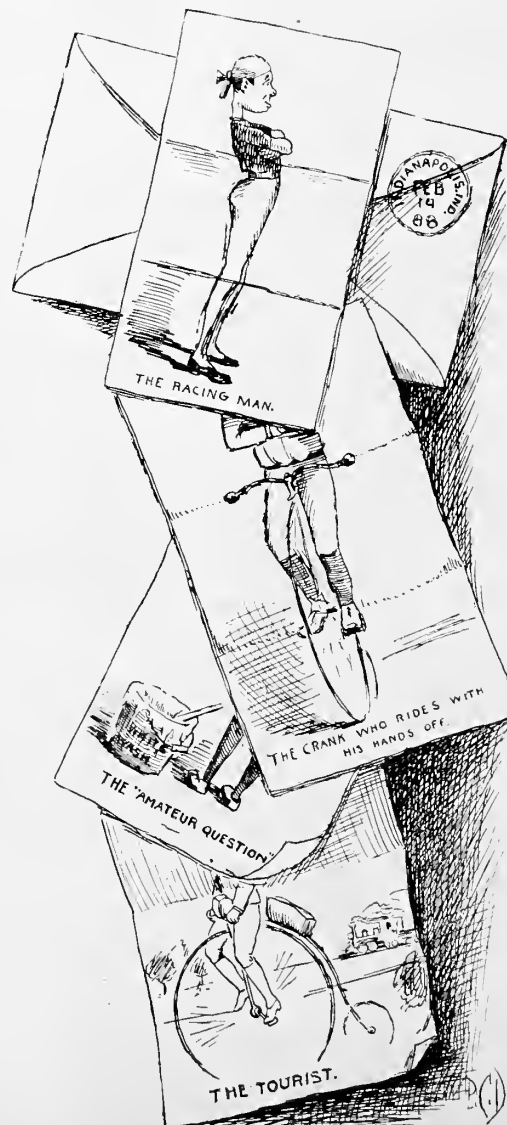
O, some day when you break your neck,
In your wonderful hands-off ride;
Some medical student, then will take
And tan, and stuff your hide.
He will set you up in some museum, then
Where the crowd will stare and scoff;
And then, without thinking nine chances in ten;
He will stick up this sign: "HANDS OFF."

TO THE "AMATEUR QUESTION."

Of all the chestnuts old and wormy,
You are the worst.
We'll leave to Ducker or to Sturmey
You subject cursed.
When e'er you raise that voice of yours
And prate of "profs" and promateurs,
You make us editors feel squirmy
For gore we thirst.

THE TOURIST.

You tour from Oshkosh to Quebec
And make seventy miles a day,
When the roads are good
Be it understood,—
For you don't like to walk all the way.
When the roads are muddy and wet
And you try to ride in rain,
Why then, you bet,
You hurry and get
Aboard a passing train.





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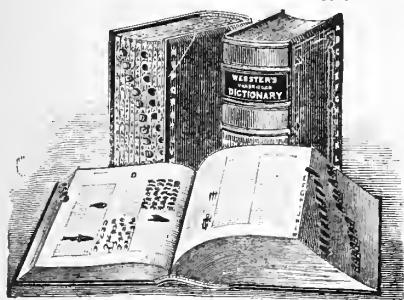
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A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

nearly 10,000 Noted Persons; also various Tables,

ALL IN ONE BOOK.

It has 3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.

"No family of children ought to be brought up without having ready access to this grand volume. It will answer thousands of questions to the wide-awake child."

Webster is Standard Authority in the Gov't Printing Office, and with the U. S. Supreme Court. It is recommended by the State Sup'ts of Schools in 36 States, and by the leading College Presidents of the U. S. and Canada.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Springfield, Mass.

The Tide of Travel.

It is a fact that the tide of travel between the South and Northwest is steadily increasing, and it is just as true that emigration and tourist travel, is gradually setting towards the Northwest.

It is being understood that the Northwest is a country of wonderful resources—that something besides Ice Palaces and Toboggan Slides exist; and so it happens that the people of each section are traveling more than formerly and are from personal intercourse becoming better acquainted.

Travel now-a-days means a journey by rail—the old stage coach is obsolete—the whistle of the locomotive echoes our arrival and sounds our departure; and we speed away behind the iron steed which never tires so long as he is fed plenty of fuel and is given copious draughts of water. Among the important arteries of travel along which course the modern activities of trade and fellowship, there is no one that surpasses the Monon Route, officially known as the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway, and which with bands of steel unites the South with the North and Northwest.

From Louisville, and from Cincinnati, it stretches northward through Indianapolis, and Lafayette, to Chicago, and Michigan City, upon the banks of Lake Michigan.

The road-bed is smooth and well ballasted; the track is steel and the bridges solid structures built to carry heavy burdens and withstand the ravages of time.

The rolling-stock consists of admirably constructed and artistically furnished day, parlor and Pullman, buffet, sleeping cars, to travel in which is somewhat of a luxury, divesting a journey of all the anticipated tiresomeness travelers usually count up to make a dread of leaving home.

The management of the "Monon Route," encouraged by the fact that their travel is steadily increasing; and that their effort to please the public by running a very fast train daily between terminal points has been appreciated, will continue the "Fast Mail" service.

To our readers who have in mind a journey Northward, by all means call on or address E. O. McCordnick, G. P. A., Monon Route, Chicago, or L. D. Balfour, D. P. A., 26 S. Ill's St. Indianapolis

Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order. This department is only made for the convenience of wheelmen who can thus make their wants known at a trivial cost. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to sell or exchange his wheel, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The rate of one cent per word is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates which will be furnished on application.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Rates on application.

DO you want to change your mount next season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month, it will only cost you one cent per word.

"CARE AND REPAIR," useful hints to wheel owners, 10c. by mail, of Stamson, Stamford, Conn.

"HINTS to Prospective Cycling Tourists in England and Wales." Particulars they most want to know; from start to finish. Price 25c. Stamson, Stamford, Conn.

TO EXCHANGE 44-Inch 1887 Light Roadster Facile, in fine condition, for a 40 or 42 Special, '84 preferred and cash. ARTHUR MUNSON, Stamford, Ct.

FOR SALE. A 48-inch nickeled Victor Roadster, nearly new, in splendid condition. Will sell low. L. C. H., 45 Forrest Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

WHEELMEN, how can you enjoy the wheel? By keeping fully posted, and subscribing for so excellent a journal as the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Only Fifty cents per year.

CHARLES SCHWALBACH,
 — DEALER IN —

Bicycles and Sundries and Lawn Tennis Goods,

Has the best line of second-hand wheels in the market. Send for list. CHAS. SCHWALBACH, Prospect Park Plaza, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BARGAINS in Bikes and Trikes.—Fine lot of new and slightly used wheels. Standard Makes. Only machines sold that can be guaranteed! All sizes at prices suitable for excellent wheels. Buyers can save from \$50 to \$70 by purchasing of us. Call or send for Bargain List! NEW YORK BICYCLE CO., 38 Park Place, New York.

BICYCLES, Second-hand.—If you wish your wheel sold quickly, at a small commission; or if you wish a choice from the biggest list of big bargains in America, send to MANHATTAN WHEEL EXCHANGE, 42 Cortland St., New York.

THE early bird catches the worm. We have made unparalleled reductions in our entire stock of Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems and Safeties, both new and second-hand, for cash and exchange; send for list just published; state what you need, and we will send full particulars. L. H. JOHNSON, Orange, New Jersey.

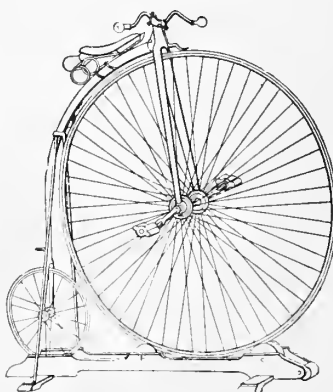
FOR SALE a brand new Springfield Roadster Bicycle, retail price \$75; will sell to the highest cash bidder. Address, X. Y. Z., care WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis, Ind.

M. A. Woodbury,

43 & 45 Mechanic St., Bradford, Pa.,
 Sole Manufacturer of the

Eureka Home Trainer

And Bicycle Stand,



Price \$7 50.

Also dealer in Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems and a full line of sundries. These goods are all warranted and will be shipped from Boston, New York, Baltimore, Bradford, Chicago or St. Louis, to suit the convenience of purchaser; we can please you in style, quality, price and terms. Correspondence solicited.

Race Meet Committees

Will Find It to Their Advantage to Send for Our

Illustrated Catalog and Price List

— OF —

MEDALS AND TROPHIES

In Gold and Silver Designs. Designs submitted to Clubs.

Jens F. Pederson,

No. 1 1/2 Maiden Lane,

NEW YORK.



1 ST. Do you know that you can have a good, showy and serviceable pair of pants made for \$3? And that to your own measure, and sent by mail to your very door?

2 ND. If you want 25 samples of cloth, a fine linen tape measure, a full set of measurement blanks and a lot of other valuable information free—

3 D. Send 6 cents in stamps to the N. Y. Standard Pants Co., of 66 University Place, N. Y. City and you will be surprised. The company are distributing 500 pairs this month and you may be one of the lucky ones.

When writing to advertisers please mention the Gazette.

The question they all ask us is, "How can you afford to give so much for

50 CENTS?"

We don't mind telling. The secret of it all is our Immense Circulation.

Wheelmen

Know a good thing when they see it. When they find they can get a magazine like the **WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE** for only 50 cents a year they are quick to take advantage of it.

Now we will let you in on the ground floor and tell you how we work up circulation. We give our readers the best reading matter, the most original reading matter, the most readable reading matter, and more of it than any other or all the other cycling papers.

Our illustrations are original with us, and, in fact, the entire **GAZETTE** from cover to cover is original.

That is what wheelmen want, and that is why they take the **GAZETTE**.

Furthermore the **GAZETTE** always has an opinion on all pertinent cycling topics and it is vain enough to believe its opinions are worth considering.

Advertisers,

Know it is to their interest to advertise in a paper that is read—not merely glanced over and thrown aside.

If you want to know further about either subscribing for, or advertising in the **GAZETTE**, address the publishers,

DARROW BROTHERS,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

We make **SPECIAL** rates on all the leading periodicals published in this country when combined with the **GAZETTE**. Send us your list for an estimate.

OUR--GREETING 

To you, gentlemen; and with it we take pleasure in informing you that besides improving very generally the

American Cycles for '88.

We have added many novel features and the already famous

—*— AMERICAN * RAMBLER —*

Which is universally conceded by experts to be the Lightest, Neatest, and Easiest Running Rear Driver yet designed. Weight with all on, only 44 pounds. Nothing but Hammock Saddles are used on any of our machines.

THE '88 LIGHT CHAMPION is beyond question the most expensively constructed Light Roadster on the market. It has a Ball Head, True Tangent Spokes, fastened by our Patent Process; the Strongest and only Cold Rolled and Highly Tempered Hollow Steel Rim Devised, new and lighter Ball Bearings without losing our Celebrated Self Aligning Feature and the entire machine is lightened and strengthened every where possible and is **ALL STEEL**. The latter remark applies, also, to the American Champion.

Our 64-page Catalog

Is teeming with interesting information, and we shall be happy to mail it on application.

Gormully & Jeffery M'f'g Co.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Largest Manufacturers of Cycles and Sundries in America.

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 3.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MARCH, 1888.

50 cents per Annum.

**The Columbia Light Roadster is the Lightest
Bicycle With a 7-8 Inch Tire.**

* Catalog :- Free. *

LIGHT COLUMBIAS.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Boston, New York, Chicago.

The Expert Columbia, With an Inch Tire, is as Light as the Average
---Light Roadster of other Makes---

THE RUDGE AGENCY.

Is Continued at its old Headquarters,

152 to 158 Congress Street, - - - - Boston,

—Under the Management of—

H. M. SABEN,

The factory is now ready with new machines, and specialties for 1888 will be ready next month.

The 1888 Catalog is now ready, and will be sent on application. Good Agents Wanted in unoccupied territory.

THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

SAM'L :- T. :- CLARK :- & :- COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Owing to the increased business of the above firm in the past two seasons, during which time the

New Rapid Bicycles and Quadrant Tricycles

have become so thoroughly and favorably known to riders throughout the country, it has been found necessary to increase our facilities for handling this growing trade, and for this purpose the above corporation has been formed.

And in making this announcement to the Cycling public, we consider it an opportune moment to ask them to

REMEMBER

That we were the first to introduce on the American Market, our now famous method of wheel construction, with **TRUE TANGENT SPOKES**, and that while every American Manufacturer of note has been forced to copy it, we still have in all our **NEW RAPID CYCLES** the **BEST** and **STRONGEST** cycle **WHEELS** ever made.

REMEMBER,

Too, that the **QUADRANT STEERING**, as applied to all our **QUADRANT TRICYCLES**, remains unequalled as a perfect steering device and anti-vibrator without the use of springs to the front wheel.

REMEMBER

First, last, and all the time, that we shall be in the field for **THE SEASON OF 1888**. with a line of Cycles of all kinds that cannot be surpassed in any respect.

Write for Catalog.

CLARK CYCLE CO.,

Baltimore, Md.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

1888. The SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER for 1888.

(Yost & McCune Patent.)



THIS WHEEL, \$100.

This is an absolutely safe wheel which retails for \$75, with tools and tool bag, enamel finish, trimmed with nickel, and plain bearings. One of the best wheels for all round road riding and hill climbing ever offered the public. Best class of cold drawn weldless steel tubing in handle-bars, backbone and side forks. Other parts of the best steel drop forgings. In every way first-class as to its workmanship and material.

The 1888 Pattern Springfield Roadster for \$100,

has ball bearings all round and cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, enamel finish, trimmed in nickel, with tools and tool bag; workmanship and material such as used in all high grade wheels. The mechanical construction of these two wheels are identical. Those who purchase plain bearings can at any time have the ball bearings added, if they so desire, at the additional cost of \$25.

These wheels are safe, speedy and good road wheels, and reliable in every respect. Do not fail to examine before purchasing 1888 mount.

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MERWIN HULBERT & CO.,	New York, N. Y.
C. F. STOKES,	Chicago, Ill.
E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO.,	St. Louis, Mo.
E. T. ALLEN,	San Francisco, Cal.
JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,	Boston, Mass.

Retail Salesroom, No. 147 Washington Street. Boston

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. COMPANY, 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

**OVER 250 SHOP- WORN and SECOND-HAND
:- BICYCLES FOR SALE. :-**

SEND STAMP FOR LIST TO

A. W. GUMP & CO.

23 West Second Street,

Dayton, Ohio.

**Good Second-Hand Guns and Revolvers
Taken in Exchange
For any American Bicycle.**

Difficult Repairing and Nickle Plating.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

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 Hart Cycle Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Cincinnati News Co., Cincinnati, O.
 American News Co., New York.
 Harry Hearsey, Indianapolis, Ind.
 J. M. Miller, Atlanta, Ga.
 Hilderbrand & Young, Washington C. H., O.
 Kraft & Adams, Louisville, Ky.
 B. Kittridge Arms Co., Cincinnati, O.
 M. A. Woodbury, Bradford, Pa.
 Clark Cycle Co., Baltimore, Md.
 St. Louis Wheel Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 Julius Andrae, Milwaukee, Wis.
 H. M. Saben, (Rudge Agency) Boston, Mass.
 L. J. Doolittle, Plantsville, Conn.
 Nicholson & Cossand, Russiaville, Ind.
 Bert Galbraith, Milton, Pa.
 H. Pembroke, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 George W. Rouse, Peoria, Ill.
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 Eisenbrandt Bros., Baltimore, Md.
 Springfield Roadster Bi. Co., Boston, Mass.
 John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Jens Pederson, New York, N. Y.
 W. L. Fish & Co., Newark, N. J.
 Cleveland News Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
 American Bicycle Co., Springfield, Mass.
 John Wilkinson Co., Chicago, Ill.
 W. B. Sizer, Chicago, Ill.
 W. I. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa.
 Brentanos, Chicago, Ill.
 Brentanos, New York City.
 C. A. Eidlebrch, Flatonia, Texas.
 A. W. Gump & Co, Dayton, Ohio.
 W. C. Boak, LeRoy, N. Y.
 Heath & Kimball, Minneapolis, Minn.

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C. H. & D.

THE PROPER LINE
TO AND FROM

CINCINNATI,

DAYTON, TOLEDO, DETROIT,

And All Points

East, South, and South East

For rates and full information, call at the Grand Union ticket office,

Or address—

W. H. FISHER, Gen'l Agt

C. H. ROCKWELL, G. P. and P. A. CINCINNATI.

—THE—

Leading Wheel Weekly.

Correspondence From all Parts of the Country.

New Machines Illustrated and Described.

News, Fresh and Breezy.



ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

F. P. PRIAL, 23 Park Place, NEW YORK.

To Sell Your Wheel.

If you want to sell a wheel, we will insert your advertisement one time for twenty-five cents.

If You Want to Buy

We publish a list of 200 new and second-hand wheels.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER Advertising, 45 to 49 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this paper on file and are authorized to make contracts with **ADVERTISERS.**

SPADE HANDLES!

To fit any Bicycle - - - \$2.50.
 Improved for 1888; making them the most popular Handle on the market.
 C. W. SPINNEY, Fitchburg, Mass.

JOHN F. STRATTON,

—Importer and Dealer in—

Musical Merchandise,
 49 Maiden Lane, New York.



JOHN F. STRATTON'S CELEBRATED RUSSIAN GUT VIOLIN

**** STRINGS, ****

The Finest in the World!
MY GUARANTEE.

If a dealer receives a complaint (which he believes to be honest) from any musician to whom he has sold any of these Strings, he is authorized by me to give him another string without charge; and all such loss will be made good by me to my customers without quibble or question.

Beware of imitations. Dealers will please send for my descriptive Catalog. The trade supplied at lowest prices.

THE VANDALIA LINE.

Is the direct and short route from Indianapolis to St. Louis and points in Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Colorado, California and other States and Territories. It affords magnificent train service and superior facilities for the transportation of all classes of passengers. The physical condition of its property is fully up to the standard, which insures to its patrons safety, speed and comfort. Prompt and sure connections are made with western lines at St. Louis and other Junction points. Trains for the West leave Indianapolis 7:30 A. M., 11:55 A. M., 11:00 P. M. Arrive at St. Louis 5:00 P. M.; 7:30 P. M., 7:00 A. M., respectively. In considering the many advantages offered by this popular route you will find it is materially to your advantage to ask for, and see that you get tickets over the Vandalia Line. Rates are always as low as by less important routes. Baggage checked through from starting point to destination.

For detailed and particular information regarding rates, etc., call upon or address,

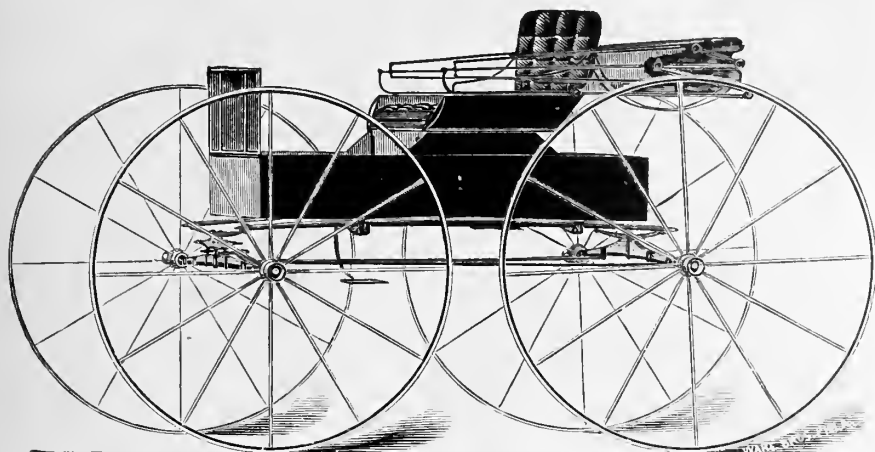
H. R. DERING,

Ass's Gen'l Pass. Agent Vandalia Line.

48 W. Washington St. Indianapolis, Ind.

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES

Taken in Trade for



BUGGIES, PHAETONS or ROAD CARTS.

—SEND STAMP FOR CATALOG.—

—DESCRIBE WHAT YOU HAVE FOR TRADE.—

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

**SPADE
HANDLES**

FOR

ANY BICYCLE

\$2.50

Made of the
Best Material
and not of
BRASS CASTING

As are other Handles that
sell for this price.
INDIANA BICYCLE CO.

Indianapolis, Ind.

**COW--HORN
HANDLE BARS.**

—Made of—

BEST MACHINE STEEL.

All Complete With Leaver.

\$ 3. 5 0

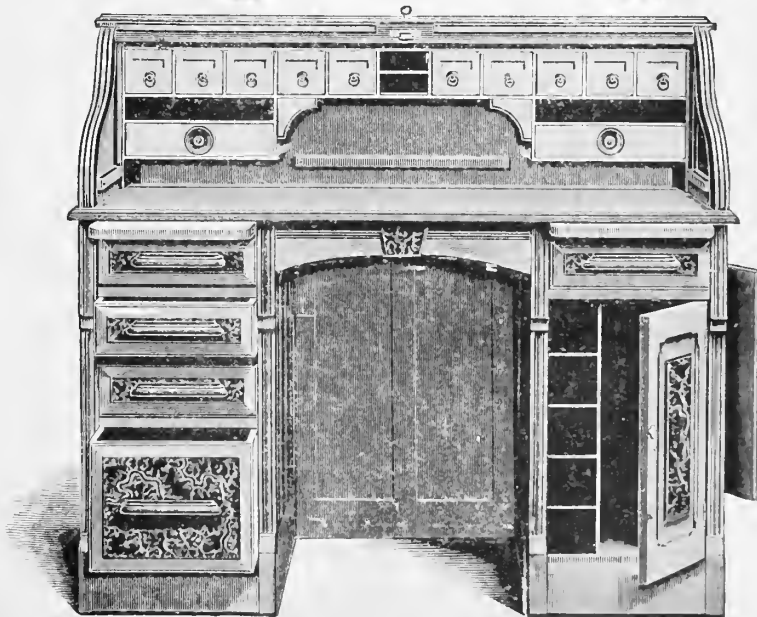
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Nickle Plating
Is all done on Copper.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.,
Indianapolis Ind.

Second-Hand Bicycles taken in Trade for our

**ROLL CURTAIN
OFFICE DESK.**



4 1-2 ft. High top. Open View.

51 1/2 inches high, 33 1/2 inches deep; 2 slides; closed back; all drawers in both pedestals, or one with drawers and the other with closet, as may be ordered; 10 paper filing boxes, to order. In Cherry, Walnut or Oak.
PRICE \$70.00.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.,

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THE KING BICYCLE.

Is greatly improved for 1888, and is appreciated by experienced riders as a ROADSTER, because the Levers give a constant application of power: FOR SAFETY as the treadles in the rear of the hub prevents headers: FOR ECONOMY OF POWER because the new motor raises the levers without Cogs or Springs, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands enables the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals, gliding through mud or sand or up hill: FOR BEAUTY, EASE OF RUNNING, and speed. LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS. Send for price-list and catalog to

THE KING WHEEL CO.,

51 Barclay St., New York.

**LOOK AT THIS,
H. T. HEARSEY,**

—Dealer in NEW and SECOND-HAND—

BICYCLES.

Our Specialties

**Repairing AND Nickle Plating.
LOWEST PRICES.**

If you want the best new machine in the market for 1888, or a bargain in a Second-Hand Bicycle, send for catalog and Second-Hand List.



147 North Delaware Street,

Indianapolis, Ind.

—SECOND-HAND BICYCLES TAKEN IN TRADE FOR NEW ONES.—

:-THE:-

**B. F. GOODRICH CO.,
AKRON RUBBER WORKS**

Akron, Ohio.

—Manufacturer of—

BICYCLE TIRES,
HARD & SOFT RUBBER HANDLES,
SPADE GRIPS,
PEDAL RUBBERS, Etc.

Write for Price List.

As it is now time to get out wheels for summer riding do not fail to send for a bottle of the W. C. B. Jet Black Enamel and make your wheel look like new. An extra fine brush accompanies each bottle,

PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE

We have a fine line of Sundries. Do not fail to send for our catalog.

Address—

W. C. BOAK,

LeRoy, New York.

Dealers send me your address and I will send you my special discount list to the trade. Can quote you large discounts on all my goods.

W. A. WOODBURY,

43 & 45 Mechanics St., Bradford, Pa.

Sole Manufacturer of the Eureka Home Trainer and Bicycle Stand. Price \$7.50.

IT IS JUST THE THING TO LEARN THE

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On, and shows you the exact points to which it is beneficial, which will surprise you. (See L. A. W. Bulletin of Feb 24th.) Also dealer in Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems and a full line of sundries. These goods are all warranted, and will be shipped from Boston, New York, Baltimore, Bradford, Chicago or St. Louis to suit the convenience of purchasers.

We can please you in style, quality, price and terms. Correspondence Solicited.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED

"A LIBRARY IN ITSELF."



The latest issue of this work comprises

A DICTIONARY

containing 118,000 Words, and 3000 Engravings,

A GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD

25,000 Titles, with pronunciation, &c., (recently added) and

A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

nearly 10,000 Noted Persons; also various Tables,

ALL IN ONE BOOK.

It has 3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.

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Webster is Standard Authority in the Gov't Printing Office, and with the U. S. Supreme Court. It is recommended by the State Sup'ts of Schools in 36 States, and by the leading College Presidents of the U. S. and Canada.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Springfield, Mass.

BETTER THAN EVER.

PUNNETT'S

JERSEY

CLOTH GARMENTS.

Knee Breeches Only \$4 a Pair.

Club Uniforms a Specialty.

Be sure and write for samples and Measure Blanks.

PUNNETT,

Merchant Tailor and Athletic Outfitter.
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

— THE — WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Vol. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MARCH, 1888.

No. 3.

The Gazette's Improved Universal Cycling Dictionary

—
And Cyclopedia of Facts,
—

MANY NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

—
DESIGNED AS A COMPANION PIECE TO THE BULKIER BUT VASTLY
INFERIOR WORKS OF KARL KRON AND NOAH WEBSTER.
—

AGONY:—Sensation of a man who takes a header in the presence of his best girl.

AMATEUR:—A wheelman who occasionally races for money but does not care about having it told all over town.

AMATEUR QUESTION, THE:—What the tariff is to politics so is the amateur question to cycling; the unsolvable riddle.

ANTI-HEADER:—A dangerous instrument. Don't fool with it. See *Dynamite, Buzz Saw, etc.*

APOLLO:—The Grecian god of beauty, who appears in beautiful gilt decalcomania on the back-bone of a very popular bicycle.

BAGGAGEMAN:—A railroad attachee who carries your bicycle free, but always gets a quarter for tying it up.

BICYCLE:—See *all the rest of this Dictionary.*

BONE SHAKER:—See *Sweedish movement cure.*

BOSTON:—Home of culture and catarrh; culture acquired from its magazines and cycle papers; catarrh comes naturally. Boston girls are not pretty but they have a reputation of knowing a lot. O yes, we almost forgot, Harry Corey, Abbot Bassett and Joe Dean all hail from Boston.



BAGGAGEMAN.

BREAK-DOWN:—A popular plantation dance, also an unpopular eccentricity of cheap bicycles.

BUCKLE:—An attachment for fastening a strap. Also the system by which an ordinary wheel is converted into a letter S.

CENTURY RUN:—A bicycle trip of over eighty miles in length, made in one day. So called because it seems to the rider as though he had been in the saddle for a century before he is through with it.



BREAK-DOWN.

CHALLENGE:—See *Bluff.*

CHAMPION:—Title bestowed upon himself by every man who can do a mile in less than 3.30. Also a popular bicycle.

CHICAGO:—A respectable sized town, noted for its base ball club, anarchists and Board of Trade. It is said that every tricycle that goes to Chicago is fitted with extra sized pedals, but of course this is a libel on Chicago's female population.

CHURCH CYCLOMETER:—An instrument for ascertaining how far a bicycle travels. Can also be used to gauge the length of a minister's sermon.

CINCINNATI:—On the Ohio river. May be reached by rail, boat,

or bicycle. Famous for its lager beer and music festivals. Covington is opposite Cincinnati and Cincinnati is opposite Covington, and at time of going to press there does n't seem to be any disposition on the part of either town to swap places.

CLUB RUN:—A short tour taken by the members of a bicycle club, in which every man tries to run away from all the rest.

COAST:—A portion of land bordering the sad, moaning sea. Also a rapid way of getting down hill. See *Toboggan Slide.*

COFFEE MILL:—A household utensil used for pulverizing coffee and entertaining the baby. Also poetical name for Star bicycle.

COLUMBIA:—See *Hail Columbia.*

COVENTRY:—Famous for its *Cyclist*, cycle factories and Henry Sturmev. Coventry is not in America but America is not responsible for the omission. There are no hard feelings between Indianapolis and Coventry all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

CORRESPONDENCE:—A species of literature greatly indulged in by most bicycle papers. Is always sure to be read by two persons; the one who wrote it and the one it is written about.

COWBOY:—So called because he is not a boy and does not take care of cows. Supposed to be indigenous to the boundless, uncultured West. Makes his living traveling with Wild West combinations and racing "bicyclists."



COWBOY.

CRAWFORDSVILLE:—A village in central Indiana surrounded by good roads. Is owned by a syndicate composed of S. G. Whittaker, Bull Nicholson and Punch Pontious.

CROPPER:—A header taken in England.

CYCLING SUIT:—See *U. S. Dist. Court of Illinois.* Made of white flannel, black Jersey or brick-color cheviot. A popular cycling suit for ladies is made of *ceru* princess cloth, trimmed *point de mier*, cut bias, a *vestragon*. A *passementerie fleur d'oranger* crosses the second pleat below the bodice; the *nostalgie de la bone* should be tastefully gathered in the back. The whole effect is *ravissant*.

CYCLOMETER:—A modification of the gas meter. Arranged to work backwards and lie.

DEADWOOD:—Birthplace of John S. Prince, who is said to have established a local amateur 24-hour lap record, when but three months old.

DYNAMITE:—Has no connection with cycling, but would be an excellent vehicle for arousing some of our chief consuls to action.

DAISEY:—The Ella Wheeler Wilcox of cycling journalism.

ENAMEL:—Popular finish for cycles and teeth.

FAED:—See *O'Faed, McFaed*, also see '88 *League Uniform*.

FIXED:—Arranged beforehand—as a fixed race.

FIXED STAR:—One that does not move.

F. S. RIDER:—One that turns out the gas.

FREE LUNCH:—A repast composed of cheese, wienerwurst, blutwurst, smier kase, rye bread, etc. When attacked by a crowd of



COAST.

hungry bicyclers it generally means bankruptcy for the proprietor.

FELLOW:—The rim of a bicycle. A person. (Pronounced "fellah" by four-dollar-a-week young men who try to effect the manners of the English aristocracy.)

FRESH:—The opposite of salt. Fresh water is best adapted for drinking purposes. Salt water has a saline flavor about it attributable to the salt, scientists claim it holds in solution. This information is for the benefit of our readers who do not reside in the effete East. Fresh is also applied to the young man who likes to show off, and who suffers from the disease *toomuchpreviousness*.

GAZETTE:—50 cents a year. Now is the time to subscribe.

HANDICAPPER:—An allotter of starts. To handicap a race is about as hazardous a piece of business as umpiring a base-ball game. All well regulated insurance companies refuse to assume risks on umpires and handicappers.

HAIL COLUMBIA:—A popular phase that owes its origin to the fact that it is a cold day when the Columbias get left.

HEADER:—Rapid dismount over the top of an ordinary bicycle. The result of a misunderstanding between the large and small wheel in which the larger wants to stop and the smaller stubbornly persists in going forward.

HEW:—?

HILL:—A rise of ground, sometimes climbable on a bicycle and sometimes not. Also governor of New York and would-be President of the U. S. A great many folks doubt that any one can climb Hill in the next Democratic convention.

HILLIER, G. LACY:—Champion of 1801. Particular friend of Karl Kron and the late lamented Adam.

HOODOO:—One who brings bad luck and defeat. In case of racing men, said hoodoo often takes form of pace-maker or trainer, but as a rule the man who runs the fastest does all the "hoodooing."

HOWELL:—The man who thinks he can beat Billy Rowe and who will continue to think so as long as Billy stays on this side of the pond.

HOME TRAINER:—A stationary bicycle on which the ordinary four-minute man can make his mile in 2.9½ if he sets the tension loose enough. See *Mother-in-Law*.

HUB:—See *Boston*.

INDIANAPOLIS:—That's where we live.

INDIA RUBBER:—A species of beef-steak served at the majority of country hotels. A touring wheelman can generally get a meal of this dish on payment of fifty cents and presentation of League ticket.

IMBECILE:—One devoid of sense, or, the knowledge of such deficiency. See *Recreation Column of the Spectator*.

ISOTHERMOUS:—The state or quality of being isothermal.

JUMBO:—Pet name for Geo. P. Davis, Indiana's two hundred pound wheelman.

JAMBOREE:—Something a cyclist should keep off of; that is he never should get on one.

KING:—Best card after the ace is played. A lever driven bicycle.

KNICKERBOCKER:—Author of the "History of New York," although Ignatius Donnelly is trying to prove that it was written by a party named Irving. Name applied to short breeches affected by wheelmen who know when they are comfortable.

KORKSCREW:—We run this in simply because we are short of K's. Bicyclers never use korkscrows.

KRON, KARL:—A man who has written a book containing more words than General Grant's book or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. See *Advertisement in another column*.

LAP:—Once around the track. A good place to sit.

L. A. W.:—The statutory enactments of our legislative bodies. Also a small family of ten thousand wheelmen under the tender care of Papa Bassett.

LEAGUE HOTEL:—A country tavern that charges League members fifty cents for a twenty-five cent dinner.

LOAF:—To ride slow in a race. Supposed by some riders to be remarkably fine tactics. A vacation. A section of bread.

MARLBORO:—Pronounced as spelled when applied to cycles of that name, but pronounced "Mur-bro" when prefixed by the word "duke."

MASCOT:—A small coon who is hired by a racing man at twenty-five cents a week to polish his wheel and bring good luck. Can be relied upon in first instance but is a little uncertain in capacity number two.

MILK:—A mild, non-intoxicating beverage very popular with touring wheelmen. With five cents you can generally buy, at any farmhouse, as much as you can drink, with the privilege of seeing it drawn directly from the cow for five cents extra.

MINNEAPOLIS:—A town in Minnesota noted for its cold weather, milling interests and fixed races.

MOSQUITO:—A large, breezy bird of prey; a native of New Jersey, though they have emigrated to pretty much every section of the U. S. Endowed with much energy and very easy and familiar in their manners.

NEWS:—Something extremely hard to get hold of. Real news spoils quicker than milk in mid-summer. Should be used fresh to prove valuable.

NICKEL:—The finishing for bicycles generally the most popular among young men who have not been riding very long. Also small coin which may sometimes be found about a wheelman's clothing.

NEW JERSEY:—A state noted for its mosquitoes and Star riders. Both are said to be bred somewhere along its coast. It is an open question as to which has attained the highest development of speed. The mosquito is believed to be the most deadly.

NEW MAIL: A young man of limited age and experience. Implies maturity and a ball head when applied to bicycles.

OLIVER:—See *Verax*.

ORANGES, THE:—Poetic name for a large region of northern New Jersey, of which the principle industry is bicycle riding.

OSHKOSH:—This place was invented solely for the use of paragraphers. To pronounce it properly study the sound made by a duck lifting his foot out of the mud on a moist, April day. Jay Hinman lives in Oshkosh.

OWL:—The man who would make his mark on the *London Punch* but who does not seem to be appreciated on this side of the water. See any number of the *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

PEDAL:—The stirrup of a cycle. To vend bananas, matches, etc.

PHENIX:—A young man who rose from his cigarette ashes to the position of private secretary to his nibs President of the Pullman Palace Car Co.

PIKE COUNTY:—A mountain district in Missouri noted for its good roads, steep grades, pretty girls and good looking cider.

PROFESSIONAL:—A wheelman who races for money and don't care who knows it.

PULLMAN:—A favorite run of the Chicago wheelmen. See *Bob Ehlert*.

RACES:—A species of amusement where a man pays fifty cents to sit and see some one else ride for him. There are several kinds of races, heat race, lap race, scratch race, handicap race, fixed race and human race. The limits of this work will not permit of their individual discussion.

RAPID:—Quick, sudden, with rapidity; hence applied to a well known make of bicycle.

RIPLEY:—A favorite resort of London cyclists. Ripley is in England and at last accounts, has shown no disposition to emigrate.



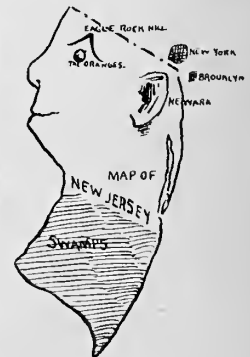
LEAGUE HOTEL.



HILLIER.



HOME TRAINER.



NEW JERSEY.



KORK-SCREW.

ROAD HOG:—No relation to the harmless little animal the ground hog. A thing which imagines it asserts its independence by violating the road laws. See \$20 Fine.

RUDGE:—A popular bicycle invented by Barnaby Rudge. For further particulars see *Charles Dickens*.

SHORTS:—See *Knickerbockers*.

SAFETY:—A form of bicycle affected by the timid or aged.

SIDER:—A side fall. Can be taken from any kind of a bicycle. (See also, *Cider*.) Wheelmen sometimes object to taking a hard sider but rarely refuse a hard cider.

SOCIABLE:—An extinct form of double tricycle, in riding which, both persons sat side by side. Was popular among young people who longed for congenial society and were not averse to violent physical exercise. See *Church Sociable*.

SPOKE:—Past of the verb speak. The wire arrangements in a bicycle wheel that a man sticks his feet through every time he gets a bad fall.

SPRINGFIELD:—Late stamping ground of Ducker and the A. C. U. The name of a safety bicycle.

STAR:—The kind with the little wheel in front. Would be a very good wheel to ride, if so many persons did n't ask if "you like it as well as the other kind." As it is this question drives many a Star rider to an early grave.

STARTER:—One who starts. Whenever you go to a race and see a little man rushing around the dressing tents and stands, with a six caliber pistol and a wild eyed look, don't think he's searching for some one to shoot. No, he's perfectly harmless. He is the starter.

ST. PATRICK:—Never road a bicycle but was successful in driving the snakes out of Oirland. See *March 17*.

TANDEM:—See \$250.00.

TERRE HAUTE:—Home of J. Fred Probst and Daniel W. Vorhees. There is a standing offer of \$10,000 for the discovery of a Terrehottentot who does not say Terry Hut.

TIRE:—The act of being tired. Also the rubber band that is fastened to the rim of the bicycle.

TRICYCLE:—A three wheeled bicycle.

TWO : TEN:—What Billy Rowe says he can do a mile in if he wants to. The trouble is he never wants to.

UBET:—A colloquialism expressive of great certainty or positive conviction.

VERAX:—See *Oliver*.

VICTOR:—The man who wins, likewise the wheel that wins.

VICTORIA:—A lady who does not ride a bicycle, but who has had a multicycle named for her. She also has a promising son and several grandchildren who are said to be addicted to the tricycle habit.

WASHINGTON:—A place overrun with congressmen, lobbyists and tricycles. The father of his country was also named Washington and it is asserted on good evidence that he never told a lie. In this respect he differs from the average bicycler and also from the cyclometer of commerce.

WHITTIER:—Jack Rodger's favorite poet. Author of the lines:
"Then I'll not marry you my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you to, sir," she said."

X, 'ETHERINGTON, 'ARRY:—We did n't know whether to put this name under the H's or under the E's, but as we were short of X's put it here.

X. M. MILES ON A BICYCLE:—Read it and see if it is n't.

Y. M. C. A.:—An association principally affected by young men who are not Christians; but who desire to work up muscle on the turning bars.

ZIMMERMAN, JOSH:—Secy-Treas., Indiana Division, L. A. W. We trust Mr. Zimmerman will overlook this personality but he was positively the only person, place or thing pertaining to bicycling that is spelled with a capital Z, and we had to have a Z to finish with.



ROAD HOG.

Notable Novelties at the Stanley Show.

SPECIALLY REPORTED BY FAED.

THE Westminster Aquarium is this year more attractive than ever to the cycling enthusiast, and although there is less alteration in the set patterns, a splendid crop of novelties is to be found; while the same steady upheaval of quality that has led to the ordinary bicycle being regarded as practically perfect now shows itself with regard to tricycles. All the large firms have, of course, fine displays of their standard patterns, and almost everybody has some small but valuable improvement in detail, liable to be overlooked by the casual observer, but none the less important as indicating one step nearer to perfection.

Among the crowds who thronged the Aquarium on the opening day were to be found numerous cycling pressmen with catalog and note-book in hand, laborously endeavoring to write something to please every exhibitor, regardless of the hopelessly unreadable nature of the fulsome praise devoted to every machine with scant discrimination. We never read through any of these long-winded amplifications of the official catalog ourselves, and we never met a soul who did; and in describing what we saw on our first visit we are endeavoring to write of actual novelties only, leaving it to the sense of our readers to understand that the bulk of the exhibits consisted of perfected examples of well-known patterns by makers whose reputation needs no praise.

To insure the attention of visitors being directed to the display in the annex, the entrance has to be made up the stairs into St. Stephen's Hall, wherein are the accessory stalls and a number of small firms, after passing through which, the visitor finds himself in the gallery, at the further end of which, beyond the organ, is the odd corner usually devoted to single specimens of machines embodying queer notions, but which not infrequently deserve more than a passing glance. Commencing here, we find right up in the corner the Rose Luggage Bicycle, which is a rear-driving safety and an upright front fork connected by a bridle-rod to the upright steering-post, and having a flat luggage-carrier over the front wheel. Close by is the Winallie Safety, resembling the Humber Safety, but with lever and cog-wheel driving gear. Then we are met by the name of the "Success Safety," but which appears not to be anything connected with the "Success Cycle Company," whose stand in St. Stephen's Hall is empty. This "Success" is a frame rear-driver at a very low price, and with the steering-post curved back.

W. Lee is another new maker, with a + frame rear-driving safety, fitted with Laming's spring to the frame, Tilby's pressure spring to steady the steering (not fly-to-center), and spring handles, which give downward like Trigwell's, but with steel instead of rubber.

A peculiar shape is the rear-driving safety, made by Wilson of Chiswick, called the "Rocket" with a 22-inch front wheel, a castor fork and spring head.

Our old friend the "Monarch" tricycle we had thought to be quite defunct, but Pitt & Co. have discovered that the stirrup pedals are just the thing for a necessarily low-g geared carrier tricycle, and the "Monarch" carrier is the result.

Oscar Seyd makes his bow with the expected tandem-bicycle, the "Tandemon" which turns out to be a rear-driving framed safety with the main tube bent upward and horizontally to carry the steering-post vertically, a curved fork carrying the front wheel still further forward, and while the rear rider drives the back wheel, the front man's pedals are connected to the front wheel by a pair of Brown's "Kangaroo" fork-extensions placed horizontally.

Close up to the organ is the Achilles bicycle, a tall "ordinary" with variable rake actuated by a chain, wound around the handle-bar, which runs down inside the back-bone and regulates the position of a hinged double back fork.

Close by is one of the spring safety class, with a hinged frame and a compression spring behind the saddle pillar. Opposite is seen the "Roadsculler," mounted on a frame which enables its exhibitor to demonstrate its action. The construction is considerably improved since we saw the crude "Oarsman," and it now looks like a very light and serviceable tricycle.

Returning into the "corner," we see the "Hunter," a tricycle on the Wasp plan, but with a rigid T frame, vertical steering post, and front wheels steered on the ends of the T frame, just like the first "Whippet" tricycle but minus the spring.



VICTORIA.

Quite a systematic series of anti-vibration springs is adapted to the "Gospel Oak and Cunard" cycles, the form of spring being something like a capital U, in the case of single wheels, or of two such shapes joined thus, **CD**, for tricycle axles. On the Cunard tandem, four pairs of these springs intercept the vibration between the axle and its bridge; and this machine has also a simple luggage-carrier in the form of a piece of corrugated iron screwed on to the "telescope" part of the converting frame. In the ordinary bicycle, and the safety, the same kind of springs are interposed at the fork-ends, the safety having also two chains so as to equalize the strain on the back wheel. A vertically springing lamp-bracket, on the safety was also noticeable.

Patrick & Son, of Chelsea, reduce vibration on their rear-driving safety by cutting short the back fork of the + frame, and connecting it to the hub spindle by means of spring wires resembling two halves of an Arab cradle-spring, the back stays being made a rigid fork hinged to the bottom bracket so that the chain adjustment is not interfered with by the give of the springs.

On the stand devoted to the "Golden Era" cycles, the only machine visible at the time of our first visit was an ordinary bicycle with a telescope spring action at the tail of the back-bone above the back fork.

Deserving of attention to a greater degree than it is likely to get up in the corner, Watkins & Co.'s military "signaling equipment" is adapted to any make of rear-driving safety. Already in extensive use in the army, apart from the cycle, the signaling flag and lantern are shown attached to the front of a safety; while a full-sized rifle is mounted on rubber covered hooks, horizontally over the wheels, butt-end behind. To enable the military cyclist to use his war-like tools with facility, a kind of stand or crutch is pivoted on the front wheel spindle, and can be instantly lowered on to the ground, holding the machine upright on a standstill. The lamp is carried on the steering post by the aid of an exceptionally good non-vibrating spring lamp bracket.

Leaving the "Queer Corner," and repassing the organ, we come to the main gallery again, and find the St. George's Engineering Co. breaking out in a fresh place with an excellent tricycle, built on the New Rapid tangent wheels, 40, 40, and 32 inches respectively; a four bearing axle with very neat central balance gear, and as far in advance of the tricycles that used to be made by this firm as the "New Rapid" bicycle is ahead of the bicycles made under the old management of five years ago.

The Quadrant Company's novelty is a milk-carrying tricycle, and used by a very large dairy company in Birmingham. On the lines of the Quadrant tandem, the front rider's position is unaltered; but in lieu of the rear parts there are steel supports for small and large milk cans behind, butter being carried in a basket over the front wheel.

For dilettante riders an extra light "No. 8" tricycle is shown; and the Quadrant safety steering is perfected by ball boxes taking the place of frictional slides.

Andrews attracts the fair sex to the perilous delights of balancing by a ladies' bicycle resembling Albone's Ivel, but with more room for a lady's skirts.

"Have you seen our folding handle-bar?" as we shook hands with Gaskell at Rudge's stand. Yes, we had seen it labeled, but could not discern how it was to be folded, adjusted or detached. To outward seeming there was no extra complication in this handle-bar, but as neat a fit as could be desired. Yet, when the locknut was loosened and the washer was raised, the handle-bar was seen to be in halves, connected to the head of bicycle, safety or tricycle by an annular flat lug cut in two and with serrated top, the washer being serrated underneath, so that the bar could be used either straight or bent back to any desired angle at a moment's notice.

A warlike safety is the bicyclette, which carries a rifle on the front fork, muzzle downward, and a haversack on a flat carrier over the back wheel. For the ladies, especial provision is made on the Rudge No. 1 tricycle, steel mud guards going over all three wheels, with segmental leather guards in addition, to protect ladies' dresses.

Dan Albone's novelty is an Ivel tandem-bicycle, made on precisely the right lines, to-wit, with both the riders as close together as possible, between the wheels, their handle-bars being connected by

bridle-rods, so that both help the balance and steering. By taking out the middle part, this can be converted into a single safety; and as the frame is precisely identical in all the Ivel machines, it can be made convertible into four distinct cycles, viz. single bicycle, tandem bicycle, single tricycle, and tandem tricycle.

Returning into St. George's Hall, in the left-hand corner is Timberlake's tandem tricycle, a single front steerer for four riders, one behind the other, the base being not so excessively lengthened as might be imagined. For some occult reason, a heavy gun-carriage is mounted over the front wheel, whereon we are told a powerful magazine gun can be worked.

The rear-driving wheel tricycle finds renewed favor with the Crypto Cycle Co., whose several modifications of the old "Dublin" tricycle are variously named. The "Rotapede" single has a hay fork frame like a Cheylesmore tricycle, but drives by the 30-inch back wheel, and steers on Blood's system, with spade handles by the side wheels. For use as a tandem this pattern is simplified by mounting a male rider over the rear wheel, who steers by a handle-bar connected to the side wheels as before.

The inevitable monstrosity is almost hidden away in the corner, and consists of Mr. Hutchins' big wheeled old Sociable with a 54-inch bicycle wheel in front. It looks awful, but the owner has ridden it 750 miles, including a tour in Switzerland, and as he is a veteran cyclist and not interested in the trade, there ought to be something in it.

A novel convertible is the "Don" tandem, on the "Wasp" or "Olympia" pattern. By taking off the front wheels with their axle, and the front rider's gear, the rear frame is seen to be provided with a fork, into which a steering wheel can be inserted, completing a single rear driving safety bicycle.

Yet another variety of the spring-framed safety is the "Elland," in which the spring takes the form of a coil of flat steel, just like the coil of an ordinary bicycle spring—interposed in a hinged part of the cross frame.

Brooker's cross frame safety has the back-wheel spindle held rigidly in the end of its back fork, adjustment of the chain being effected by means of a milled-cap socket with right and left screws on the fore stay, drawing up the bottom bracket, which is hinged to the down tube to allow it to adjust.

Down stairs, on the main floor, Humber's stand has a bewildering variety of patterns, Townsend's juvenile cycles being now included in the patterns of the big corporation. The racing front-steering tandem with 36 and 28 inch wheels is exceedingly light and neat, and the arrangement for adjusting the chains—as on some of their single Crippers is very good indeed.

Another tandem bicycle is the "Pioneer," in which both riders drive the front wheel, just as was the case with the "Premier" safety tandem, shown last year, but without the Premier double steering. The Pioneer racing safety is made with tubular steering head and front forks in continuation.

The Geared Facile is scarcely a novelty by now, except as a rear-driver—in which form it is shown, with a "single-legged front fork," as well as in its familiar front-driving guise, but the Facile lady's tricycle is much improved by doing away with the U handles under the rider, and instead thereof enabling the rider to steer the front wheels (driving the rear by Facile levers) direct, by two nearly vertical handle posts.

Singer's stand is of an exceedingly bellicose aspect, military cycles galore being displayed on raised platforms in the middle. Chief of these is a Victoria four-in-hand, with four full-sized rifles mounted two on each side, muzzles upward, looking very business like. On a rear driving safety, a short carbine is carried horizontally, the butt in front of the saddle pillar and the muzzle over the front wheel. On a direct steering tricycle, a box is mounted behind the axle, and a short carbine stands muzzle upward on the right side just behind the axle.

Last of all, but perhaps the most eccentric and noticeable feature of the show, is the Coventry Machinists' Company's "Hansom Cab Coolie-cycle," built for the Sultan of Morocco, the fore part being a veritable Hansom cab, minus the shafts, and the rear part an extra pair of large wheels, with framing and gear for four men to propel the machine, while its owner reclines luxuriously inside the cab.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
 BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
 25 Sentinel Building. Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals
 In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

League Re-Organization.

The Re-organization Committee appointed by the League at its annual meeting in St. Louis last May; has made its first report. Briefly it is the following out of the ideas proposed last spring by the late editor of this paper and which the WHEELMEN'S RECORD and afterwards the GAZETTE have ever since so warmly advocated.

The committee begin by making radical changes in the make up and powers of the parent body. Hereafter the national body will be made up of the various counsels, elected as heretofore by the state divisions; and one delegate, elected by the division officers for every two hundred members. This makes the central board of officers much smaller, consequently more manageable and possibly better able to accomplish the work brought before them. The state officers will consist of the chief-council and same number of representatives as heretofore. Most of the powers heretofore invested in the parent body will be turned over to the divisions; consequently the funds raised by the division members will be kept at home, and used by those interested in raising them. Only enough will go to the central office to pay the secretary's and other clerical expenses. The publication by the League of a League Organ will be discontinued. The maintainance of a paper has always been an expence to the League and all members should be thankful that the *Bicycling World* has taken so much off their hands. Where the *Bicycling World Co.* expects to make anything by paying for a losing privilege is something we don't exactly see through; still they are probably better posted on what they expect to make or lose than we are.

The committee has also made a very wise move in changing the time for renewals to the spring instead of winter months. 'Tis when a person is riding his wheel that he is more apt to invest his dollar in the League than when that same wheel is packed away in the garret. Again, it gives local councils a chance to get out among their constituents and thus recruit more riders than could be done earlier in the year. The committee also suggest that the summer meeting be entirely disconnected from the business of the League. Although this plan has already met with considerable opposition it strikes us as being a very sensible one.

The committee has very wisely refrained from meddling with the amateur rule. They as much as say that the amateur question and the quarrels growing out of it have already taken up too much of the League's energies, time and money, and that they are in for letting the definition stand as it now is. They suggest another national committee to be called the Highway Improvement Committee. All these plans and perhaps new ones will come up for further discussion at the March Board Meeting held in New York.

As it now stands we think the committee have acted both wisely and conservatively and that their plans are worthy of the adoption of the League and the earnest co-operation of every member.

A contributor writes us that he has had his League ticket punched by the near-sighted cashier at his restaurant, instead of his customary soup check. Thus we see the benefits to be derived from joining the League are growing daily more apparent.

Monthly Summary.

FROM FEBRUARY 15 TO MARCH 15.

California. Capital City wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888: President, John Bruener; Secretary-Treasurer, H. Y. Toll; Captain, C. W. Mier. A Cal. interclub road racing association has been organized composed of 8 clubs, they will hold a series of 25, 50 and 100 mile races, the first being held Feb. 22d. The annual business meeting of the Cal. division held Feb. 24, at 320 Post St., San Francisco.

Colorado. The Social Wheel Club of Denver elects the following officers for 1888: President, A. Banks; Secretary, G. D. Inman; Assistant-Secretary, E. S. Hartwell; Treasurer, F. H. Wright; Captain, F. N. Coleman; 1st. Lieutenant, A. Kelly; 2nd. Lieutenant, C. A. Rivers; 3d. Lieutenant, Lewis Block; Bugler, Henry Hemer.

Connecticut. The Meriden Wheel Club gave a promenade, dance and supper on the evening of Feb. 8. The Middletown Wheel Club gave a minstrel entertainment March 1st. and 2d.

District of Columbia. Regular monthly meeting held March 3d., at 1023 Twelfth St., Washington.

Georgia. Brunswick Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888. President and Captain, C. F. Brown; Vice-President and Lieutenant, J. O. Bostwick; Secretary, C. L. Elliott; Treasurer, E. Mc. C. Brown.

Indiana. Indianapolis Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888. Rev. G. L. McNutt, President; P. C. Darrow, Vice-President; Tom Hayes, Secretary-Treasurer; Gus Devore, Captain; A. B. Taylor 1st. Lieutenant; H. T. Hearsey, 2nd. Lieutenant. The club starts out with 36 charter members.

Iowa. Wheelmen of Muscatine organized a club Feb. 16 called the Bend City Wheelmen. The following officers were elected: President and Captian, R. L. Thompson; Vice-President and 1st. Lieutenant, R. C. Betts; Secretary-Treasurer, A. Reuling. The club starts with a membership of 12

Kansas. Will G. Phillips, of Paola, died Feb. 7.

Maine. York County Wheelmen of Binneford elect the following officers for 1888: President, W. T. Bowers; Vice-President, A. L. T. Cummings; Secretary-Treasurer, E. J. Dearborn; Captian, W. L. Ayer; Lieutenant, F. B. Cobb.

Maryland. The members of the Baltimore Cycle Club gave an ameteur dramatic performance at the Lyceum Theatre, Baltimore, Jan. 13.

Minnesota. Winona Cyclists organized with the following officers for 1888. President, W. H. Elmer; Captain, J. R. Marfield, Lieutenant; J. A. Marigold; Secretary-Treasurer; W. D. Chandler.

Massachusetts. Berkshire County Wheelmen of Pittsfield elect the following officers for 1888: President, E. H. Kennedy; Vice-President, J. N. Robbins; Secretary, S. England; Treasurer, R. A. Dewey, Captain, W. H. Sheridan. The Brookline Cycle Club had a very successful ball, Feb. 1. Jamaica Cycle Club, of Jamaica Plain, held its second entertainment and dance Feb. 2nd., at Elliott Hall. At the tenth annual meeting of the Boston Bicycle Club the following officers were elected for 1888: President, E. C. Hodges; Vice-President, J. Chadwick; Secretary, E. W. Hodgkins; Treasurer, C. W. Fourdrinier; Captain, Dr. W. G. Kendall. The Melrose Cycle Club gave dance at the City Hall, March 2nd. Malden Bicycle Club gave their third party at Stanwood Hall, Feb. 17. Brookline Cycle Club gave a party March 2nd. Dorchester Clubs second social took place Jan. 31st. Maverick Wheel Club, of Boston, elected the following officers for 1888: A. J. Rogers; Vice-President, W. E. Guin; Lieutenant, A. M. Skinner; Treasurer, F. W. Moody; Secretary, C. B. Ferguson. Warren Wheel Club, of Roxbury, gave a social party, at Fauntleroy Hall, Roxbury, Feb. 10. Melrose Cycle Club elected the following officers for 1888: President, Dr. C. L. Sprague; Treasurer, J. N. Hopkins; Secretary, George Sargent; Captain, Chas. R. Coburn. Boston Bicyele Club held their annual dinner at Parker's, Feb. 11. E. C. Hodges is appointed representative for Massachusetts, vice E. G. Whitney. The Bay State Bicycle Club of Worcester, held its first annual meeting and supper, Feb. 6th., and elected the following officers for 1888: President, A. H. Bellows; Vice-President, M. A. Wheeler; Secretary-Treasurer, E. E. Eames; Captain, W. P. Thayer; 1st. Lieutenant, L. A. Whittemore.

Missouri. The United Wheelman of Kansas City elect the following officers for 1888: President, Dr. G. L. Henderson; Vice-President, P. H. Kent; Secretary, H. G. Stewart; Treasurer, W. P. Gosard; Captain, N. T. Haynes; Lieutenant, J. A. DuTar; Second Lieutenant, M. R. Sieble.

New Hampshire. Rockingham Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, C. A. Hazelett; Secretary and Treasurer, W. C. Walton; Captain, G. E. Philbrick; First Lieutenant, F. H. Ward; Second Lieutenant, C. W. Gray; Bugler, W. W. McIntyre; Color bearer, H. P. Montgomery.

New Jersey. Camden Wheelmen held a benefit Feb. 11. Orange Wanders elected the following officers for 1888: President, Dr. R. M. Sanger; Vice-President, W. A. Belcher; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Gilmour; Captain, C. W. Freeman. Hudson County Wheelmen elect the following officers for 1888: President, Dr. E. W. Johnston; Secretary, T. F. Merseles Jr.; Treasurer, C. Nichols. Englewood Field Club gave a concert Jan. 31. The Camden Wheelmen, had a benefit at Arch St. Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4. Passaic County Wheelmen disband, and re-organize under the name of the Passaic County Wheeling and Athletic Association. Sanford Northrup appointed representative, *vice* W. J. Atkinson. Montclair Wheelmen disband. C. W. Butler of East Orange leaves for San Diego, Cal. Owl Bicycle Club of Bordentown elect officers for 1888. Bloomfield Cyclers elect officers for 1888. Union County Wheelmen of Westfield elect officers for 1888. Thomas Stevens gave a lecture before the Hudson County Wheelmen, Feb. 16.

New York. Kings County Wheelmen open their new club house in Brooklyn Feb. 21. Long Island Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, held a ladies' night Jan. 30. The Brooklyn Club held a ladies' reception Feb. 15. Regular winter meeting of the board of Officers of the L. A. W. was held at the Grand Union Hotel, New York, March 5. The Harlem Wheelmen's third annual reception took place Feb. 10. The Universal Cycling Club of Brooklyn gave its first reception Feb. 27. G. R. Bidwell, C. C. appoints the following representatives: E. K. Austin, Flatbush; J. M. Warwick, New York and J. R. Knowlson, Troy, Thomas Stevens lectured at Buffalo March 13, under the auspices of the Unitarian Church. Nash, the fancy rider gave an exhibition at the New York Athletic Club Reception Jan. 14. The Troy Club held a very enjoyable entertainment Feb. 6.

Ohio. J. R. Dunn, C. C., of Ohio, makes the following appointments of local consuls: A. H. Brown, Toledo; *vice*, J. M. Tyron; J. A. Kuert, Kenton; *vice*, P. A. Sagebial; M. A. High, Cincinnati; *vice*, C. A. Hampson; C. E. Schilling, Louisville.

Pennsylvania. Philadelphia Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President G. E. Bartol; Secretary-Treasurer, A. H. Blackinton; Captain, E. W. Burt; Lieutenant, W. C. Smith. Lancaster Cycle Touring Club, of Lancaster, elect the following officers for 1888: President, G. F. Kahler; Vice-President, C. A. Sauber; Secretary-Treasurer, C. H. Obreiter; Captain, S. B. Downey. The seventy two hour bicycle race, ended at 11 o'clock Feb. 26, with the following score: Dingley, 900 miles and 4 laps; Knapp, 893 miles and 5 laps; Hollingsworth, 888 miles and 3 laps; McDowell, 858 miles and 1 lap; Rhodes, 749 miles and 1 lap; Ashinger, 660 miles and 2 laps; Whittaker, 328 miles and 8 laps; Neilson, 277 miles and 1 lap; Crocker 204 miles and 9 laps. There was a meeting of the Pennsylvania division of the L. A. W., held Feb. 9th, at Philadelphia, Pa. Pennsylvania Bicycle Club holds a reception Feb. 22. The Williamsport Wheel Club, on Jan. 13th, elect the following officers for 1888: President, W. H. Bloom; Vice-President, Dr. S. S. Koser; Secretary, W. E. Riley; Treasurer, R. A. Housel. The Century Wheelmen held an indoor athletic meeting at their club house March 6.

Tennessee. The Clarkville Cyclers elect the following officers for 1888: Captain, J. R. Wilson Jr.; First Lieutenant, J. D. Herndon; Second Lieutenant, N. Smith; Bugler, W. Parker; Secretary-Treasurer, N. Smith.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Spring meeting of the board of officers of the C. W. A., held at Toronto, Feb. 22. Toronto Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, Harry Kyrle; Vice-President, R. T. Blatchford; Secretary, W. Robins, Treasurer, W. H. West.

COMING EVENTS.

March 19 to 24: Race between the cyclists, W. M. Woodsides and J. Dubois, and the cow boys, M. Beardsley and John Kane, at Royal Aquarium Hall, London, England.

March 20: Annual dinner given by the Dorchester Bicycle Club, of Dorchester, Mass.

March 23: Clarksville Cyclers of Clarksville, Tenn., hold their annual concert and banquet.

March 27: Ladies' Night at the Club Rooms of the Dorchester Bicycle Club, Dorchester, Mass.

April 4: International match race five miles, W. A. Rowe vs. Richard Howell, Leichester, England.

April 7: Race for \$15,000 between A. A. McCurdy and J. S. Prince, at Lynn, Mass.

April 28: International match race, one mile, W. A. Rowe vs. Richard Howell, Wolverhampton, England.

May 12: International match race, ten miles, W. A. Rowe vs. Richard Howell, Coventry, England.

Colorado Notes.

Seeing that an article on winter riding in California is about to appear in your March issue, I thought that it would be a pretty good time to inform your readers of the kind of winter riding we have here in Denver. I know you'll agree with me that it was winter when the thermometer was 18° below zero. But that was only for two days and then it didn't interfere with our roads, made us a little cold when riding, but the exercise soon warmed us up.

At zero we feel very comfortable, but then we can and do stand it much warmer out here. 60° has been the average here for the last two weeks and at times away up above that. In fact we get along most of the time with our summer uniforms the weather is so warm.

At this time of the year the roads are at their best, hard, even stretches of ground for a mile in some places, no mud, a little snow occasionally to keep the dust down, and last but not least, no road rogs. We are not apt to be troubled with them either, as they have had an example here in which the road hogs got the worst of it, one receiving sentence of sixty days in jail and \$100 fine; the other getting six months and \$60 fine. Being one of the prosecuting witnesses is it any wonder I brag a little of the handsome lesson we taught them. As I was saying, the roads are of the best, the bridges kept in the best repair, (the road don't need repairing,) and the weather never cutting off more than three weeks riding in a whole season. Our wheels don't get a chance to get dusty even, as I know they do laying around the house in the east. All this may tempt your many readers to shower me with "Rats," but it is all straight, and any reliable wheelman that has ever been in our city will back what I say, even to the 18° below nothing, which is a fact.

The officers of Social Wheel Club are as follows: President, A. Banks; Secretary, Geo. D. Inman; Assistant Sec'y., E. S. Hartwell; Treasurer, F. H. Wright; Captain, F. N. Coleman; 1st. Lieutenant, Arthur Kelly; 2d. Lieut., C. A. Rivers; 3d. Lieut., Louis Black; Bugler, Henry Hemer.

The above club on their first run to Littleton, (eleven miles south), had 51 wheelmen participate, and their milage amounted to 1122 miles. The Social Wheel Club members number 58, which for an organization of only six weeks is first rate; they will have a hundred members before July.

VELOS.

At the annual meeting of the stock-holders of the John Wilkinson Company of Chicago, held Feb. 21, the following directors were elected: M. Bryant, Geo. D. Conklin, W. F. Conklin, Orlando Ware, D. P. Wilkinson and John Wilkinson. The newly elected Board of Directors held a meeting on this date, and elected the following officers: President, John Wilkinson; Vice-President, Geo. D. Conklin; Treasurer, Orlando Ware; Secretary, W. F. Conklin.

Pastime has began a series of articles on training, by its editor, Malcolm W. Ford.

One of our contemporaries announces that they want to double their subscription list. Cannot some enthusiastic friend send them a dozen or so subscribers and grant their modest request?

The Ladies' Bicycle.

The Smith National Cycle Manufacturing Co. opened their factory on Water street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, southwest, last night for the first display of a new ladies' bicycle and tandem bicycle. It is designed for use by either sex, but is especially adapted to the use of ladies. It is the only bicycle now made upon which a lady can ride. From the following some idea of the machinery may be gathered:

The ladies bicycle consists of a 30-inch rear driving wheel and a 24-inch front steering wheel connected by a U shaped frame, with ample space between the seat and handle bar to allow freedom to the skirts for graceful mounting and dismounting. The seat is stationed directly over the front of the rear wheel, with the pedals immediately beneath, so that when seated the lady stands in a vertical position over the pedals and appears in motion to be walking instead of upheld by the seat. The frame to which the pedals are attached, is low to the ground, enables the machine to be worked with perfect ease and without awkwardness or disarrangement of skirts. The machine by an endless chain is geared to a 54 inch wheel, thus permitting the rider to sit low to the ground and yet have all the speed of a 54-inch wheel, traveling 14 feet at each revolution of the crank, or seven feet at each step, thus attaining a high rate of speed with the same exertion expended in a slow walk.

The Tandem Bicycle is composed of one 32-inch driving and one 24-inch front steering wheel, with a connecting frame dropping low to the ground and running forward entirely beneath the feet of the front rider, thus having no gearing or frame of any kind in front of the forward rider, the handle-bars extending from the rear around to the side of the forward rider. Both riders sit directly over the rear wheel and drive it by two sets of pedals and endless chains. The steering and balancing is entirely under the control of the rear rider, making it unnecessary that the front one shall know anything about cycling. Timid ladies who have never been on any kind of cycle can ride on the front seat of this one without holding on to the handle-bars

The company has built only three of these machines as yet, which were ridden in turn by Miss Elda Tegeler, Miss Geneva Wise, Miss Francis M. Smith, Miss Bordley, of Baltimore; Miss King, daughter of J. H. King, cashier of the Western Union Telegraph Company; Miss Xander and Mrs. Moulton. Many of the gentlemen riders, of whom there were large numbers present, tried the new machines, and all were enthusiastic in their praises of it. Among the company present were many of Washington's solid business men, in many cases accompanied by ladies.—*The Capital. Washington D. C.*

FLINT, MICH., Feb. 14, 1888.

With my renewal for '88 I wish to say a few words of praise for the GAZETTE. Of all the wheel papers that come to my desk, and I'm a subscriber to all the leading ones, there is none that I peruse with more pleasure than the GAZETTE. I say "pleasure," for it is pleasant to read one cycle paper that is humorous as well as instructive; and with a continuance of such articles as have appeared in the last number, the GAZETTE ought and will be very interesting to new as well as old readers. If you continue as you have started—and I've no doubt you will, judging from your past success with the Record—the GAZETTE will take its place among monthlies where the Record was among weeklies—"At the Head." Wishing you every possible success, I am gratefully yours,
J. ELMER PRATT.

A wheelman went gaily forth with his lantern the other night, says the *Providence Journal*, It was on the Riverside-road, and it was dark. The lantern's rays, however, brightened the way satisfactorily; and the cyclist was familiar with the road. Suddenly a big hole in the ground yawned before him. He whirled his wheel about just in time to avoid it. A moment afterwards he narrowly escaped another hole, also a big one. Then there was another. The road was full of holes, and in avoiding one he swirled alongside of a second, and barely avoided that to dive towards one on the other side. And, with a violent yank at the handles, he brought up right over still another; and his big wheel would have plunged straight into it if he had n't got off. The funny part of it was that when he got off he could n't find the holes anywhere. He looked at his lantern; and there on the lens was a leaf which had blown up and stuck there. It was n't a very big leaf, but it was big enough to make a shadow like a bottomless pit.

Arrival of W. A. Rowe.

HOWELL READY TO RIDE.

W. A. Rowe, the American Champion, arrived in the *Germania*, at Queenstown, on Friday, after a pleasant voyage, and on Saturday landed at Liverpool, where he was met by Woodside, Temple. H. P.

Ellis, and other local cyclists. He describes himself as feeling very well. His height is 5 feet 9 inches, and weight when trained 12 stone.

Rowe brings with him three "Columbia" racers, and will ride as a member of the Lynn C. C. Mr. W. S. Allen, of that club accompanies him, and acts as his backer.

Howell, though the *Sporting Life* has expressed his willingness to meet Rowe at one, five or ten miles, the first race to take place on the 14th. of April, and the stakes to be \$500 a side per match. Howell, after getting through with Rowe, will meet Temple. This seems more like common sense, than for Howell to meet two Americans for the championship. The columns of the *Sporting Life* will keep wheelmen posted daily in the position of affairs.—*Wheeling.*



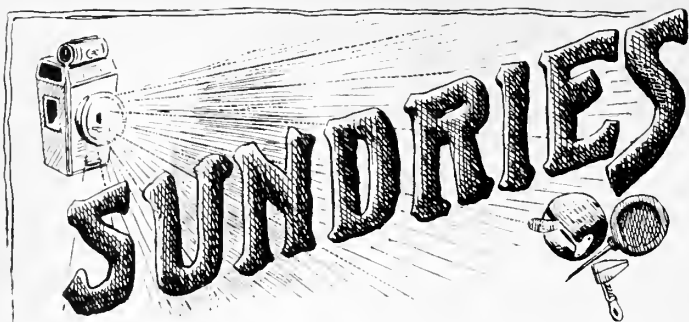
THE VICTOR JUNIOR.

It may be interesting for our readers to know that Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. were the first importers of English wheels in this country; and the English Challenge wheels, which were once sold by the Pope Mfg. Co., came through their hands, as have most of the English machines during the last ten years, although their name has never appeared in the transactions. They still control the agency of the Rudge in a wholesale way, as Mr. H. M. Saben will continue the distributive part of the business through his numerous agents. Mr. H. D. Corey still retains his interest in the Rudge business, and divides his time between the Rudge and Columbia headquarters.

The Victor Junior.

The latest addition to the Victor family, made by the Overman Wheel Co., is the Victor Junior; it is intended to lead the field in boys wheels. It is made in seven sizes, from 38 to 50 inches, and sells from \$45.00 to \$75.00.

Mr. Ralph Turnbull, a cyclist living in Newcastle, Australia, is described as a man who races from the word "go" to the finish. He is described as being extremely popular and admired because of his plucky, dashing method of riding. We commend this method to the milk-and-water-highly-intellectual theorists. Would that the Turnbulls were more numerous.



Do you want to change your mount next season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word.

A bicycle at the Stanley Show scales eleven pounds.

The Stanley Show number of the *Cyclist* contains 124 pages.

Daisie thinks *perhaps* the coming woman will ride the bicycle.

W. W. Stall is taking his usual winter tour down New Jersey way.

There is but one female bicycle rider in the U. S., but she is as old as sixty.

Eleven pounds is the weight of a 55-inch racing bicycle made in England.

Thomas Stevens' bicycle was on exhibition at the Stanley Show in London.

The Coventry Machinists' Co., Limited, have opened a branch establishment at Paris.

The bicyclist carries a lantern at night so that he may not run over himself with his wheel.

Pastime is a new weekly devoted to sport. It essays to cover all branches of athletics and sports.

More than twenty physicians in Washington, D. C., use the tricycle in making professional visits.

The Thorndike Bicycle Club, of Beverly, Mass., have in daily operation a successful toboggan slide.

The N. C. U. has voted to abolish road-racing. Any amateur indulging in it is disqualified, under their new rule.

The *Saratogian* will be consolidated with the *Outing*, Dr J. H. Worman, of the former, having purchased the latter.

The new local cycling organization in the Quaker City has been named the Association Cycling Club of Philadelphia.

St. Louis wheelmen are running up a winter cycling record by riding to the various skating ponds, which abound in the suburbs of that city.

Charles P. Daniels will look after the training interests of the racing men who attempt to get the Springfield Roadsters there the coming season.

Australia is now enjoying the height of the cycling season. Green grass, balmy breezes, straw hats and palm-leaf fans are the order of the day.

He Fell Off the Train.—Railroad Man—"Are you badly hurt, sir?"
Victim—"Hurt; naw! Do you suppose I've practiced bicycle riding for nothing."

Denver, Col. has a new monthly devoted to cycling and kindred sports, *Sports Afield*. We are in receipt of the first issue and like its looks. May it be successful.

Probably there is no period in a young man's life when he is tossed about by shifting currents of uncertainty as for the first nine seconds after mounting a bicycle.

The *Scientific American* under date of Feb. 18, gives a very complete description and illustration of the steam tricycle invented by Messrs. Dillon, Couten & Trepardoux.

The Bicycle house of A. W. Gump, Dayton, Ohio, will hereafter be known as A. W. Gump & Co., as the Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company have taken an interest as special partners.

Miss Ella: "I hear by your friends that you are a Heaven-born racer, Mr. Kluge."

Mr. Kluge: "Oh, no, they flatter me, I was born in Jersey."

Will our Australian, English and Irish exchanges be kind enough to change our address on their books from Springfield, Mass. to Indianapolis, Ind., and thus oblige us and the Post Office Authorities.

It's a pretty heavy strain on a man's memory to keep the figures of his mileage in mind when he gets into four figures. This should be remembered when we hear stories of records which are hard to believe.

An Englishman leaves a sum of money, the income of which is to go towards keeping a certain specified highway in order. Rich wheelmen will please take the hint, and immediately put a new clause in their wills.

Mr. and Mrs. Jo Pennell will have in an early number of *Longman's Magazine* an account of a tour through France. The article will be called "Our Sentimental Journey." Of course Jo's pencil will embellish the contribution.

A current magazine has an article entitled, "Are Women Companionable to Men?" Its author intends to complete the series with essays on "Will a Duck Swim?" "Is it Possible to take a Fall from a Bicycle?" "Does Death Prove Fatal?"

"Did you ever ride a bicycle, Mr. Winterwheat?"

"No, said the old man," "but I once stepped into an elevator well and fell down four stories in three-tenths of a second. That's enough for me, I'm getting too old for much excitement."

Mr. R. E. Phillips, of London, England, writes us:—It may interest your readers to know that the number of applications for patents relating to cycles filed during the year 1887 is 469. This is an increase of 51 over the number filed in 1886, but less than the number filed in the years 1884 and 1885, which were 646 and 559 respectively.

Hear the robin's joyous note
And the festive callope
Trilling on the crisp March air,
For the wheelman and the robin
And the violet are bobbin'
Up serenely, almost everywhere.

Mr. S. H. Sherman comes bravely to the front with a proposition to race Messrs. Greenwood and Wells up Corey Hill. His proposition is to start the three men up Corey, and the man who stays on his machine the longest, to win the race. Mr. Sherman is willing to put up \$25, if the other men will also put up \$25 each. The \$75 thus subscribed to be put into a fine medal, or \$50 to be thus applied, and the winning man to receive his \$25 entrance fee back. Mr. Sherman also suggests that the Boston club take charge of the details of the contest and superintend the affair. Mr. Sherman is in earnest, and would like to hear from Mr. Wells and Mr. Greenwood, and so would we. Mr. Sherman further says he would like to have the contest take place some time in May or during the first week in July.

Quaker City Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1888.

The ninth annual meeting of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club was held at their club house, Twenty-Sixth and Perot Streets last Wednesday evening. A banquet followed the meeting.

The mid-winter cycling tournament, under the management of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club and the Century Wheelmen attracted fully one thousand people, many of whom were ladies to the Elite Rink Thursday evening. The first event was a one mile race between Murray Kilman, of Reading, and John S. Bradley, of the South Pennsylvania Club, and was won easily by Bradley in 4 minutes and 9½ seconds.

The one mile Century Wheelmen race was between M. J. Bailey and Frank Spasburger. The latter held the lead until the sixth lap, when he was passed by Bailey, who won easily in 4 minutes and 15 seconds.

The next event was a one mile professional race between Crocker and Rhoads. There was intense excitement through this race and it ended in a close finish. Crocker took the lead in the first six laps, when Rhoads passed him and maintained the lead until the last lap, when Crocker again shot ahead on the home stretch and won in 3 minutes and 7½ seconds.

In the South End Wheelmen race, which was a very exciting one, there were three starters, it was won by John A. Green, in 3 minutes and 19 seconds.

The two mile professional race was between S. G. Whittaker, of Chicago, and W. F. Knapp, of Denver, Col. This proved to be the best race of the evening. Whittaker took the lead and held it for five laps, when by a great spurt, Knapp passed him and held the lead until the twenty-second lap, when Whittaker again passed the Denver champion and won in six minutes and 6¾ seconds. Knapp made the first mile in 2 minutes and 58½ seconds. The finish was very close.

The one mile Camden Wheelmen race was between Geo. N. Shong and Haley B. Weaver, it was won by Weaver, by about one foot, in 3 minutes and 20 seconds.

The one mile open race was between M. J. Bailey, who took the lead and held it to the finish, defeating W. J. Wilhelm, of Reading, the present State Champion, by about two lengths, in three minutes and 14¾ seconds.

The next event was a five mile professional race between F. E. Dingley of Minneapolis, and S. P. Hollingsworth, of Indiana. This was a close race between these two great riders, first one leading and then the other until the race was finished. Dingley made the first mile in 3 min. and 8 sec., and the second in 6 min. and 18 sec. and won the race by about two feet in 16 minutes and 10 seconds.

The concluding event of the evening was the one mile Inter-Club race, which proved to be a very exciting match between M. J. Bailey, of the Century Wheelmen, and John A. Green, of the South End Wheelmen. Bailey held the lead for the first eight laps, when amid great applause Green forged ahead and won by a quarter of a lap in 3 minutes and 12¾ seconds, the best amateur time made during the evening.

QUAKER.

When Karl Kron formulated his "prospectus of Dec. 3, 1883," he invited "dollar subscriptions for a book of 300 pages;" and if he had used the coarse type which is commonly used for subscription books (250 words to the page), the amount of matter received by each subscriber for his dollar would have been less than that contained in the advertising pamphlet which Karl Kron is now distributing gratis. This is entitled "Newspaper Notices of 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle,'" and comprises 132 pages of about 80,000 words. The sending of a postal card to the University Building, Washington Square, N. Y., will suffice to secure a copy from the publisher, who writes to us that "Having invested \$12,000 in my Encyclopedia of Wheeling, I now expend an additional \$500 in circulating 5,000 copies of this monster advertisement of it. I also give a 'free advertisement' to the GAZETTE, and the other surviving members of the cycling press.

Simpson county, Kentucky, has voted a special tax of \$100,000 to be expended in macadamizing all roads from the county seat to the county line.

Buzzings From New Jersey.

NEWARK, FEB. 27, 1888.

We have had snow; we have got snow and I suppose we will have more snow until there 's snow more to send us. We have also had an elegant sufficiency of ice and slush for the past few weeks, and riding has remained at almost a stand still. Now and then one will run across a "lone wheelman," trying manfully to prevent the "frost king" from chewing off the tips of his ears or the ends of his fingers. We are willing to credit these riders with being plucky, but as for accompanying them for any distance—no, thanks, we 'll take ours strait.

About the only really interesting piece of news I have run across since my last letter, is in regard to the change in the ownership of the Roseville track. It has been taken for granted that the New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association had tidied over its troubles of last fall, and that it would be in condition to boom the sport for all there was in it during the coming season. When it became generally known that it had been compelled, for the want of a few hundreds of dollars, to allow the fine property to slip through its fingers, those who have expected to see it gain a firm foot hold in 1888 were thunderstruck.

A big Star boom is expected by the Smithville people and they are getting in good shape to meet it. The Star bicycles will be much lighter than heretofore, their Crippler for grown persons will be ready and, what is expected to smother everything else, is the Star tandem. For hill climbing this latter ought to certainly top anything, but for speed I don't just catch on to how they're going to get it. But we can tell more about it when we have seen and tried the machine.

At the annual meeting of the Orange Wanderers here Feb. 15th., Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Baldwin, Messers. Day and Cowdry resigned from the club. The resignations of Messers Booth, Wallace, Van Nest and Crans were not accepted and it is thought will be withdrawn. Three new members were elected. It was also unanimously resolved to continue as a league club for 1888. The following officers were elected: President, R. M. Sanger; Vice-President, W. A. Belcher; Secretary-Treasurer, J. L. Gilmour; Captain, C. W. Freman; 1st. Lieutenant, F. P. Jewitt; 2nd. Lieut., R. S. Miller; Executive Committee at Large, Mrs. L. H. Johnson; Mrs. F. R. Frederick; and J. Warren Smith.

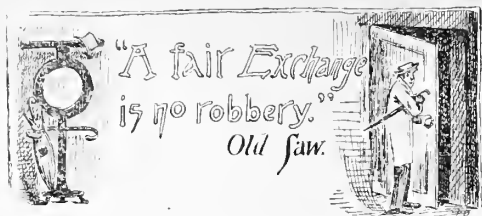
EAGLE ROCK.

Very High Church.



"Hello, Jimmy old fellow, what in the world are you doing on that outlandish machine?"

"Well, you see the fact is I'm keeping Lent. And as I've given up bicycle riding till after Easter, I'm riding this as a sort of penance, you know."



"Turn, turn my wheel." *Longfellow*

"You fellows make me tired," spoke the wheel to the hub. "You ought not to run around so much." *Town Topics.*

That the bicycle should be added to the resources of cheap and healthy enjoyment is undoubtedly a cause for universal enjoyment. *London Telegraph.*

"The little things in life are what cause us the most pain," murmured Bangs, one day, as he sought in vain for a ball that had dropped from his bearing in the dust. *Bulletin.*

Mr. Dann, of Buffalo, says that "bicycling is bad for the heart." We think it may be, for wheelmen were ever susceptible to the fascinations of the fair sex, and we know of several that have completely lost their hearts. *Bulletin.*

"Who knows but before the next century dawns it will be recognized that the inventor of the bicycle has done more to revolutionize the religious, moral and social ideas of mankind than all the philosophers of our time?" *Pall Mall Gazette.*

Chief Consul F. A. Elwell, of the L. A. W., of Maine, is arranging a bicycle tour through England and Ireland in 1889. He states that probably a party of 30 wheelmen will leave New York in June, 1889 for England. *Ex.*

For the past five years I have seldom been free from a jaded, worn feeling. I bought a bicycle. I now feel as exuberant as when a boy. I laugh—I work—I sleep. The bicycle for utility or pleasure is not half appreciated by those who do not ride. *Rev. Ward Platt, Larencerville, Pa.*

It is too bad we cannot have a square race amongst the professionals. So used are we to their rank hippodromes that no one can convince us that they can run an honest race—unless Sam Hollingsworth was in it. You can gamble on Sam's honesty. *Lynn Item.*

The consolation race—women. *Puck.*

Hosts of health seeking, fun-loving and vivacious men and women of all ages are seen on these "steeds of steel," the bicycle and tricycle, every day, in our large public parks and highways. *School Journal.*

It is safe to say that girls will make better wives and mothers for being wide awake and full of joyous life, and nothing so conducive to these conditions has ever been given to women as the tricycle. *Australian Cycling News.*

The small-pox scare in Tasmania has laid cycling aside for a time, but we hear from a correspondent that, now the malady is disappearing, cyclists are making their appearance everywhere like so many bees out of a hive. The season on the island is now beautiful and decidedly attractive for touring. *Dec. No. of Australian Cycling News.*

They are getting the thing down pretty fine in the sport of base ball when they start a detective system to watch how each member of the different teams behave. An espionage similar to this might be a good thing in the cycling ranks. We then could perhaps find some interesting thing, in regard to how really pure the simeon pure amateur is. *Bi. World.*

Some folks think bicycles are dangerous because they are engaged in so many land grabs.

'T is only twelve years since the bicycle in its crude form began to attract serious attention in England. If the improvement in machines could only be proportionate during the coming twelve years and the increase in riders also in proportion, what a glorious future we would have to look forward to!—*Ex.*

"I take all my exercise in a gymnasium," said a gentleman to us the other day, in reply to our inquiry why he did not take to cycling. A gymnasium is all right as far as it goes but it is as water compared with the richness of wine when comparison is made with the benefits to be derived from cycling. Can the benefit to be derived in exercising in the comparatively vitiated air of the gymnasium be likened to life-giving air of the country? The gymnasium is, however, better than nothing. *Bi. World.*

A new bicycle is called the road-sculler. It is a complete adaptation of the rowing action, with a sliding seat, to a tricycle. None of these machines will be perfect until something is invented to enable a man to wheel himself home in a wheelbarrow, accompanied by an automatic attachment that will take his boots off and find his night-key. *N. O. Picayune.*

The invention of the tricycle, and its rapid advance to the present state of mechanical perfection, is, I am firmly persuaded, the greatest boon to American women that the country has brought. Coming simutanously with the conviction that "bodily exercise profiteth" much for women kind, it provides a way to take that exercise which is at once fascinating, graceful, invigorating, and healthful. *Scientific American.*

REDUCING THE SURPLUS.



Mr. Oldcodger's Method of Revenue Reform.

In bicycles there is a revival for the old ordinary. A few years ago there was an endeavor to get machines as close built and upright as possible, with the natural consequence that danger increased tenfold and accidents were numerous. This led to the furore in, first of all, mere dwarf machines, then dwarf safeties. Now that ordinary bicycles are built in a more sensible shape, a good many riders are likely to return to their old love, and desert the low for the high wheel. *Sewing Machine and Cycle News.*

Mrs. Briggs—Now that your son has returned from college, do you feel repaid for your outlay for his education? Did he take any prizes? Mrs. Squiggs—Oh, yes, mum, yes, indeed. he got a medal for what he calls cycling, and he must be high up in mathematics, for he says he learned four new curves. *Omaha Republican.*

There is a standing army in this republican land. A well organized, well drilled, well uniformed, well equipped, and well officered

army, which in numbers is superior to the armies by which some of the most famous battles of history were won. It is an army of peace and pleasure and not of war. A mounted army, but its steeds are not of flesh and blood. Still they are of the best metal. In a word, they are bicycles. *N. Y. World.*

In view of the fact that the League will meet in Baltimore, the following United States official table of distances may be interesting. The figures show the distance in miles of each city from Baltimore: Boston, 418; Buffalo, 402; Chicago, 802; Cincinnati 593; Cleveland 474; Denver, 1,827; Detroit, 653; Elmira, 256; Hagerstown, 85; Harrisburg, 85; Hartford, 301; Indianapolis, 704; Kansas City, 1,211; Milwaukee, 887; Minneapolis, 1,222; New Orleans, 1,150; New York, 188; Philadelphia, 97; Pittsburg, 334; Providence, 377; St. Louis, 934; San Francisco, 3,156; Scranton, 220; Washington, 40.

Thomas Roe of Chicago, who was the backer of Alex McCurdy in the latter's bogus match with Whittaker, of Minneapolis, has begun suit in the Hennepin County Court for the recovery of the \$6,000 which he deposited with S. Wood, the final stake holder.

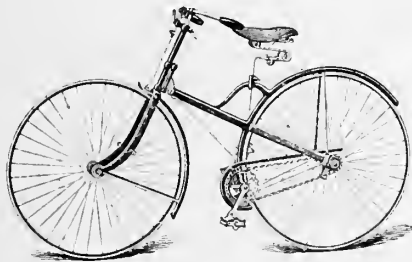
The best formula for an iron tonic is the bicycle.

Rover Type Safety.

BY H. D. COREY.

THE demand for bicycles of the "Safety" type is materially increasing among a large class of riders, who, wisely recognizing the wheel as a valuable means to health and recreation, or as a business convenience, incline neither on the one hand to the employment of the regular bicycle with its contingent possibilities, nor on the other to the staid reliability of the tricycle. Composed largely as this class of active men of all ages, whose vocations and convenience or natural inclinations render even the slight existing chance of accident an undesirable thing, the element of special security against falls must be embodied in a machine to fill their wants without detracting materially from that satisfaction which the mastery of a well constructed bicycle can afford to any man in the full possession of his powers.

This desired element of safety in a bicycle is best reached by the use of smaller wheels than the ordinary type, bringing the saddle nearer to the ground and at the same time well back of the front wheel, and by carrying the point of application of power lower than the driving-wheel axle, so materially lowering the rider's center of gravity and reducing to a minimum his tendency to be carried over the handle-bar when the machine's speed is suddenly checked. The crank-and-chain driving-gear has been generally accepted as the most effective method of applying the power; and while both front and rear-driving types have their advocates, the latter undoubtedly holds the balance of favor at present and is going into the widest use.



Having just returned from a trip through the West, I find that more questions are asked about this type of machine than of almost any other. To the question, "Is it fast?" I can simply point to the performance of Mr. G. P. Mills, who accomplished 294 miles in twenty-four hours on this type of machine. This was his first attempt, but before the close of the year 1888, I feel that many of the road records will be held on this pattern safety.

When this machine first appeared in England, a great many questions were asked concerning its advantages and disadvantages. The latter were practically nill and I give below some of the former: Perfect immunity from headers; very great brake power; great power up hill; on account of its dwarf form, it does not offer as great a resistance to the head winds as the ordinary bicycle; less vibration and bumping; Ability to ride where ordinary or tricycle could not venture; no slipping when driving up hill; maximum of speed with minimum of exertion; comfortable foot rests; less splashing from mud and wet; saddles and handles can be raised at will.

A number of riders have told me that they would like to ride the machine if it were not so awkward and ugly in shape, but could they once ride it and realize its many good points, any little feeling that they might have about the looks would disappear at once. In a general way, there is very little difference between any machines of this type of safety, but being a great believer in simplicity of design and mechanical construction, the less parts one has in a machine the less he has to take care of. While I do not intend for a moment to convey the impression that I should go so far as to neglect comfort for speed and durability, still I think that some riders believe more in the former than the latter; for I have seen in England in my last trip, various machines of complicated design which were very comfortable as far as riding was concerned, but there were other objections such as weight, complication of design and unsteadiness of steering that took away to a great extent the pleasure of its use.

One objection which some have for this type of machine is the weight, but there is so much strain upon the back-bone and rear

wheel that to build it light is courting breakages at once, and I do not think any safety of this type that weighs under forty-six or forty-eight pounds is sufficiently strong to stand the wear and tear of our American roads. Good size tires should be fitted to the wheels, and oiling and cleaning of the chains should be especially looked after. Care should be taken that the reach on this machine should be more than on the ordinary bicycle, and the pedals should be extended the full length of the cranks. The handles should be raised a trifle higher than the saddle unless for very rough hill work, where a better grip can be obtained if they are placed at a slightly lower point.

I am a firm believer of the hinge joint steering, and if the rider's machine is so constructed that the center of steering is in a line with the point of contact with the wheel on the ground, the machine can be steered as easily as an ordinary bicycle. I am not a believer in the ball head in its present state and if it was a decided advantage, I cannot help but believe that the other makers in England would attach it to this type of machine, for if ever it was necessary to have great adjustability, it is in the steering head of this type of safety, for unlike the ordinary bicycle the action of the rider's feet on the pedals has no control whatever on the front wheel, and the steering is done almost entirely with the hands. I do not think a gear over fifty-three or fifty-four is best for ordinary road riding although some machines with fifty-six or sixty gear have done very excellent work on the path.

I do not think that this type of safety will take the place of the ordinary bicycle, still it will bring into the ranks of riders many older persons who have never ridden before, and who have as yet failed to discover the pleasures of cycling.

"St. Patrick's Day in the Marnin'."

Och! Murphy, bring your two track trike
And set it here by mine,
Now, tell that worthless saplin, Mike
To bring his wheel in line.
We'll paint them with a coat of green,
And then won't they look gay?
No finer sight will e'er be seen
On any St. Patrick's day!

Chorus

O send the cops ahead, Indade!
To give the people warnin',
The Shamrock Wheelmen will parade
St. Patrick's day in the marnin'!

Come, Flinigan, trot your tandem out,
We'll need it after while;
Ted, bring your dlukey! I should shout,
We'll do it up in style.
Here's Father Mack on his safety wheel,
And Ryan, too. Horay!
I'm after callin' this, a real
High toned St. Patrick's day!

Chorus.

An' faith we'll need an ambelence
So harness up the goat!
Then if there's any fightin' done
Why, everybody 'll know it.
O'Rafferty's got his cudgel
Tied onto his handle bar,
An' if anyone guys the Shamrock Club,
It's sure to bring on war.

Chorus.

O send the cops ahead, Indade!
To give the people warnin',
The Shamrock Wheelmen will parade
St. Patrick's day in the marnin'!

G. S. D.

Wheelmen think more of revolutions than of resolutions.

The *Sewing Machine and Cycle News* has a column headed "Stars and Stripes," given over to items of American news.

The *Philadelphia Sunday Item* has a column and a half of wheel news every week, and is quoted very often by the regular cycling periodicals.

General Lord Wolseley has expressed himself in favor of a cyclists' corps for home service. He wants the cyclers to be separate and extra, so that the present strength of the regular and volunteer force might not be weakened by drawing on their numbers

Bicycling in Wild Countries.

HERE and there, at distant points, I happened to make the acquaintance of some wild animal; but my adventures with them were hardly of a very thrilling nature, except perhaps in the case of the mountain lion in Nevada.

Early one morning I was trundling my bicycle through a narrow canon in the Humboldt Mountains, when, turning a corner, I saw right ahead of me a tawny mountain lion. The lion was only about a hundred yards away, and was walking leisurely along ahead of me thinking of anything, no doubt, but the presence of a human being at so short a distance in the rear.

I had seen the Rocky Mountain lion before, and always regarded him as a rather cowardly sort of animal, though I well knew him to be an ugly customer if cornered and rendered desperate.

I was armed at this time with a "British bull-dog" revolver, a very excellent weapon at close quarters, but of little use to shoot anything a hundred yards away. Few persons could resist the temptation of shooting at a wild animal under the circumstances in which I found this mountain lion, and to me it was irresistible.

Expecting to see him make a wild leap into the underbrush that was growing by the side of the trail, I sent a bullet spinning after him from my pistol. Whether it struck him or not I cannot say, but I think it must at least have stung him a little and roused his temper, for instead of plunging into the brush, he turned savagely around and bit wildly at the ground. He then came bounding rapidly toward me until he was within twenty paces, where he halted and crouched as if intending to make a spring. Laying his cat-like head almost on the ground, his round eyes flashing fire and his long tail waving to and fro, he was a savage and dangerous looking animal.

Crouching behind the bicycle to shield myself as much as possible should he make a spring, I took aim at his head and fired again. The bullet struck the ground just in front of his head, and threw the gravel in his face. Very likely some of the gravel went in his wicked looking round eyes, for he now sprang up to his feet, shook his head violently and hurried off into the bushes.

The reason I did not hit him the last time I fired was because I was out of practice with my revolver, for I never felt more calm and collected under any circumstances than when aiming at the lion's head. It doesn't matter so much for rifle shooting, but to be accurate with a pistol it is necessary to practise daily.

It was perhaps fortunate, after all, that I did not wound him, for that would only have made him desperate and more likely to attack me, and it is not likely that a pistol ball would have killed him.

Two wolves followed me some distance down the Truckee River Canon after dusk one evening, keeping quite a respectful distance behind, as though anxious, yet afraid, to come closer.

Nearing the Goose Creek range of mountains, in the same inter-mountain territory, I observed a pair of full grown cinnamon bears among the sage brush and juniper spruce shrubs, a short distance off to the right. The bears were standing bolt upright on their hind legs, staring with a great deal of interest at my movements. This discovery was anything but pleasant, for although bears, like most other wild animals, instinctively run away from man, the cinnamon bear is not a cowardly animal and has often been known to commence the attack.

There was no road but a dim trail through the sage brush, hardly suitable for riding a bicycle at all, and not at all suitable for riding fast, so that there was no such thing as taking to flight.

I stood and looked at them a moment to try and make out whether they meant to attack me, and then shaped my course so as to leave them as far off to the right as possible. They remained on their hind feet, gazing after me as intently as ever, as though undecided whether to follow me or to run away, until I had wheeled a hundred yards. To my great relief they then strolled off in a leisurely way toward the mountains.

I am inclined to think that these two bruins were deeply impressed by the strange appearance of my bicycle, and I can easily imagine my wheel on this occasion to have stood between its rider and a pair of very ugly customers.

One night I was resting in a little *dak* bungalow on the outskirts of a village in the Punjab, when the wild screech of a leopard just outside the bungalow awakened the echoes of the jungle. The voices of night birds and jackals that had previously disturbed my

slumbers were hushed into deepest stillness at once, as if all smaller creatures had been terrified by the voice of the dread night prowler into silence and awe.

The door had been left wide open, on account of the great heat, and I fully expected to hear the stealthy foot-steps of the leopard on the floor of the bungalow, and to see his eyes shining through the darkness like the eyes of a cat. I had quickly made up my mind that the best thing to do was to lie quite still, for the night was pitch dark, and my only weapon was a revolver.

As I lay there intently listening, and withal deeply impressed by the great hush that the one wild scream of the leopard seemed to have imposed upon every living thing within hearing of its voice, I felt something alight on the bed at my feet. It lightness told me at once that it could not be the leopard, and I concluded that it was some smaller animal that in its terror at the leopard had sought the interior of the bungalow and leaped upon my couch. I was the sole occupant of the bungalow, and to have an unknown animal leap on my bed to escape a leopard just outside the open door was not exactly pleasant, to say the least.

Another unearthly screech from the leopard seem to proclaim that ferocious brute even nearer to my quarters than before, and the pitter patter of still another animal was heard on the bungalow floor. Something had to be done, I concluded, for it would never do to have Mr. Leopard follow these frightened creatures, whatever they were, into the bungalow, or, once inside, he might not be very careful in discriminating between me and them.

Kicking the intruder off the bed with a fling of the sheets, I gave a loud "she-e-h!" I heard the animal leap to the floor as I kicked at him, but he did not seem to move away after striking the floor, and in a minute he hopped upon the bed again.

Kicking him off again, I pulled my revolver from underneath my pillow and fired a shot up into the thatched roof. All was silent as the grave for a minute or two after the shot, and then I heard the dread voice of the leopard away off in the jungle, he having apparently been frightened away by the shot. The ordinary noises of the night in the Indian jungle soon returned after the departure of the leopard, and the little animals intruded on my privacy no more that night.

In China, and particularly in the bamboo thickets of the southern portion of the country, there are a great many tigers; but the most dangerous animals in the Celestial Kingdom are those with two legs, *i. e.*, John Chinaman himself. Not that the Chinese are a quarrelsome and warlike people at heart, but they regard the life of a foreigner as of very little consequence, and seem ever ready to gather into a mob for the purpose of doing him violence.

At the time I bicycled through their country, certain districts were stirred up like a nest of angry hornets over the French attacks in Tonquin. The ignorant people of the interior know no distinction between French, English or American; to them we are all *fankwax*, or foreign devils.

One evening at dusk I was the object of an unprovoked attack by the whole male population of a small village. They seemed wild with rage, and fully intended to take my life, although I could not understand in the least what the trouble was about.

The paths were smooth enough just there to enable me to get away and conceal myself in a dense bamboo jungle. This jungle was on an island, separated from the mainland by a side channel of the Pe-Kiang River, at that time almost dry. Opposite my place of concealment, about three hundred yards away, was another village.

As I lay there in the dark I could see the people running about with torches, and could distinctly hear my pursuers from the other village shouting out to the villagers opposite, asking them if they had seen anything of the *fankwax*. Long before daybreak next morning, I crossed the bed of the stream above the village and continued on my way, never knowing from one hour to another whether the people I came to would be friendly or hostile.

Two weeks later I was rescued by the Chinese officials from a mob of two thousand people who wanted to burn me alive. The officials would not let me bicycle any farther after this, but kept me under the protection of a guard of soldiers, and sent me out of the country in native boats called *sampans*.—*Thomas Stevens in Harper's Young People.*

The bicycle is not a spring product. It is a fall machine.

Mid-Winter Wheeling in California.

By JOSEPH J. BLISS.

ON January 15, 1888, I took a ride on my wheel (54-inch New Mail), around the Bay of San Francisco, distance about ninety miles, and have thought that perhaps some of the readers of the GAZETTE might like to see an account of it. Not that I consider the ride a remarkable one, or that I am able to put an account of it in a very readable shape, having had little experience in the way of writing; and I have seen it stated somewhere that it takes a clever writer to make a readable account of a bicycle trip, therefore my only reason for thinking it might be at all interesting is on account of the time of year it was made, being the coldest snap ever experienced in this vicinity, so far as I am able to learn. The Eastern rider may like to hear that in some sections of the United States riding is practicable in mid-winter, and that in the land of the "glorious climate," even during the years when the winter is unusually severe, there are only a few days when riding is impracticable.

California wheelmen will, I think, like to see the subject in print, even though there be nothing new for them to read about, for I think that many like to read about what they are themselves most familiar with and in which they are per consequence most interested in. I have myself thought that I should appreciate it if the cycling press occasionally gave detailed accounts of rides, with minute particularity, so that they would be of benefit to a wheelman desiring to go over the same ground. With this somewhat lengthy preamble, I will endeavor to start on the account of my trip.

On Sunday, Dec. 11, last, I made a straightway ride of sixty miles and on the following Sunday, Dec. 18, another of sixty-two miles over a different road and I contemplated making the trip around the Bay on the next succeeding Sunday, Dec. 25, but rain on the night of the 24th caused me to change my intention, and the condition of the roads also induced me to give up the idea on the two following Sundays. Although there had been a number of favorable days in the meantime, I could not make the trip as my only spare time for wheeling is on Sundays and holidays. Therefore, I must wait until Sunday, Jan. 15. This was a little unfortunate for me as during the month of enforced abstinence from the wheel my muscles lost the benefit of the practice of the sixty and sixty-two mile rides, and having also contracted a bad cold, I was hardly in condition for the longer ride.

On Sunday, Jan. 15, however, I rose at 6:30 and got my wheel from its storing place for the start from Alameda at 7 o'clock. It was scarcely light enough to see at that hour. The thermometer outside of my front door, I discovered with the aid of a match, registered 26° above zero, which is the lowest I ever saw it in California.

Dressed in precisely the same clothing I have been accustomed to riding in at other seasons of the year, even in the warmest part of summer, and having no artificial supply of heat within me, for I left breakfastless, I felt constrained, after riding a few hundred yards, to dismount and push my machine on the run for about a mile to warm myself a little for my finger tips and toes ached somewhat from the cold, and the keen, easterly wind blowing in

my face made my eyes water. As the wind was against me and the road for this first mile was not very good, it was but with little regret that I made it on foot. Occasionally I tried the strength of the ice on the roadside puddles and found it nearly strong enough to bear me.

As soon as I reached the main road running south from Oakland I mounted my wheel and bowled along at a lively pace toward San Leandro. The road (nearly always a good one) was in about its normal condition. The only drawback was that the wind was slightly against me. Being from the south-east it struck me quarterly; not strong enough to impede my progress much, but very unpleasant on account of its keenness.

Passing the halfway saloon I noticed the genial proprietor looking out through the upper part of his doorway, which was glazed. It was too cold for him to be out this morning. I had never passed the place before, though frequently as early as 6 A. M., but that the doors were open and the proprietor on the outside to pass the time o'day. A little further on, the water company's stand pipe at the side of the road which supplies water for sprinkling the road during

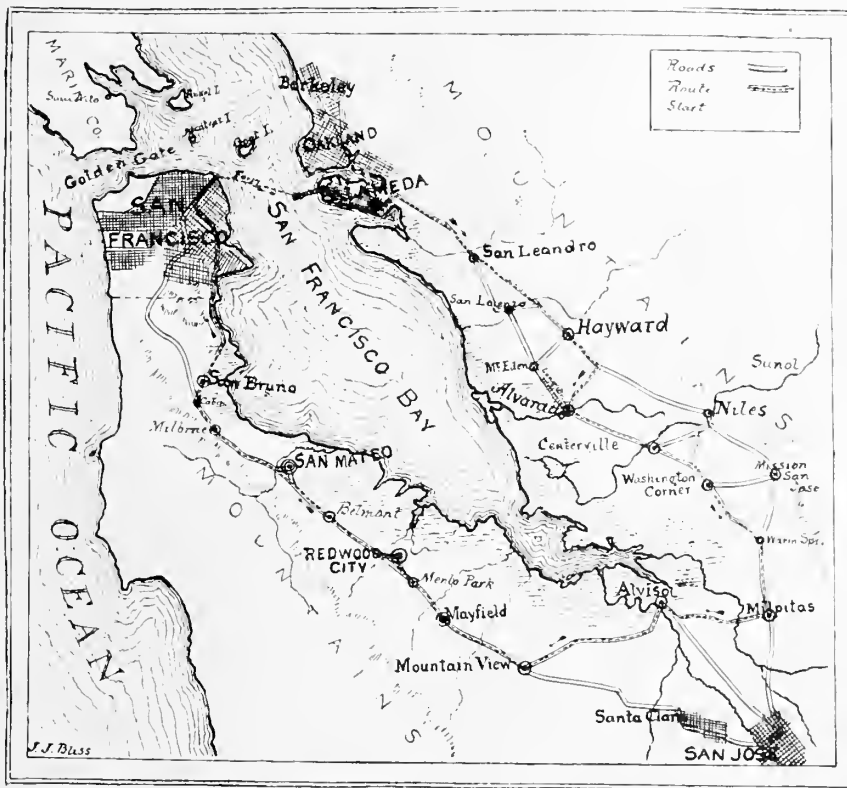
summer, seemed to be burst for the water was escaping from near the top and the wind blew it away over all the surrounding objects, where freezing it made such a mass of ice as I had never before seen in California. Pretty soon another stand pipe was passed and as the water was also escaping from it, I began to think that the cold had not caused the bursting of the pipes but that the water had intentionally been allowed to run in order to prevent its freezing.

I now take the side path, not that it is much better riding than the road, but probably one likes to ride the side paths on account of the slightly added spice of danger occasioned by the narrow spaces and closer proximity of the trees and fences. At the next stand pipe, however, I had a dangerously slippery place to

cross over the ice for I was now on the side of the pipe and the escaping water had frozen all over the ground for some distance. I got over it all right, but riding on ice was a novelty to me.

I reach San Leandro at 7:34 which is good time for the 6½ miles considering that the first mile had been made on foot. San Leandro is a pretty, prosperous little town of probably 1,600 inhabitants, in the center of some of the finest orchards in the world. I admire San Leandro principally because it keeps its streets and the roads in all directions around it for a radius of three or four miles in such perfect condition. The finest roads for bicycle riding in the state are probably in this vicinity.

There are two roads from this place to the next town, Hayward, both of which are excellent. One leads slightly to the right for nearly four miles and then turns to the left through San Lorenzo, to the main or direct road; the two roads thus form a triangle of about ten miles, which is all splendid wheeling. I take the straight road this morning, and spinning along lively I notice a board in the road and in my attempt to avoid striking it I run upon an unseen rock, and for a moment I am riding ahead of the center of gravity, my hind wheel is considerably elevated, but by a lucky shove on my pedals at just the right instant, I recover my balance. It was, I



MAP OF ROUTE.

thought, the closest approach I ever made to a rattling header without quite getting there.

Twenty-five minutes after leaving San Leandro I have covered the intervening six miles and am in Hayward. There was no temptation to dismount this morning for the purpose of obtaining a pocketful of luscious peaches, plums or pears from the roadside orchards. This is a temptation not to be resisted during the warm summer by the average wheelman, I think. A number of handfuls of choice fruit have I eaten here. Occasionally of a summer evening I have mounted my wheel and ridden the twenty miles there and back for the avowed purpose of treating myself to a little ripe fruit fresh from the tree. This country is hardly civilized enough yet for the proprietor to object to the wayfarer helping himself to a handful of fruit, the orchards are so vast and in places there is not even a fence dividing them from the road. So that one hardly feels that he is trespassing in stepping to one side to pluck the fruit. In many places the public highways are lined with peach or almond trees.

The riding for the past half hour, since the sun had risen had been tolerably comfortable so far as warmth was concerned. The exercise had warmed me even to the finger ends. But now it again grew cooler and clouds obscured the sun. There was no doubt in my mind that it was colder than at daybreak. Three miles from Hayward I leave the main road and take a by-road three miles across to Alvarado. On this by-way I was again obliged to walk nearly the first half of it. The soft, natural road had been cut up by teams since the rains, the frost had then hardened up the ridges and there had not been enough traffic since to wear them down. Probably not more than one or two teams had passed each day, judging from appearances.

I was now nearing the marshes on the edge of the bay and I could hear the frequent gun of the sportsman as he blazed away at the unfortunate duck, probably whether within or beyond shooting range. One flock of ducks arose from a pond within easy shooting distance from me and they only took the trouble to fly a few yards and then settled on another ice covered sheet of water. Perhaps they knew the difference between a bicyclist and a gunner. I was tempted to blaze away at them with my revolver for they were so near it looked as though I might hit one but I reflected that even if I did I did not want to carry it along.

The last mile before reaching Alvarado was rideable. Crossing the creek at the edge of the town I noticed as an evidence of general prosperity that a new iron bridge had just taken the place of the former wooden one. It was 9:15 as I reached Alvarado, a town of about 350 inhabitants, presenting generally a moist appearance by reason of the low ground and willows which extend up into the center of the place. It is on the verge of the marsh but some distance from the bay. I stopped for breakfast at the Alvarado Hotel, kept by Germans, who gave me a breakfast of ham and eggs, coffee, bread and butter, and cake, but no vegetables, for twenty-five cents. It seems to me that at country places they almost invariably make a mistake in not allowing vegetables or fruit, which should there be cheap, to form the more important part of the meal. There is another hotel, the Riverside, at Alvarado where better accommodations are furnished at double the price. I frequently prefer the unpretentious places. The bicyclist when he stops at a high toned place in his dusty clothes and perspiring face, is I think, looked down upon as being somewhat below their average run of customers, and he does not get the little flattering attentions he sometimes receives from the people of the more modest tavern. At the Alvarado Hotel a fresh plate of butter and fresh bread were cut especially for my benefit, and I found myself somewhat hasty in pouring milk into my coffee for immediately after a pitcher of cream was brought me. One day at the same hotel they set before me two roast ducks, evidently for my sole use, which was surprising at the modest price of twenty-five cents. In San Francisco, one of the cheapest restaurant cities in the world, a half duck costs more money, however a half duck more than satisfies me, even on bicycling trips when my appetite is particularly good.

After lighting a cigar I mount my wheel and leave Alvarado at 9:45. The road is now quite level and in good condition since the rain. The last time I was over the same road it had just received a new coat of gravel, which was now fairly packed by the rains and

the traffic and afforded good wheeling. The great mistake in road repairing in California seems to be that they wait until they can treat the whole surface for miles at a stretch with a new top dressing instead of patching in spots as soon as a hole or rut puts in an appearance, which would be much more economical and satisfactory. After a road has received a top dressing of gravel or rock no one will drive over it if it can be avoided, but invariably drives to the side on the natural ground if there be room, until rain perhaps makes it too muddy there and forces them to take the gravel. In places I have noticed roads abundantly graveled will lay for months or perhaps years without scarcely a team passing over them. They take the grass or ploughed land in preference, and grind into the soft dirt till there is a foot or more of dust. No driver would try to avoid a newly graveled spot if it was but short, or a hole filled in; all parts of the road would consequently be kept beaten down and better fit for travel. Frequent patching is therefore better than the wholesale repair system.

The driver of one buggy that I meet shouts to me as I pass that I have a cold looking horse. I reply, that for the driver it is much warmer than his. I had noticed several drivers in the act of buffeting their hands, which was evidence that they were colder than me.

At Washington Corner I met a couple of Portuguese with a good sized dog. The men evidently see a bicycle only semi-occasionally, judging from their gaze, and the dog seemed inclined to have a barking frolic at the unusual vehicle, seeing which the unspeakable Portuguese endeavor to "sic" him on me, but the dog has more sense, and, like most large dogs, is of good temper, and only wants a little fun in having a short chase after the wheel and its rider. Had he been vicious I might have shot him and the Portuguese would have learned a lesson in the loss of a valuable dog. I have had several wordy rows with Portuguese at various times and they seem to be the worst species of road hog in this section.

I try the side path again a little further along and barely escape an overhead wire arranged for the purpose of opening a carriage gate without dismounting. I perceive the wire which was stretched across the pathway on about the level of my eyes as I sat on my machine, just in time to avoid it. In the garden of the same premises, I notice a lemon tree covered with the handsome fruit, the leaves, however, were frozen and shriveled.

A short distance from Washington Corner are three young men sliding across a pond. I inquired as I passed if they had ever done that before. One shook his head negatively, but then seeming to recollect replied, "yes, once before." Here, I thought, is evidence that the present is not the coldest snap ever experienced in this vicinity, but I believe the present is of the longest duration ever known. In my own experience of four years in California I had not before known ice to form on several successive nights, or seen it thick enough to bear a man's weight.

From Warm Springs to Milpitas (four miles) the road is excellent, of fine gravel, firm and hard; and the only thing that keeps me from making rapid time is a horse and buggy ahead of me, the driver of which—a female—has not sufficient politeness to turn out until I have followed some distance. There is hardly room to pass while the buggy occupies the center of the road, and I prefer to await a better opportunity to shoot past rather than make a request which may be met ungraciously, and which, as the woman could plainly see I was desirous of passing, should have been unnecessary. I have noticed that many women apparently consider that all acts of politeness should come from the male sex.

The usual route for bicyclers making the trip around the bay is to continue south from Milpitas to San Jose (seven miles), thence north-westerly *via* Santa Clara to Mountain View, (twelve miles.) The road is good the entire distance. To-day in order to explore a piece of road new to me, I branch off to the West at Milpitas and proceed *via* Alviso to Mountain View. The road at first is good but soon degenerates into a common dirt road for a mile or so which I have to walk, then it improves again and is rideable to Alviso, five miles from Milpitas. The country here is quite low, verging on swamp, but there are occasional fine orchards and magnificent strawberry fields. I passed several fields each many acres in length which did not look as though they were injured by the frost. No strawberries were visible though they do grow somewhere or other in California nearly the whole year around, for they are scarcely

ever out of the San Francisco market. I pass numerous flowing artesian wells along this mile or two of road. This also appears to be the favorite resort of the sportsman for I pass a number of them as they wait on their "stand" for the passing duck. I do not see much in the way of game except an occasional snipe and a number of Killdees birds of the same species. Ducks do not seem to be so numerous to-day in this vicinity as near Alvarado.

The road near Alviso I found to be very poor. Probably it would be fair wheeling after a week or two of fine weather, but to-day I was obliged to do some walking. At a fair looking piece of road I mount again and my attention immediately after being attracted by a sign-board indicating the name of a cross road, I failed to observe a soft place in my way and took my first header for the day, gentle enough, however, and the only ill-effect felt was a wrenching of the muscles of one of my legs, which, in a few moments, made me feel as though I had a violent cramp in the calf. Thinking I was unobserved I lay for a minute rubbing the limb. As I arise I see a man with a gun running towards me, but when he saw me on my feet stopped as though his business no longer lay in my direction. A moment after a duck flew into the creek near by and the man changed his course for the direction of the bird. Probably he was not as careful in his "stalk" as he might have been had he felt that he was unobserved, for the duck did not sit long enough to allow of a pot shot, but the man lost a fair shot as it arose. As I crossed the bridge over the creek I saw two or three other sportsmen there. A little further along two fine large ducks leave the water by the roadside within ten yards of me. I had to walk a good portion of the next two or three miles through a somewhat uninteresting looking country, and it was 1:30 when I reached Mountain View, a village of about 250 inhabitants, and forty-six miles from the start. The riding for the last mile or two through a beautiful oak studded, park-like country was fair, and as I turned the corner into the main road at Mountain View at a pretty good pace, I emerged upon a couple of horses harnessed to sulkeys standing in front of the Mountain View Hotel and surrounded by a number of young men. The horses showed themselves somewhat restive, but as by this time they were both held by the bridles, I did not dismount till one of the animals when I was about twenty yards distant rared up into the air, and falling, seemed to come down on his back. Of course I then dismounted. After a number of struggles and ineffectual attempts the horse was at length brought to his teet and unharnessed. One of the shafts was broken near the end quite off and the horse somewhat damaged about the head and legs. Singularly I did not get any blame or reproaches on account of the accident. I attribute this fortunate state of affairs to the fact that the crowd around the horses were young men who probably considered it no crime to ride a bicycle. The matter was passed off in a joking manner as being the fault of the horse. I think bicyclers will get all their rights on the road by the time the present generation of young men come into power as voters.

Near Mayfield I met several teams with timid drivers, and although I had my doubts as to the staid looking old plugs of horses being at all excitable, I dismounted on two occasions when the drivers were women, the occurrence at Mountain View being yet fresh in my memory. One woman got down from her vehicle while I was yet half a mile distant and leading her horse to the fence bandaged his ears, while I pass on the opposite side of the road. I don't think the animal would have been scared by either a bicycle or a locomotive. I was then wheeling through a beautiful appearing country with elegant houses and grounds adorning the wayside at intervals. A chinaman in reply to an inquiry as to whom a beautiful looking place with imposing entrance belonged, said that it was "Misser Safford's." It was some little time before I jumped to the conclusion that it was Senator Staford's.

Menlo Park was reached at 3:10 and perhaps the prettiest stretch of the whole journey was along here for a mile or two. Beautiful residences are numerous on either side, and the finest lawn tennis grounds I have ever seen anywhere, with a number of young men in light colored suits at play, I passed on my right. On the opposite side was a magnificent estate surrounded by a substantial tongued and grooved tight board fence with a frontage of at least a half mile on the road. On this fence I saw a dozen or more quail sitting. The road was good along here, except an occasional stretch where there

was too much shade to suit me to-day. This shade, however, is very grateful in mid-summer and makes the road most pleasant where to-day by reason of the frost it was most rough. My legs were beginning to feel a bit tired, but at Belmont and beyond the road proved good, and although there are some slight hills, I am disinclined to leave the saddle until I reach San Mateo, four miles further along, and sixty-five miles from the start.

It was 4:40 when I reached San Mateo and I knew that I had but little more than an hour of day light and twenty-one miles before reaching San Francisco, but I expected to make the next six miles within a half hour as the road is unusually excellent. I had been twice over the same piece of road in the previous summer and at the time considered it as good a piece as any I had ever wheeled over, hard and smooth and with just sufficient undulations to make riding the more pleasurable. To-day, however, I was disappointed in the road, the trees on either side, which line the road here for the whole six miles and make it so pleasant in summer, had kept the frost in the ground and it was now so hard and rough that I had occasionally to walk, and dare not attempt any speed on down grades. It took me an hour to make the six miles. I pass Milbrae at 5:15. The beautiful estate of D. O. Mills is here to my left. Reaching the Cabin, a wayside saloon at 5:40, I branch off to the right to San Bruno. Let no wheelman make the mistake of keeping straight along the main county road to San Francisco. I did it once to my sorrow. The San Bruno road, though not of the best is far superior and had I only one more hour of daylight to-day it would have enabled me to reach San Francisco two hours earlier than I did.

The cold was again by this time pretty severe and the prospect of a twelve or thirteen mile walk was not very comforting. I almost wished I had taken the train whose lights I could now see leaving San Bruno for the city, I have never yet, however, during my short bicycling experience taken a train or any other vehicle for any part of a journey I have set out to accomplish on wheel. During 1887, my first year on the bicycle, I made twenty-eight rides, averaging fifty miles for each ride. I am over thirty-five years of age.

The road was good (for walking) and a brisk pace kept me warm except at my fingers ends where I suffered a little, as my gloves were not built for warmth. My way was now along the bay shore and the road was narrow in places overhanging the water where it rounded the rocky bluffs. The road had been patched in places with coarse rock and here in the darkness walking even was difficult and I dare not any where venture to ride. Not a soul did I meet for the next eight or nine miles and the only sounds I heard were the whistle of the widgeon and other ducks in the marshy spots and pools which I passed, or the splashing of the water on the rocks. Ducks seemed to be quite numerous and I caused many flocks to arise. Apparently they could see me although I could not see them, as I hardly made noise enough to frighten them. Some flocks of ducks I disturbed in the wayside pools when well within the city limits of San Francisco.

I made one stop about midway on my walk at a milk ranch and obtained two cups of milk and a biscuit for which the proprietor will not accept more than ten cents. I was hungry enough by this time to make them well worth a dollar.

At last the welcome sounds of steam whistles and other city noises began to be heard. The walk after all did not seem so long as I had anticipated, nor did I feel greatly fatigued. After climbing the six mile hill the lights of the city appeared in view. Aided by the lights from the lofty electric masts in the southern suburbs of the city, I mount my machine again and am soon traversing the gas-lighted streets of the city proper, again on foot, however, for San Francisco streets are rough and I might say that one has to walk a mile or two of the vilest, roughest streets a person could find anywhere, between the paved portion of the city and the macadamized road.

At 11:10 the magnificent ferry and train service bring me and my machine the remaining ten miles of the journey across the bay to my home. I busied myself during the ride on ferry boat and train in cleaning my machine, and am ready for bed the moment I get home.

Not feeling so fatigued as on some of the other trips I have made I sleep soundly and pleasantly, and go to my work next day with the feeling that I should like to make the trip again next week and see if I can't finish it by daylight. San Francisco, Cal., Jan. '88.



March.



The windy month of March is here,
Of it I gladly sing;
For now the winter's past and gone,
And here at last is spring.
No more the cold and bitter winds
Will whistle down your back,
So put your heavy ulster up
And your lighter clothes unpack.

About this time the wheelman bold,
Tempt fate and takes an airing;
He pulls through ruts and mud and slush,
And does a heap o' — expostulating.
About this time he will discard,
His knee pants old and worn,
And branch out like a butterfly
In a new League uniform.
And sometimes—we've known cases
Where the suit did seaweely fit,
And the wearer would acknowledge
With a groan, he had been bit.

'Tis now the factories turn out
Wheels of the latest pattern,
And through the mails, they lavishly
Their catalogues are scatteren'.
But catalogs and price lists,
No charms have for this poet,
He knows full well another year
On his old wheel he must go it.

SEASONABLE RHYMES

By Our Reformed Poet.

And now the youth who thinks he knows
About the make-up of a bike,
Takes out his tools, and then he goes
To work with all his might;
He tightens there, he loosens here,
Examines each ball-bearing.

In the future near,
He'll feel right queer,
With his bearings hot
And like us not
His running gear
Will refuse to steer
Or his wheels to trail,
Which the same won't fail
To bring jorth some awful tall screaring.

'T was Ever Thus,

It was in a gay and wicket town,
Where bicycle racers dwell;
To Harry De Fieit, once fresh and gay,
This pitiful tale befell.
'T is a tale of heart rending sorrow
And pathos, that I would tell.

"I can give you the name of the man,"
Said a well-posted friend bicyeular,
"Who is sure to come in first,
In the ten mile race, in particular;
And if you will promise to keep it mum,
I'll whisper the secret in your oricular.

"I got it from Billy Smith's trainer,
Whom you know's a reliable party,
That Bill and the others have fixed it up
To fleece an innocent 'smarty';
And thereby Billy will win the race,
But don't give it away, my hearty.

"Now Bill has never won a race
And his form, no one knows as yet,
So all of the sports and the book-makers
Against him will freely bet,
And forty to one will be offered on him,
Of which you take all you can get."

So Harry figured it thusly;
If forty to one is scored
I'll put up 'steen dollars in eash,
And when "Smithie" crosses the cord,
I'll take in enough at one fell swoop
To pay my annual board.

And Harry in his mind did conjure up
All the good things his money big would buy;
Five hundred dollars! Never at one time
Could he have called so large a sum his own;
Already did his bosom swell with pride
And his whole self took on an air of grandeur
and of wealth.

Now he could get his overcoat from hoek,
Buy a new hat and pay his tailor bill,
Buy choice Havanas by the largest box.
And to the matinee his best girl take,
And many carriage rides could now be theirs,
And dear delights too good to think upon
Would now light up his economic life,
That erst had been a long penurious dream.
So thought De Fieit, mellow youth,
And straightway did invest his all, forsooth.

He put up a ten on the day of the race
And it took his last red cent,
But he said "I look out for the future,
And count that money well spent."

The racers all started together,
The people all shouted and cheered,
They were bunched at the start of the last lap,
They were bunched when the home-stretch they
neared.

Now within twenty yards of the home-stretch,
The racers began to slow up;
At this point Bill Smith was expected
To run like a scared setter pup,
But for some reason, Bill got excited,
And came down off his wheel a-ker-slup.

Harry's coat still stays at his uncle's,
His tailor bill still is unpaid;
And that no new hat will grace his head,
He's very much afraid;
And some other fellow much better fixed,
To the matinee'll take his maid.

Now all of the foregoing just goes to show
That in betting on races you want to go slow,
And when any one gives you a "sure thing,
you know"
Just think of De Fieit, and learn to say "no."

IDEAL TOOTH POLISHER.

(TRADE MARK.)

FELT TOOTH BRUSH

ADJUSTABLE CLEANSER AND POLISHER.



Endorsed by the Profession.

Has the following advantages over the old bristle Tooth Brush: **More Cleanly, Perfect Polisher. No Loose Bristles. Non-Irritating to the Gums. Powdered Ready for use.**

For sale by all dealers in Toilet Articles.
THE HORSEY MFG. CO., UTICA, N. Y.

The eminent novelist, Mr. Geo. W. Cable, kindly expresses his appreciation as follows: "I have your brush in use, and thank you for it. It certainly gives the teeth an extremely pleasant feeling of polish." An elegant adaptation for daily use and benefit of the "Felt Wheels," etc., used by modern dentists everywhere to polish, cleanse, and harden the teeth.

Dr. C. M. Richmond, of New York writes: "As a cleanser and absorbent of the oils and particles which collect on the teeth, it has no equal and never can have a rival."

Special Uses.

A great benefit to the *tender teeth* and gums of the young. A great comfort to *invalids*, as many have testified. The easiest way for a smoker to keep his teeth clean and bright.

In addition to its merits and benefits

Wheelmen AND Travelers

Enjoy its Convenience and Neatness

Its Economical Side.

Eighteen Felt Polishers (wood veneer back) cost 25c., each comfortably lasts 10 days. The Holder, strong, elegant, imperishable, costs 35c. At dealers or mailed. HORSEY MFG. CO., Utica, N. Y.

Race Meet Committees

Will Find it to Their Advantage to Send for Our

Illustrated Catalog AND Price List

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MEDALS AND TROPHIES

In Gold and Silver Designs. Designs submitted to Clubs.

Jens F. Pederson,

No. 1 1/2 Maiden Lane, New York.



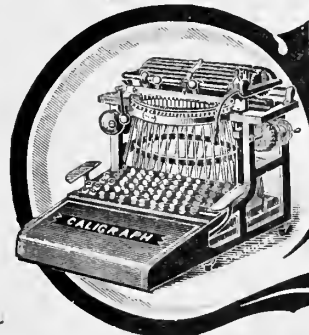
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KRAFT & ADAMS, Proprietors,
327 Third Avenue, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Champion, Challenge, Safety, Ideal and Rambler Bicycles, and Ideal and Challenge Tricycles.

Send for Catalog and Second-Hand List and mention this paper.



The ALI GRAPH
Writing Machine

New Improved

H. T. CONDE,
GENERAL AGENT,
Indianapolis, Ind.



Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to speed and Grade.

Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881

Send for Catalogue.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.,

Smithville, Bar. Co., N. J.

WE DO WEAR
THE N. Y. STANDARD
\$3.00 CUSTOM MADE PANTS

But it takes something more than low prices to make our goods sell as fast as we can make them up. We only use all wool cloth of the latest design and pattern. It is very strong.

FIRST, as to feel: It is firm and unyielding. Not coarse, because of the wiry, tight twist of the wool. It wears like leather.

NEXT, as to our low price: That comes from our handling such enormous quantities and asking such small profits. We are now taking the entire products of three mills, and that hardly satisfies our demand.

New York Styles, AVOID IMITATORS, Always in the Lead.

NEXT, we make goods only to order, and by our scientific measurement blanks can fit you as well 1,000 miles away as we can at our store. We send our goods to customers both by mail and express, at buyer's option.

NEXT, by sending six cents in stamps you will receive by return mail a package of twenty samples of cloth for Pants, Suits, and Overcoats, and if you mention this paper, 60-inch Tape Measure Free. Also full set of measurement blanks. Try this and convince yourself.

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REFERENCES.—American Express Co., New York City, with whom we do an enormous business. Send for samples and call at our Store! Act now, and begin to save One-Half the cost of your clothing for the balance of your life. Call or address.

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SEEDS, PLANTS or BULBS.

For 1888 is better than ever, and should be in the hands of every person contemplating buying. It contains 3 Colored Plates, thousands of illustrations, and nearly 150 pages, telling what to buy, and where to get it, and naming lowest prices for honest goods. 1 nice of GUIDE only 10 cents, including a Certificate good for 10 cents worth of seeds.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

Frink's Rupture Remedy

The only quick, safe, sure and permanent CURE for HERNIA, BREACH or RUPTURE, has cured many persons every year for the last eighteen years, and they have remained cured. This great REMEDY is made in the form of a salve or ointment, and for adults it is used in connection with any good truss or supporter. Young children are cured by the REMEDY alone without the aid of a truss. Price \$5.00 a box. For sale by druggists, or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. In the majority of cases one box is sufficient to effect a permanent cure. The REMEDY penetrates through the pores of the skin and builds up and strengthens the abdominal wall, at the same time diminishing the size of the hernial opening, so that in a few weeks the use of a truss can be discontinued.

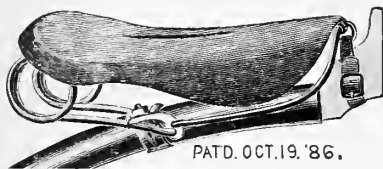
O. FRINK, Sole Proprietor,
234 Broadway, New York

Hang the Truss.

I commenced using FRINK'S RUPTURE REMEDY the first of May, 1886, and I used it faithfully according to directions one month, with a truss; after that I took the truss off and hung it on a nail. It hangs there yet. I think that I am cured, as the rupture has not bothered me nor have I had any pain since. The doctor said I would have to wear the truss as long as I lived, but it is off; and I have about three-fourths of the REMEDY left. It will do all you claim for it, and I will recommend it to every one that needs it. C. H. FULLER, Akron, Ohio.

Cured Without a Truss.

This is to certify that my son, who was born with double rupture, which our family physician said could not be cured, was cured at the age of three months, without the aid of a truss, by the use of one-half box of FRINK'S RUPTURE REMEDY. I will gladly give full particulars upon application to me, either personally or by letter. Mrs. J. E. BREESE, Scranton, Pa.



PATD. OCT. 19 '86.

THE HINGE CRADLE

Is finest for coasting, comfort and convenience.

STAR SADDLE, (the Swinging Balance or Cricket) is greatly improved for '88 and is a daisy. For circulars address,

Copper Cycle Saddlery,

433 Pearl St., CLEVELAND, O.

Write for List of SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

All Sizes and Makes at lower prices than ever before advertised.

St. Louis Wheel Co.

310 North Eleventh St.,
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Mention this Paper

UNIVERSAL BATH.

Full, fresh, salt, Mineral Vapor and Water—
Centennial Award, Medal and Diploma against the world. Wholesale & Retail. Old Baths Renewed.

Weight 15 lbs. Adjustable. Many thousands long in use.

Artificial Sea Bath. A person seated every where.

E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Send for Circulars.

Sporting Life, of London, has a fine portrait of W. H. Rowe, and nearly a column of letter press, recounting the wonderful American's performances.

A. W. Gump & Co of Dayton, Ohio, report that they have just received an order from Brazil, S. A., and that the outlook for this years trade will be far in excess of that of last year.

F. P. Prial has discontinued the publication of *The Wheel and Recreation* and has started a new paper *The Wheel and Cycling Trade Review*. Vol. I. No. 1. appeared March 2nd.

H. T. Hearsey offers one of the best and most complete lines of cycles and sundries in the state. He is probably one of the oldest repairers in the country, and deserves the patronage of all.

Karl Kron, of Washington Square, N. Y. announces the gratuitous distribution of a "Leap-Year Book," (132 pages,) containing newspaper notices of his "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle."

Every cyclist in the country will, we are sure, sympathize most sincerely with Colonel Pope at the loss of his father, who died quite suddenly March 2, at his home in Boston. He was 74 years old, and leavessix children, of whom Albert A. is the oldest.

The Great Modjeska

eloquently indorses a principle important to all, in the beauty and preservation of the teeth: "I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kansas, several boxes of your Felt Tablets (Ideal Tooth Polishers) for the teeth, and have been using them ever since. I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their value, and believe them to be an invention that will, in time, almost entirely supersede the brush of bristles."

Yours truly, HELENA MODJESKA.

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, March 1st.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

The brightest and quaintest idea is the one the new publication "Dress" is advocating, namely, "All ladies should wear pant-loons." Do you agree with it? At any rate, your male readers should know of the N. Y. Standard Pants Co. 66 University Place, New York City, who are making to order, fine woolen pants for \$3. and send them to customers by mail. They send to any address on receipt of 6 cents in stamps 25 samples of cloth to choose from, a full set of measurement blanks, a fine linen 60-inch tape measure free and a lot of other valuable points. They always guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Tell every reader to try them. All New York is wild over these \$3 pants. Everybody is wearing them.

Yours truly,
A. ROOSEVELT.

DON'T BUY A WHEEL

UNTIL YOU SEE OUR 1888 CATALOG WHICH COVERS THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES IN AMERICA

20 DIFFERENT STYLES 20

Each and every one possessing true merit. The finest line of

JERSEY GOODS

that can be produced, and all articles pertaining to the wants of a wheelman. Second-hand wheels bought, sold and exchanged. Send for CATALOG.

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THE KELLOGG BICYCLE SHOE.

Made of kangaroo or dongola, as may be required, hand-sewed, and possessing merits superior to any other Bicycle Shoe made. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, \$4. Liberal discount to dealers. Manufactured by

W H KELLOGG & CO., Palmer, Mass.

John F. Stratton,

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Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

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—CELEBRATED—

Brass Band Instruments.

—THE CELEBRATED—

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BANJO.

Manufactured by John F. Stratton.

Musical Boxes, Band Instruments, Stratton's Celebrated Russian Gut Violin Strings, Etc., Etc., Etc.

John F. Stratton,
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BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

The NEW RAPID, AMERICAN CHAMPION, STAR, RIVAL, OTTO, and other Bicycles and Tricycles sold on easy payments, with no extra charge except for interest. Second-Hand Wheels bought for cash and sold on easy payments. Repairing and nickel-plating.

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SECOND-HAND WHEELS

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Send for our large fine-illustrated Catalogue, of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Descriptive Price-List of Second-Hand Bicycles free.

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THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

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Having Secured the Sole United States Agency for the Celebrated

KING OF THE ROAD LAMPS,

Made by **JOS. LUCAS & SON**, Birmingham, Eng.

We are prepared to supply the Trade on Liberal Terms. **RIDERS** should insist on having the best, for a poor Lamp is worse than no Lamp, and there are none so good as the

"KING OF THE ROAD"

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CONTAINING COMPLETE PRICE LIST OF LAMPS AND OTHER FIRST CLASS ACCESSORIES.

Mailed on Receipt of Name and Address.

Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order. This department is only made for the convenience of wheelmen who can thus make their wants known at a trivial cost. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to sell or exchange his wheel, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The rate of one cent per word is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates which will be furnished on application.

\$45.00 For 56-inch Standard Columbia. Balls front, Thorough order. F. B. CATLIN, Winsted, Conn.

FOR SALE. A brand new Brooks Cyclometer for 54-inch wheel. Price \$3.50. Address, C. R. BAUM, Newman, Ill.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Rates on application.

FOR SALE. 50-inch Light Champion, good as new, excellent condition all round. \$80.00. Address, A. 42, care WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

FOR SALE. Columbia Light Roadster, 55-inch, enamelled. First-class condition. Price \$110.00. Address, C. L. R., Care WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

TO EXCHANGE 44-inch 1887 Light Roadster Facile, in fine condition, for a 40 or 42 Special, '84 preferred and cash. ARTHUR MUNSON, Stamford, Ct.

FOR SALE. Over 250 second-hand and shop-worn bicycles at bargain prices. Send stamp for list and mention this paper. A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio.

"HINTS to Prospective Cycling Tourists in England and Wales." Particulars they most want to know; from start to finish. Price 25c. Stanson, Stamford, Conn.

BARGAIN. 56-inch American Challenge, nickel and enamel finish, in fine condition, cost \$78.00 will sell for \$45. Address, H. H. BROWN, Wappingers falls, New York.

FOR SALE a brand new Springfield Roadster Bicycle, retail price \$75; will sell to the highest cash bidder. Address, X. Y. Z., care WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis, Ind.

CHARLES SCHWALBACH,
-- DEALER IN --

Bicycles and Sundries and Lawn Tennis Goods,

Has the best line of second-hand wheels in the market. Send for list. CHAS. SCHWALBACH, Prospect Park Plaza, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHEELMEN, how can you enjoy the wheel? By keeping fully posted, and subscribing for so excellent a journal as the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Only Fifty cents per year.

WANTED. First-class, second-hand 52-inch Bicycle, must have Balls all around, the best bargains for money only need communicate with NORMAN, F. WEFER, East Hartford, Washington County, N. Y.

DONT BUY A BICYCLE until you have sent a stamp to A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio, for a list of over 250 second-hand and shop-worn bicycles. Mention this paper. Second hand guns and bicycles taken in exchange.

DO you want to change your mount this season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month, it will only cost you one cent per word.

WANTED. An enthusiastic young bicycle rider who owns his own wheel, to assist in the office and sales room and take occasional trips on the road. A stenographer preferred. State age, experience and salary expected and address, A. W. GUMP, "Personal," Dayton, Ohio.

THE early bird catches the worm. We have made unparalleled reductions in our entire stock of Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems and Safeties, both new and second-hand, for cash and exchange; send for list just published; state what you need, and we will send full particulars. L. H. JOHNSON, Orange, New Jersey.

Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle

Mailed for \$2. Bound in cloth, gilt top, photogravure frontispiece, 41 chapters, 908 pages, 675,000 words 75 pp. of indexes with 10,468 titles and 22,806 references. A pamphlet of 40 pages, giving specimens of these indexes and other parts of the book, and a list of agencies where it may be bought, will be mailed on application by postal card to the publisher, KARL KROX, at the University Building, Washington Square, N. Y. City, D. The book and pamphlet may also be had on personal application to B. L. Darrow at the office of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis.

STEEL BALLS FOR ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS. Of Best Cast Steel. HARDENED GROUND AND BURNISHED 1/16" to 3/8" diam. Samples and prices on application Simonds Rolling Machine Co., Fitchburg, Mass

"It's a daisy; it works like a charm."
"The boys are all gone on them. Duplicate my order at once."
"The best thing I ever saw; don't think any can be made superior."
"They are selling like hot cakes; shall want more in a few days."

These are some of the expressions from dealers and wheelmen who have tried the ROSS IMPROVED DETACHABLE LUGGAGE CARRIER. Every wheelman should have one. Attached by means of the set nut on head of wheel; does not interfere in the least with that adjustment, and cannot wear off the nickle. Perfectly secure; made strong and durable.


Bundles can be turned entirely out of the way when coasting, at right angle with handle bars.

Sent by mail for \$1.10. A discount to the trade. In ordering state name of wheel. If for Victor or Star, state year of manufacture.

C. H. ROSS & CO.,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
46 Columbia St. Albany, N. Y.

BUY THE BEST.

ACCIDENTS OF
TRAVEL, SPORT, OR BUSINESS
ARE INSURED AGAINST BY



**ORIGINAL
ACCIDENT
COMPANY
OF AMERICA,**

LARGEST IN THE WORLD;
ALSO, **BEST OF LIFE COMPANIES.**

LOWEST RATES CONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

FULL PRINCIPAL SUM paid for loss of hands, feet, hand and foot, or sight, by accident; ONE-THIRD same for loss of single hand or foot.

NO EXTRA CHARGE for European Travel and Residence.

ITS RESOURCES are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. **PAYS ALL CLAIMS**, without discount, immediately on receipt of satisfactory proofs. **MOST LIBERAL NON-FORFEITURE** provisions in all its Policies.

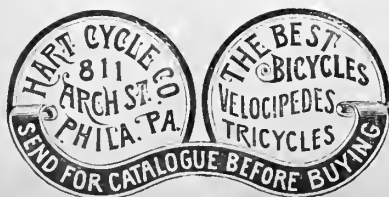
Paid Policy-Holders \$14,500,000.

ASSETS, \$9,584,000. SURPLUS, \$1,909,000.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, PRES. RODNEY DENNIS, SEC.
JOHN E. MORRIS, ASS'T SEC.

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."



THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW, WILL BE FOUND IN THE VICTOR CATALOG FOR '88. FREE TO ALL. THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORK CLAIM TO BE SENSIBLE, WIDE AWAKE, PROGRESSIVE WHEEL-MAKERS, AND BASE THEIR HOPE OF SUCCESS ON THE BELIEF THAT THEIR PRODUCT WILL BE APPRECIATED BY SENSIBLE, WIDE AWAKE, PROGRESSIVE WHEEL RIDERS.

THE LINE FOR '88 IS COMPLETE. COMPRISING THE

:-Victor Light Roadster,

Victor Safety,

Victor Tricycle,

Victor Jr. Bicycle.:-

They are all wheels to ride. If you have not already done so, don't fail to send your name and address on a postal card and so obtain much matter that will be both interesting and valuable to you.

OVERMAN WHEEL Co.

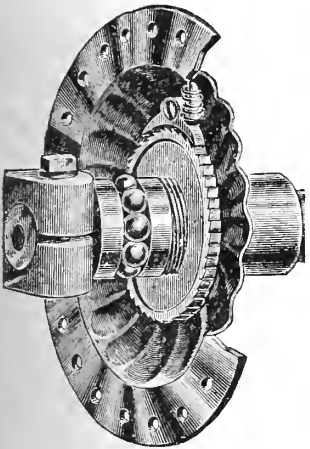
182-188 COLUMBUS AVENUE, - BOSTON.

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

THE **LIGHT CHAMPION** FOR

PRICE 48 INCH \$115.00

POSITIVELY THE HIGHEST GRADE **1888.** AND MOST EXPENSIVELY
CONSTRUCTED BICYCLE EXTANT.
ALL STEEL.



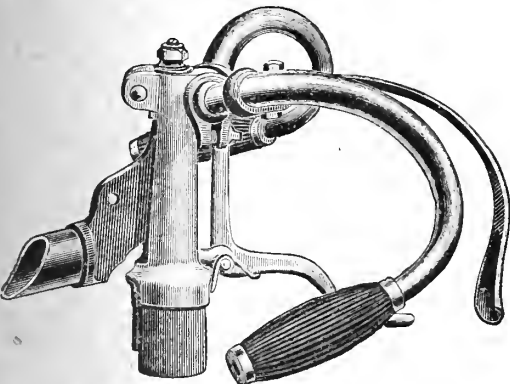
SHOWING PATENT CRANK FASTENING, CORRUGATED HUB AND BEARING ADJUSTMENT.



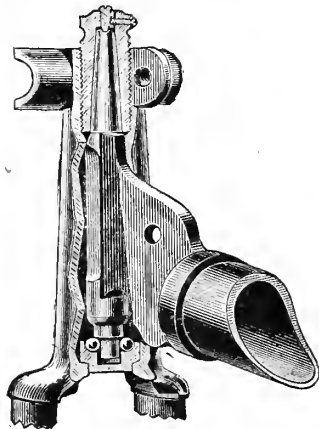
WEIGHT 52 INCH. 37 1/2 LBS.

Our design, rolled from cold steel and having no holes in inner shell.

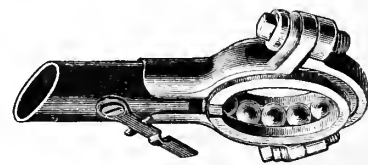
Rims of imported pattern used by other makers, rolled from annealed steel, weakened by unnecessary drilling to insert spokes and nipples.



SHOWING BRAKE AND SPRING, AND OUR CELEBRATED PATENT RAMSHORN HANDLE BAR.



SHOWING BALL BEARING HEAD AND NEW REINFORCED NECK.



NEW FORK END, VERY MUCH LIGHTER THAN ANY YET DEvised.

THE AMERICAN RAMBLER.
 PRICE \$120.00



WEIGHT WITH ALL ON 44 LBS.

LARGEST, MOST ARTISTIC AND COMPLETE CYCLE CATALOGUE PUBLISHED.

SENT ON APPLICATION.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

222 TO 228 N. FRANKLIN ST.

LARGEST AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS OF CYCLES AND SUNDRIES.

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.


PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 4.


INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL, 1888.

50 cents per Annum.

Riders of Racing Columbias hold the best World's Records. Equally good Material, Workmanship and Care are given to the Manufacture of



ROAD COLUMBIAS,



And the Columbia Roadsters and Light Roadsters are the machines invariably ridden by Transcontinental Tourists, and are always in the majority on Long Distance Tours.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, 60 PAGES, 40 ENGRAVINGS, FREE.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

THE RUDGE FOR '88.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE UPON APPLICATION

RUDGE AGENTS WANTED.

Apply to H. M. SABEN, Manager,

152 Congress Street.

In answering Advertisements please mention page

1888. The SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER for 1888.

(Yost & McCune Patent.)



THIS WHEEL, \$75.

This is an absolutely safe wheel which retails for \$75, with tools and tool bag, enamel finish, trimmed with nickel, and plain bearings. One of the best wheels for all round road riding and hill climbing ever offered the public. Best class of cold drawn weldless steel tubing in handle-bars, backbone and side forks. Other parts of the best steel drop forgings. In every way first-class as to its workmanship and material.

— THE —
1888 Pattern Springfield Roadster for \$100,

has ball bearings all round and cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, enamel finish, trimmed in nickel, with tools and tool bag; workmanship and material such as used in all high grade wheels. The mechanical construction of these two wheels are identical. Those who purchase plain bearings can at any time have the ball bearings added, if they so desire, at the additional cost of \$25.

These wheels are safe, speedy and good road wheels, and reliable in every respect. Do not fail to examine before purchasing 1888 mount.

Wholesale Distributing Offices:

MERWIN HULBERT & CO.,	New York, N. Y.
C. F. STOKES,	Chicago, Ill.
E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO.,	St. Louis, Mo.
E. T. ALLEN,	San Francisco, Cal.
JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.,	Boston, Mass.

Retail Salesroom, No. 147 Washington Street. Boston, Mass.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. COMPANY, 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

LAMSON'S LUGGAGE CARRIER,

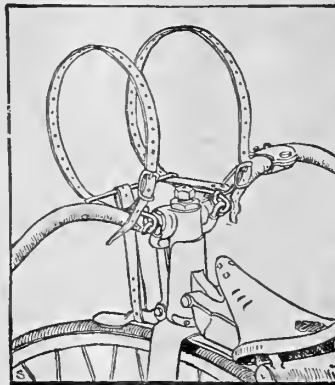
Or Improved Bicycle Shawl Strap.

Detachable Form for Books or any other Bundle.



This Carrier is made DETACHABLE, so it may be removed from the Bicycle in a moment without undoing the bundle. Simply unbuckle the strap which holds it down in front and unhook it behind the bar, fasten the hook again and you have a perfect Shawl Strap for carrying the bundle in the hand.

Made in two widths, 3½ and 4½ inches between the arms. For sale by all Bicycle Dealers.



(Patented Feb. 7, 1882.)

PRICE, \$1.00

*Does not interfere with the use of the brake.
Does not add to danger of "Headers."
Saves the machine if one is taken.
Worth its price for use on one excursion, and you can afford to buy a fresh one when your old one gets soiled.
Very light; no extra weight of bag to carry.
The bundle may be rolled short for coasting, to allow room for the legs on each side.
Try one and learn its great convenience.
Students using the 'Wheel' will find the arrangement valuable in carrying their books to and from school.*

It is strong and durable.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR LUGGAGE IS ABOVE THE HEAD OF THE BICYCLE

Where the extra weight is not noticeable in riding, and is an ADVANTAGE in preventing the driving wheel from slipping while climbing hills. Any experienced rider knows that baggage carried on the perch or back-bone is IN THE WAY, difficult to climb over in mounting, and makes the hind wheel DRAG HARD and the STEERING HEAVY, particularly where the roads are rough.

The great Bicycle Traveler, and author of "XM Miles on a Bi.," KARL KRON, says:—"I never tire of advising Tourists to use your LUGGAGE CARRIER, as by far the best thing of the sort ever devised."

Hundreds of Testimonials equally as good.
Liberal Discount to Dealers.

Made by **C. H. LAMSON, 177 Middle St., PORTLAND, ME.**

USED BY THOMAS STEVENS IN HIS GREAT BICYCLE TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

READ THIS IF YOU OBTAIN A CARRIER.

DIRECTIONS—FOR PUTTING ON THE DETACHABLE CARRIER:—Unfasten the hook and hold the Carrier over the head so that the hook will hang down behind the right handle-bar, then pass the hook in between the Break and the Head and hook it to the wire loop behind the LEFT handle-bar, then use the short strap to fasten the whole down firmly to the brake in front, (see cut). On some makes of Bicycles the wires of the Carrier will need to be BENT DOWN to bring it level. If the Carrier sticks up after it is hooked on the machine, USE A LITTLE FORCE AND BEND IT DOWN. A little piece of rubber cloth is a good thing to roll the bundle in. When your wires get bent out of shape, straighten them up. They will stand it.

If your dealer does not have them, send \$1.00 directly to the manufacturer who will mail you one, postage free. We make a special Detachable Carrier to fit the "Victor."—Price, \$1.00.

Manufacturer of the
GOLD L. A. W. BADGES, &c.

THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

SAM'L :- T. :- CLARK :- & :- COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Having Secured the Sole United States Agency for the Celebrated

KING OF THE ROAD LAMPS,

Made by **JOS. LUCAS & SON**, Birmingham, Eng.

We are prepared to supply the Trade on Liberal
Terms. RIDERS should insist on having
the best, for a poor Lamp is worse
than no Lamp, and there are
none so good as the

"KING OF THE ROAD"

—Send for 1888 Catalog of—

 NEW RAPIDS AND QUADRANT  S

CONTAINING COMPLETE PRICE LIST OF LAMPS AND OTHER FIRST CLASS ACCESSORIES.

Mailed on Receipt of Name and Address.

Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of *one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order.* This department is only made for the convenience of wheelmen who can thus make their wants known at a trivial cost. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to sell or exchange his wheel, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The rate of one cent per word is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates which will be furnished on application.

GREAT BARGAIN. A Facile, good as new, cheap. N. J. WHITEHILL, West Randolph, Vermont.

PHOTOGRAPHS of noted wheelmen; send for circulars. FRANK H. ROBERTS, Collinsville, Ill.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Rates on application.

FOR SALE, a 46-inch Facile Bicycle, "Special '86;" nearly new. Address R. W. HILL, Ward, Delaware Co., Tenn.

FOR SALE, cheap, 48-inch Expert, 48-inch Victor and 48-inch Harvard in first-class condition. Address 7 BROWN ST., New Haven, Conn.

FOR SALE. Columbia Light Roadster, 55-inch, enamelled. First-class condition. Price \$110.00. Address, C. L. R., Care WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

NOW is the TIME to sell your Bicycles, Tricycles, etc. Best means of securing purchasers is by advertising in our SALE and EXCHANGE COLUMN.

TO EXCHANGE 44-inch 1887 Light Roadster Facile, in fine condition, for a 40 or 42 Special, '84 preferred and cash. ARTIUR MUNSON, Stamford, Ct.

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FOR SALE a brand new Springfield Roadster Bicycle, retail price \$75; will sell to the highest cash bidder. Address, X. Y. Z., care WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis, Ind.

TO EXCHANGE, 3 good Vellins and Cases, and small lot of fine plated Jewelry (balance of stock) towards good Bicycle, Safety or Ordinary, or Remington or Hammond Type Writer. W. B. KERNAN, Hornellsville, N. Y.

DONT BUY A BICYCLE until you have sent a stamp to A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio, for a list of over 250 second-hand and shop-worn bicycles. Mention this paper. Second hand guns and bicycles taken in exchange.

DO you want to change your mount this season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month, it will only cost you one cent per word.

FOR SALE. A 56-inch, full nickle American Light Champlon Bicycle, 1887 pattern, with spade handles; used only a few times and as good as new; cost \$138.50. Will sell for \$115 or will trade for a 54-inch Columbia Expert. Address C. F. SPECK, Grayville, Ill.

THE early bird catches the worm. We have made unparalleled reductions in our entire stock of Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems and Safeties, both new and second-hand, for cash and exchange; send for list just published; state what you need, and we will send full particulars. L. H. JOHNSON, Orange, New Jersey.

CHARLES SCHWALBACH,
— DEALER IN —

Bicycles and Sundries and Lawn Tennis Goods,

Has the best line of second-hand wheels in the market. Send for list. CHAS. SCHWALBACH, Prospect Park Plaza, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STEEL BALLS FOR ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS. Of Best Cast Steel. HARDENED, GROUND AND BURNISHED 3-16" to 3" diam. Samples and prices on application. Simonds Rolling Machine Co., Fitchburg, Mass

All in need of a good, servicable pair of bicycle pants, or for that matter, an every day pair should send to the Bay State Pants Company for samples of their goods.

A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio, have purchased the entire stock of bicycles and sundries of F. Kohnle, who will hereafter give his entire attention to nickle plating.

We are in receipt of a very handsome hanger from the Springfield Roadster Company, it shows their wheel in a great many different positions, also the different sundries that they handle.

The salesrooms of A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio, show a stock of over five hundred bicycles and many more are on the way. Every wheelman should send for his catalog and second-hand list.

Now that the riding season is commencing, every wheelman should take out a policy in the Travelers Insurance Company. This company is the oldest and most reliable in this line of business, and makes a specialty of insuring wheelmen. It will be worth your while to investigate their plan of insurance.

Dear Mr. Editor: Won't you please tell your male readers that \$3 will buy a fine, strong, servicable pair of pants, made to order by the N. Y. Standard Pants Co., of 66 University Place, New York City? By sending 6 cent in postage stamps to the above firm, they will send to any address 25 samples of cloth to choose from, a fine linen tape measure, a full set of scientific measurement blanks and other valuable information. All goods are delivered by them through the U. S. Mails. A novel and practical idea. Advise your readers to try the firm. They are thoroughly reliable. Yours truly, WILLIAM VANDERBILT.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO MINNESOTA, DAKOTA, IOWA, NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

The popular Monon Route (L. N. A. & C. Ry.) will sell excursion tickets to all points in the above named states at half-fare. Tickets will be on sale March 20, April 3 and 24, May 8 and 22, June 5 and 19, 1888. Tickets are good 30 days. Stopover privileges allowed at intermediate points going. For tickets and further information apply to any agent of this company. I. D. BALDWIN, D. P. A. E. O. McCORMICK, G. P. A. 26 S. Illinois St. Chicago, Ills.

A MYSTERY.

What is a mystery? One of Webster's definitions is "that which is beyond human comprehension until explained." To some persons the Compound Oxygen is a mystery. Any one who would like to clear up this mystery and know "what Compound Oxygen is—its mode of action and results," may receive a work with that title, containing nearly two hundred pages of interesting reading free of cost on sending address to Drs. Starkey & Palen, the physicians who have so successfully used this treatment and who seek to satisfy the natural curiosity to have the "mystery" explained. Their new offices are at 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GREAT MODJESKA

Eloquently indorses a principle important to all, in the beauty and preservation of the teeth.

My Dear Sir: New York, Feb. 4, 1888. I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kansas, several boxes of your Felt Tablets (Ideal Tooth Polishers) for the teeth, and have been using them ever since. I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their value, and believe them to be an invention that will in time almost supersede the brush of bristles. I am only afraid that at some time I may run out of the Tablets in a place where none are procurable. Yours truly, HELENA MODJESKA.

HALF FARE EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST.

The Vandalia Line will sell excursion tickets to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Texas and other western and north-western states, April 3 and 24, May 8 and 22, June 5 and 19, 1888 at half fare or one fare for the round trip, good to return for 30 days from date of sale. The superior accommodations afforded by this great passenger route are so well known to the traveling public, that it is scarcely worth while to mention them, and the close and sure connections incident to a journey over the Vandalia, is one of the satisfactory features which go to make the route so deservedly popular. For particular information about rates, time of trains, etc., call upon or address H. R. DERING, Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt. Vandalia Line, Indianapolis.

WE WANT EVERY

BICYCLE AGENT AND NEWSDEALER

In the country to keep the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE on sale at their office. Our terms are very liberal and will be sent to you on application.

IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO YOU,
IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO THE SPORT,
IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO US.

The list of agents we have already secured will be found in another column.

In the Future the

Wheelmen's -:- Gazette

Will be kept on sale at the offices of

- Hart Cycle Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.
M. A. Woodbury, Bradford, Pa.
Bert Galbraith, Milton, Pa.
W. I. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa.
Cincinnati News Co., Cincinnati, O.
B. Kittridge Arms Co., Cincinnati, O.
Chas. Hanauer, Cincinnati, O.
Cleveland News Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
A. W. Gump & Co, Dayton, Ohio.
Nicholson & Cossand, Russiaville, Ind.
Harry Hearsey, Indianapolis, Ind.
Louis D. Smith, Terre Haute, Ind.
John Wilkinson Co., Chicago, Ill.
W. B. Sizer, Chicago, Ill.
Brentanos, Chicago, Ill.
George W. Rouse, Peoria, Ill.
T. J. Mathews, Grayville, Ill.
F. H. Roberts, Collinsville, Ill.
Eisenbrandt Bros., Baltimore, Md.
Clark Cycle Co., Baltimore, Md.
Springfield Roadster Bi. Co., Boston, Mass.
H. M. Saben, (Rudge Agency) Boston, Mass.
American Bicycle Co., Springfield, Mass.
W. H. Kellogg & Co., Palmer, Mass.
E. H. Milham, St. Paul, Minn.
Heath & Kimball, Minneapolis, Minn.
E. C. Meacham Arms Co., St. Louis, Mo.
St. Louis Wheel Co., St. Louis, Mo.
American News Co., New York.
Jens Pederson, New York, N. Y.
Brentanos, New York City.
W. C. Boak, LeRoy, N. Y.
Andrew Graff, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rueben Woods' Sons, Syracuse, N. Y.
Chas. S. Vick, Rochester, N. Y.
Osborn & Alexander, Los Angeles, Cal.
Osborn & Alexander, San Francisco, Cal.
Bauer & Brady, San Francisco, Cal.
Edward Mohrig, San Francisco, Cal.
J. M. Miller, Atlanta, Ga.
Hilderbrand & Young, Washington C. H., O.
S. B. Wright, Denver, Colo.
Kraft & Adams, Louisville, Ky.
Julius Andrae, Milwaukee, Wis.
L. J. Doolittle, Plantsville, Conn.
H. Pembroke, Salt Lake City, Utah.
W. L. Fish & Co., Newark, N. J.
C. A. Eidlebrch, Flatonia, Texas.

Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle

Mailed for \$2. Bound in cloth, gilt top, photographic frontispiece, 41 chapters, 908 pages, 675,000 words 75 pp. of indexes with 10,468 titles and 22,806 references. A pamphlet of 140 pages, giving specimens of these indexes and other parts of the book, and a list of agencies where it may be bought, will be mailed on application by postal card to the publisher, KARL KRON, at the University Building, Washington Square, A. Y. City, D. The book and pamphlet may also be had on personal application to B. L. Darrow at the office of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis.

BARGAINS

IN SECOND-HAND CYCLES AND SUNDRIES.

Send Stamp for list of Faciles.

ARTHUR MUNSON, AGENT,
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT,

THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

SAM'L :- T. :- CLARK :- & :- COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Owing to the increased business of the above firm in the past two seasons, during which time the

New Rapid Bicycles and Quadrant Tricycles

have become so thoroughly and favorably known to riders throughout the country, it has been found necessary to increase our facilities for handling this growing trade, and for this purpose the above corporation has been formed.

And in making this announcement to the Cycling public, we consider it an opportune moment to ask them to

REMEMBER

That we were the first to introduce on the American Market, our now famous method of wheel construction, with **TRUE TANGENT SPOKES**, and that while every American Manufacturer of note has been forced to copy it, we still have in all our **NEW RAPID CYCLES** the **BEST** and **STRONGEST** cycle **WHEELS** ever made.

REMEMBER,

Too, that the **QUADRANT STEERING**, as applied to all our **QUADRANT TRICYCLES**, remains unequaled as a perfect steering device and anti-vibrator without the use of springs to the front wheel.

REMEMBER

First, last, and all the time, that we shall be in the field for **THE SEASON OF 1888**. with a line of Cycles of all kinds that cannot be surpassed in any respect.

Write for Catalog.

CLARK CYCLE CO.,

Baltimore, Md.



THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW, WILL BE FOUND IN THE VICTOR CATALOG FOR '88. FREE TO ALL. THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS VALUABLE AND INTERESTING WORK CLAIM TO BE SENSIBLE, WIDE AWAKE, PROGRESSIVE WHEEL-MAKERS, AND BASE THEIR HOPE OF SUCCESS ON THE BELIEF THAT THEIR PRODUCT WILL BE APPRECIATED BY SENSIBLE, WIDE AWAKE, PROGRESSIVE WHEEL RIDERS.

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They are all wheels to ride. If you have not already done so, don't fail to send your name and address on a postal card and so obtain much matter that will be both interesting and valuable to you.

OVERMAN WHEEL Co.

182-188 COLUMBUS AVENUE, - BOSTON.



—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL 1888.

No. 4.



"WHAT kind of an entertainment do I remind you of?" remarked the racing-man, as he sat with his feet propped upon the billiard table, busily puffing a bad smelling cigar.

He expected, of course, some one would say a smoker, so he was perhaps a trifle disappointed when the new member suggested that he reminded him of a loafing race.

"If you can call any kind of an agricultural exhibition an entertainment," remarked the captain disdainfully, "you remind me very forcibly of a hog show."

The racing man left; he did not wait for any more odious comparisons.

"Speaking of entertainments," remarked the club liar, as soon as the excitement had subsided, "I want to tell you about a novel kind of an entertainment I heard of the other day. An uncle of mine who lives down in Brown County wrote me all about it, and if you don't mind listening, I'll read it to you."

"Here goes:

HOOSIER HOLLER, Mar. 28th, 1888.

My Dear Neffue:

Knowin' as how you are a prominent bicyclist, an' judgin' as how you woud like to keep posted on all matters pertaining to bicycling, I set down to write you of a little debate we had here on Washington's Birthday at the Presbyterian Meetin' House.

You see it came about this-a-way. We wanted to raise some money fer the church; fer the preacher was complainin' as how he had n't been paid anything fer nigh onter six months, and the coal was all out in the cellar, an' seven dollars a ton at that, so it was decided to give some kind er entertainment. The Polk girls, what 's home from the Greenville Academy, they says let 's give a concert, but there was nobody in the whole blamed town as could sing but them; without it was old uncle Peter Snobs who plays the banjo. So we had to drop the concert. Somebody says let 's have some charades, but Deacon Wamsley says that charades was no more nor less than theater actin' by another name and that he for one was agin it. That settled the charades fer we did n't wanter have no fuss, 'specially as Deacon Wamsley leads what might be called the 'ristocratic set in our church. That is, the Peabodys and Huckins and Hobbsses and his folks is all connected, and sorter hang together. You see Mirandy Huckins she married Lisha Peabody, who 's Congressman from this destrict. Not that they 're better than nobody else, mind yer; but just fer the sake of peace we let the charades drop.

The new school teacher, Mr. Dibble he suggested that we take up somethin' that was elevatin' the same time as was interestin' and acaluated to draw a crowd. He said there was nothin' like a debate fer widenin' a man's intellectual powers an' he suggested that we give one.

The idee seemed to take all 'round. The only question was what should we debate on?

Nobody could think of a fittin' subject. That is, one that was sufficiently elevatin' an' at the same time interestin'. After three or four had been suggested and voted N. G., which is no good; the teacher he says why not discuss the subject of Civil Service Reform?

Some of the folks says good 'nuff, but Curnel Fellows, as was editor of the *Hoosier Holler Enterprise*, he jumped to his feet an' says sorter hot like, sez he; 'Not much; that are 's jst a one sided question. There ain't only one way to argur about it. If the cussed Democrats keep in we want it and are bound to holler fer it once a week regular, but if we Republicans manage to git a show in the fall, we don't want none of your reform foolishness, we don't. Them air is the sentiments that the *Hoosier Holler Enterprise* advocates, an' she 's goin' to stick to 'em as long as she keeps a dozen subscribers an' the sheriff's printin'.

We all seen 't was no use buckin' again the Curnel so we give in.

Then some wun says; 'Le's debate on which is the best, the Chinamen or the nigger.' This seemed to strike 'em all kind er favorable like, till some wun else suggested that as we did n't have no Chinamen in Hoosier Holler and only two niggers that he did n't see as it makes much difference to us which was the best, and that we orter take something more local, as it was.

Then it was the great question of the day come up and as soon as some wun says "what 's the matter with discussin' which are the greater benefit the modern civilization, bicycles or natural gas?" then every wun hollers out, "that 's it, that 's it."

Every one seemed to be satisfied, for the subject was surely of local interest enough, bein' as we have the biggest bicycle club as well as the biggest natural gas well in Brown County right here in Hoosier Holler.

We was n't long in choosin' sides, two men and a girl to each side. Will Sowders, who is captain of the wheel club, he and his cousin and Mattie Glee took the bicycle side and Micaja Long, who's attorney for the Hoosier Holler Natural Gas Co.—and a mighty smart chap, too;—he an' John Breedlove and Caroline Huscamp they took the side of the gas as a matter of course, bein' as Micaja is engaged to Caroline and Breedlove is Vice-President of the company.

The night set for the debate was Washington's Birthday and there was quite a large sized crowd on hand. Tilly Huscamp she had sold 30 tickets herself and several other little girls nearly as meny.

Micaja, he spoke first and a rattlin' fine speech he made.

"Wat 's the use," says he, "of discussin' such a one sided question as this? The idee of the bicycles, a mere toy, the plaything of school boys and children being compared in utility to the great, overwhelming fuel revolutionizer, natural gas. It is absurd! preposterous!"

Then he worked in a neat little puff for the Hoosier Holler Natural Gas Co., and advised everyone to get their houses piped at once, so as to avoid delays when the rush came.

When he sat down the natural gas crowd cheered till they was hoarse, and the more they cheered the madder the bicycle crowd got.

Then Sowders he jumped up and says as how Micaja Long was dodgin' the issue; that ridicule did n't prove nothin' an' that bicycles was not toys as he was goin' to prove.

Natural gas he says was limited in its location while the bicycle

was found all over the world, and that he believed he was correct in sayin one had been plum clean around it.

"Then," says he, "look how the bicycle is used in the British army and messenger service; does that look like it was a toy?" "Besides," "if it was a toy it 'ud be a heap sight better than a pipe full of gas what smells fit to knock you down."

Then you oughter see the gas crowd look sick, an' all the bicycle boys with one yell they hollers, "What 's the matter with Souders?" an' they yelled back, "He 's all right," so loud they nearly raised the roof.

Then they had it sort 'er permiscuous.

Breedlove he says that a bicycle was a dangerous instrument and ought to be suppressed. If it was n't throwin' its rider it was scarin' horses.

Will Souder's cousin, he jumped up an' says, "how often is it yer hear of natural gas blowin' up? An' when it does it always kills some eight or ten people. I never heard of a bicycle killin' any one," "Not even in war," put in Micaja, with his peculiar sarcasm.

Mattie Glee, she says that she did n't see as how Natural Gas helped the girls any, while there was the tricycle on her side, an' a tricycle was fun, sure 'nuff.

Caroline she came back at her, sayin' that tricycles was well 'nuff for frolikin' chits like her, but for wemin who had to make the fire every mornin' natural gas was mighty helpful.

Then Sowders he says that the man who would make his wife light fires in the mornin was a mighty mean sort of a man anyway, (see how he got back at Micaja?) 'an that he thought the danger persons who used natural gas were exposed to would soon be so evident that insurance companies would raise the rate on 'em.

Long sprang up an' says he must confine himself to facts. "Facts count," sez he.

"Natural gas" says he "is free, or nearly so, and can be enjoyed by the poorest family in the county. Ten cents a thousand is the company's rate. Bicycles are very expensive and can only be indulged in by the rich."

Then Will Souder's cousin he says that if facts was what he wanted he was willin' to bet that there was more bicycles in the country than there was natural gas.

Breedlove says this was no bettin' match, but fer his part he did n't see what fun there was in bicyclin' anyhow. It always seemed to him, he said, as though it was awful hard work.

Things was gettin' kind 'er hot and lively by this time, folks a-jumpin' up an' down an' argerin an' argerin' back, so Squire Chewsy who was presidin' seein' a fuss was inevitable if the thing continued, called order an' says he'd give the case to the jury.

The jury was the Stewards an' when they retired in the prayer-meetin' room, the excitement was big as if it had been somebody gettin' expelled from the church.

We waited for some fifteen minutes talkin' the thing over when Deaken Godown stuck his head through the door an' asked was bicycle spelt with two y's or two i's?

This gave confidence to the bicycle boys and their stock went up direct.

Somebody told him, an' in about five minutes more the whole posse of 'em marched out as solemn as you please and Deaken Godown sed they had brought in their agreement.

Then he pulled out a paper an' read: He sez, sez he, "Powerful arguments has been presented on both sides of this question—namely, to wit: which is the greatest promoter of civilization, bicycles or natural gas? Weighty arguments that had received the most careful consideration, an' that the Board of Stewards, or jury rather, was of the unanimous understanding that in deciding the question a compromise was necessary. After viewing every phaze of the question so ably presented, they were forced to the conclusion that both the bicycle and natural gas were important factors in our civilization; but that it was the opinion of the jury that the highest point of development and civilization would be reached if some-one would invent a bicycle that would run by natural gas."

The applause that greeted the verdict was deafenin'. Everybody cheered, and everybody seemed happy.

Parker Todd said it was the most affectin' scene he had witnessed since Marion Parker's breach of promise suit against Henry Somers.

I know you are ingenous, dear neffue, don't you think you could do something with the idea? You go ahead an' get up the bicycle,

an' let me in on half the profits an' I 'll be satisfied.

Yer aunt an cousins are well an' send their love. Sport has eight pups. Write often.

Your Uncle,

ELIJA HOBBS.

"There," said the Club Liar, folding up the letter, "I 'm going to get a copyright on that idea, it 's so new."



New American Patents.

376,662 and 376,892. January 17, '88. Emmitt G. Latta, of Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co. of Portland, Maine, Velocipede saddle. Two patents.

January 17, '88. Joseph R. Locke, of Amesbury, Mass., Vehicle spring.

376,551. January 17, '88, George W. Rodecap, of Middletown, Ind., Tricycle.—One large rear driving wheel and two small forward supporting wheels.

January 17, '88. John W. Sullivan, of East Brighton, N. Y., Vehicle spring.

January 24, '88. J. Bolick, Conover, N. C. Wheel.

376,322. January 24, '88. Emmitt G. Latta, of Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., of Portland, Maine, velocipede saddle.

January 31, '88. F. H. Gibbs, Syracuse, N. Y., apparatus for the manufacture of wheels.

377,204. January 31, '88. Emmitt G. Latta, of Friendship, N. Y., assignor by mesne assignments to the Pope Mfg. Co., of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

February 7, '88. Charles H. Goodesell, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., velocipede.

February 7, '88. Emmitt G. Latta, of Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

February 7, '88. E. Storm, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., vehicle spring.

373,570. Geo. Singer and R. H. Lea, Coventry, Eng. Patented in England. A tricycle axle.

373,850. H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Maine, a tricycle axle.

373,980. David Horn, Carterville, Ill., tricycle.

374,287. Thomas Benfield, Newark, N. J., an automatically folding bicycle step, adapted to adjust itself to a verticle position when the foot is removed therefrom.

374,542. John Knous, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Maine, velocipede fork.

375,176. Arther E. McIntee, Brooklyn, N. Y., tricycle.

375,707. H. J. Hudson, Blackfriars Road, County of Surrey, Eng. assignor to Pope Mfg. Co. Portland, Maine, velocipede. Relates principally to the saddle-clip and seat spring.

375,714. H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn. Assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Maine, velocipede.

375,755. W. P. Kidder, Maplewood, Mass., tricycle.

375,971. J. F. Steffa, Rockville, Ill., velocipede.

376,051. Robert Steele, Philadelphia, Pa., tricycle.

376,073. Charles L. Collier, Howell, Mich. railway velocipede.

366,241. Peter F. Filliez and A. C. Mounin. Two trailing wheels supporting an extra seat.

377,900. February 14, '88. Emmitt G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Maine, velocipede.

377,869. February 14, '88. Charles F. Stillman, New York N. Y. velocipede.

378,253. February 21, '88. Emmitt G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Maine, velocipede.

378,496. John F. Conley, Rockford, Ill., bicycle support.

378,693. February 28, '88. Emmitt G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Maine, velocipede.

378,631. February 28, '88. Allen M. Stoner, Topeka, Kansas, velocipede.

379,017. March 6, '88. Emmitt G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Maine, velocipede.

New English Patents.

298. Jan 7, '88. Joseph Bates, Bloxwich, improvements in tricycles and other velocipedes, or wheeled vehicles propelled by manual power.
310. Jan 7, '88. Stephen Martin, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
375. Jan 10, '88. Morriss Woodhead, Paul Angois, and William Ellis, Nottingham, improvements in velocipedes.
379. Jan 10, '88. Thomas Charles Pullinger, Greenwich, improvements in the construction of velocipedes relating to the front head.
409. Jan 10, '88. Arthur Thomas, W. Fagg, L. G. O. Co., Crown Terrace, Upper Holloway, preventing the communication of vibration to the riders of velocipedes.
462. Jan 11, '88. Reginald George Fletcher, of the firm of Messrs. Fletcher, Son and Fearnall, improvements in and relating to velocipedes, adapting them to military purposes.
495. Richard W. Palmer, Manchester, improvement in rubber-tired wheels.
548. Jan. 13, '88 Alfred Nicholas, Birmingham, improvements in bicycle and other bells and alarm apparatus.
595. Jan. 14, '88. James Albert Fallows, Manchester, improvements in brakes for velocipedes and other similar carriages.
625. Jan. 14, '88. Thomas W. Moore, London, improvements in tricycles and bicycles.
664. Jan. 16, '88. Francis John Lovett, London, an electrical lamp for bicycles, tricycles and other carriages.
701. Jan. 17, '88. Herbert Akroyd Stewart, Buckinghamshire, improved driving mechanism to obtain continuous rotary motion.
712. Jan. 17, '88. Josiah Brookes, Henry James Brookes and Richard Green, Staffordshire, improvements in driving chains for bicycles tricycles and other machinery.
800. Jan. 18, '88. Charles Carmichael, London, an automatic swing head for rear driving safety bicycles or other cycles.
845. Jan. 19, '88. Sydney Isaac Samuel, London, improvements in velocipedes or manu-motive carriages.
917. Alfred Easthope, improvements in bicycles.
918. Jan. 20, '88. Alfred Easthope, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
- 1,005. Jan. 23, '88. Arthur Hunnable, improvements in velocipedes.
- 1,057. Jan. 24, '88. Louis von Lubbe, the open back shear spring bicycle and tricycle saddle.
- 1,063. Jan. 24, '88. Joseph Cottrell, improvements in tricycles and other velocipedes.
- 1,094. Jan. 24, '88. Purnell Purnell, improvements in velocipedes.
- 1,098. Jan. 24, '88. Dan Albone, an improved velocipede.
- 1,148. Jan. 25th, '88. Stephen John Rose, a new pattern dwarf or safety bicycle of the class known as rear drivers.
- 1,216. Jan. 26th, '88. Jules Michel Marie Truffault, improvements in bicycles.
- 1,219. Jan. 26, '88. George John Stevens and John Cunningham, improvements in velocipedes.
- 1,221. Jan. 26, '88. Eugene Prudon, a cyclists galosh.
- 1,235. Jan. 27, '88. David Kidd McIntyre, a detachable cycle crank extension.
- 1,271. Jan. 27, '88. Herbert Roe Tandy, improvements in velocipedes.
- 1,284. Jan. 27, '88. Heinrich Puckert, improvements in lamps specially designed for use on velocipedes.
- 1,285. Jan. 27, '88. John William Hall and Harry Phillips, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
- 1,287. Jan. 26, '88. Reginald George Fletcher, George Douglas Leechman and Robert Edward Phillips, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
- 1,298. Jan. 28, '88. James Carr, improvements in bicycles and tricycles and appliances connected therewith.
- 1,318. Jan. 28, '88. Henry Horwood, improvements in velocipedes.
- 1,328. Jan. 28, '88. Joseph Henry Dearlove and David Richard Davies, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
- 1,330. Jan. 28, '88. Herbert John Haddan, a bicycle attachment for the use of learners and others.
- 1,334. Jan. 28, '88. Alois Mary Leinwather and Heinrich Glaser, improvements in ball bearings for vehicles and other moving bodies.
- 1,350. Jan. 30, '88. Charles Thomas Auster, improvement in brakes for velocipedes.
- 1,356. Jan. 30, '88. Walter Chatwood Burton, improved pedal lever for velocipedes.
- 1,374. Jan. 30, '88. Edward Mushing, improvements in velocipedes.
- 1,376. Jan 30, '88. George Singer and Richard Henry Lee, improvements in and connected with velocipedes.
- 1,388. Jan. 30, '88. Louis von Lubbe, a driving and steering bicycle and tricycle wheel, single or double.
- 1,642. Feb. 5, '88. Charles Montague Linley and John Biggs, improved device for carrying photographic apparatus on velocipedes.
- 1,692. Feb 4, '88. James Logan Watkins, a covering to a bicycle or tricycle that will form a tent.
- 1,765. Feb. 6, '88. James Robinson, improvements in velocipedes.
- 1,779. Feb. 6, '88. Henry Harris Lake, improvements in and relating to seates or saddles for velocipedes.
- 1,790. Feb. 7, '88. William Mawby, improvements in and relating to tricycles or other manumotive machines.
- 1,807. Feb. 7, '88. Joseph Bennett, apparatus for the prevention of extinguishing of lamps by oscillation for cycles.
- 1,834. Feb. 7, '88. John Bramall, improvement in mechanism for propelling and steering velocipedes, boats and the like.
- 1,857. Feb. 8, '88. James Brawn, improvements in velocipedes, hobby-horses and the like.
- 1,982. Feb. 9, '88. William Gallimore, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
- 2,087. Feb. 11, '88. Henry Tadwell Davis and Charles Williamson Dawson, improvements in velocipedes.
- 2,163. Feb. 13, '88. James Alfred Lamplugh, improvements in the saddles or seats of bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes, and in appliances or apparatus employed in the manufacture of the said saddles or seats.
- 2,196. Feb. 14, '88. Edward Losh Dutton, improvements in safety bicycles.
- 2,253. Feb. 14, '88. Johann Walch, improvements in and relating to speed and power gear for safety bicycles and other velocipedes.
- 2,354. Feb. 16, '88. Walter Phillips for improvements in the method of, and means for connecting tricycles together.
- 2,356. Feb. 16, '88. George Butler and Samuel Stanton, improvements in or relating to guiding or steering joints or heads for velocipedes.
- 3,578. March 9, '87. J. E. Thorpe, improvements in velocipedes.
- 4,296. March 9, '87. A. H. Overman, Boston, improvements in velocipedes. Patented by R. E. Phillips, in Eng.
- 4,393. March 24, '87. J. H. Findland, improved differential speed gear of bicycles and tricycles.

"Is this Mr. Kluge?" inquired a stranger upon being shown to room 821 of the Southern Hotel.

"Yes sir, C. E. Kluge, at your service," replied the courteous racer.

"My name is Mix; T. Edison Mix, happy to meet you and make your acquaintance. You are agent for the celebrated Duke bicycle, are you not?"

"The King bicycle," answered Mr. Kluge, correcting him.

"Ah, yes, so it is the King. It is a most noble wheel. If I understand correctly it is a perfect safety, a complete anti-header."

The agent smiled and nodded accent. "Yes, it is the only thorough and perfect safety wheel on the market."

"So I have heard," said Mr. Mix, "I consider it a remarkably high grade wheel; but as I looked over its specifications it occurred to me that your Emperor bicycle could be improved in just one particular."

"And what is that?" asked Mr Kluge.

"It is just this, a little invention of my own. Your Baron bicycle will be made simply perfect by the addition of my patent safety handle bars."

There was no trade made.



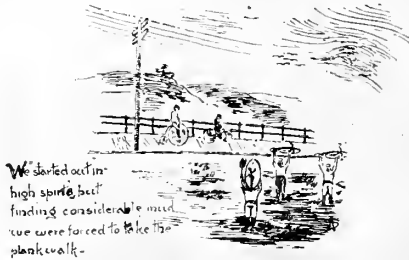
WITH what enthusiasm does a genuine wheelman watch the weather and the condition of the roads, especially when he has been penned up in the club room all the winter working earnestly upon the home trainer. One can imagine how eagerly I accepted an invitation from the Kenton Wheel Club, of Covington, Ky., to join them on their trip to Independence. It was about the middle of February and if I am not mistaken, was their first club run of the season.

It was rather cloudy and looked very much like rain, but still I kept my appointment and met two more Cincinnatians who were also going to take the run. We three crossed the river together and arrived at the club rooms just in time to help light a fire to take the chill off us before starting. Of course we did not get started immediately as there is always a considerable amount of chatting to be gotten through with on such occasions, and then just as we are ready to start we find that one who promised to be there has not arrived yet. After all it was not so very late when we got in line ready to mount our worthy steeds. The roads in Covington



are in such a state, full of "chuck-holes," as you might call them, that it took considerable time to get fairly out of town, and then we had to dismount again on account of so much mud, which drove us on to the plank walk, it was quite a sight to see so many wheelmen, (twelve in all), with their wheels over their heads excepting the two dogs (safeties), the riders of which carried them under their arms. Nothing worthy of note happened until we were about two miles out of town when we had a good laugh over one of our number running into an oyster man, who apparently was top-heavy and at the sound of the well-known whistle, as might be expected he turned in instead of out causing himself to be laid out flat, the handle-bar striking him on the head and the pedal in the back, the oysters which he carried in a paper sack flew in all directions, it is unnecessary to say how the rider took a tumble himself and got down upon the ground, but whether it was for the purpose of picking up the oysters or not, I will leave my readers to judge, the man picked himself up and walked away apparently too mad to curse as he no doubt from the looks of his face, would have done on any other occasion, and going into the nearest saloon drowned all his grief in his favorite beverage.

After this catastrophe two of the other riders, one of them the bugler turned round and started for home, finding it a little rougher than they had anticipated, for the roads were exceedingly sticky. The scenery could hardly be surpassed, the road winding around and following Banklick Creek, all of them surrounded by hills.



We soon came to Sanfords town, a pretty little village with a few houses scattered along the pike. At the toll gate which is about four miles this side of Independence we dismounted and quenched our thirst with a nice cool drink of clear spring-water. About a mile and a half further along we came to Independence hill, it is rather steep and about two miles long, and as we



were in no particular hurry we did not all attempt to climb it as the roads were in such a bad condition but three or four of us climbed it without a dismount, others dismounted half way up and refreshed themselves at the spring then mounting again rode to the top.



It was not long afterwards till we were all sitting on the porch of Jones' Hotel which is very well known to all wheelmen who have ever dined there. It commenced to rain soon after we arrived, and came down as if it did not intend to let us get out of there, but we were too hungry to pay much attention to anything except the dining-room door which was watched as a cat would watch a mouse-hole, it would open occasionally causing a rush from us hungry riders who thought it was some one coming to announce that dinner was ready, but we had many false alarms before we heard the dinner bell, which caused our hearts to jump up in our mouths, but alas, it was the first bell and we had to turn back and wait patiently once more, until we should hear it again. We did not have to wait long in suspense, and when we once got seated, we did more than justice to that meal, I honestly think I enjoyed it more than any meal I ever sat down to and I think I was not the only one.

After dinner we began to turn our minds towards home but as the rain was coming down in torrents it did not seem likely that we would ride, until someone suggested that we go see the bussman and try and make arrangements with him to take us back. So accordingly three of us went over and made all necessary arrangements, and in half an hour we were all packed in like sardines with the two safeties inside, three wheels on top, and one fastened on behind, and the rest were left for the bussman to bring home at his leisure. For our journey home I must refer you to the illustration.



After arriving at the club rooms we appreciated the refreshments served out to us and went our way winding up a very pleasant trip.

NAMDETS.



The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM MARCH 15 TO APRIL 15.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

The League Organ.

THE old admonition that brethren should dwell together in unity seems to be totally disregarded by the joint editors of the *Bicycling World and L. A. W. Bulletin*. Bassett makes a statement in his part of the paper, which is promptly contradicted or adversely commented upon by Editor Fourdrinier in his part, and as the latter has much more space at his disposal, and the last word always, he generally has the best of the controversy.

It is not so much a question as to which side is right or wrong, for the issue seldom amounts to anything after it is settled. That the League Organ should lend itself to such petty bickerings is, however, to be greatly deplored. It surely can not be beneficial or interesting to League members, and they should take pains to show that is not.

Let Them Stay.

As a rule we are not in favor of a prohibitive tariff, but now that about half of our professionals are in Europe, would n't it be a good thing if Congress would put such a high tariff on imported racers that they would have to stay there? Then, if we could only induce the other half to find a hole somewhere, and to crawl into it, cycling would boom along and stand some show of becoming respectable.

Fort Wayne.

THE fourth annual banquet of the Fort Wayne Bicycle Club was held on the evening of the 9th inst. Anyone who is at all familiar with the Fort Wayne Club can imagine what a good time they had. Forty wheelmen sat down to the following menu, which was served in elegant style by Mr. McKinnie of the Wayne Hotel:

- Little Neck Clams.
- Olives. Radishes.
- Consomme a l'Impériale en tasse.
- Haut Sauterne.
- Filet de Sole au Vin Blanc.
- Pomme a la Empire. Concombre.
- Chateau Margaux.
- Printemps Dindon de Sauce de la Huître.
- Filet de Boeuf pique a la Bristol.
- Cotelettes de Poulet a la Rothschild.
- Royal Sec.
- Ris de Veau a la Toulouse.
- Punch a la Wayne.
- Selle De Mouton aux Gelle de Groselle.
- Salade de Laitue.
- Macon.
- Pomme au Gratin.
- Petits Pois.
- Asperges des Branches.
- Cabinet Pudding a la Liederkranz.
- Vanilla Ice Cream.
- Gateau. Lemon Meringue Pie.
- Fromage.
- Cafe.

After the feast the following toasts were responded to:

"The Fort Wayne Bicycle Club,"	CHAS. J. McLAIN.
"The City of Fort Wayne,"	A. J. MOYNIHAN.
"The Wheelmen,"	C. W. EDGERTON.
"The Press,"	W. D. PAGE.
"The Road Hog—We Despise Him,"	P. C. DARROW.
"Our Rights Upon the Road,"	CHAS. W. KUHN.
"The Age of Wheels,"	AUGUST DETZER.
"The Small Boy—A Necessary Evil,"	THEO. F. THIELE.
"A Bicycle Ballad,"	LEROY HARTZLER.

California. Olympic Athletic Club games, San Francisco, Feb. 22: half-mile bicycle race, R. A. Smythe, 1:35; two-mile bicycle race, R. A. Smythe, 7:17½. The terms of all Local Consuls expiring March 1, the following appointments for the ensuing year are hereby announced by Robt. M. Welch, C. C.: Alameda, P. E. Haslett; Hayward, C. H. Johnson; Livermore, Geo. A. Moirill; Napa City, W. S. Hoover; Oakland, Lewis Sears; Oroville, S. S. Simon; Pasadena, Geo. H. Frost; Sacramento, John Bruener; San Francisco, J. R. Hopkins; San Jose, Arthur C. McKenney; San Mateo, D. W. Donnelly; Santa Cruz, E. N. Radke; Stockton, W. A. Severy; Vacaville, J. M. Miller. The annual business meeting of the California Division, L. A. W., was held in Mystic hall, Red Men's building 320 Post Street, San Francisco, on Friday evening, Feb. 24.

Delaware. The Wilmington Wheel Club, at its last meeting, elected the following officers: President, Eugene D. R. Sutton; Secretary, William F. Kurtz; Treasurer, Victor R. Pyle; Captain, S. Wallis Merrihew; First Lieutenant, Charles C. Kurtz; Second Lieutenant, Albert Jefferis; Bugler, John S. Bertolette; Executive Committee, B. Frank McDaniel, Wm. Tatnall, Jr., Thomas Jefferis.

District of Columbia. E. T. Pettingill, C. C., resigns and G. S. Atwater is appointed to fill the vacancy.

Georgia. Spring meet Atlanta Bicycle Club, April 16 and 17.

Illinois. At the annual meeting of the Capital City Cycling Club of Springfield, held on Tuesday, March 6, the following officers were elected for 1888: President, T. F. Sheridan; Vice-President, R. N. Baker; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Reed; Board of Directors, Wm. Henkle, Frank Channing, A. A. Billingsley, the President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer; Captain, W. S. Reed; First Lieutenant, William H. Burt; Second Lieutenant, Robert Walker; Bugler, A. T. Westlake; Color Bearer, A. A. Billingsley; Quartermaster, J. P. Fogarty. E. P. Blake is appointed Local Counsel No. 10, vice W. Dunn, resigned. W. J. Matern is appointed Local Consul No. 12, vice E. P. Blake, promoted. J. H. Zimmstein is appointed Local Consul No. 41.

Indiana. Fort Wayne Bicycle Club gave an informal reception and smoker at their club rooms March 10.

Iowa. The Dubuque Wheelmen recently organized in Dubuque, with the following officers: President, Rod. G. Guyette; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. A. Upton; Captain, Ed. W. Grierish; First Lieutenant, Nathan Sears. The Bend City Wheelmen is a new organization at Muscatine, the officers of which are as follows: President and Captain, Robt. L. Thompson; Vice-President and First Lieutenant, Roy C. Betts; Secretary-Treasurer, Ad. Reuling.

Kentucky. The Louisville Wheel Club has disbanded.

Louisiana. Regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Officers was held April 9.

Maryland. The Maryland Bicycle Club held their annual meeting in Baltimore March 14, when the election resulted in the choice of the following: President, M. Morris; Treasurer, E. H. Steinmetz; Recording Secretary, C. F. Hutchinson; Corresponding Secretary, E. H. Bennett; Captain, E. F. La Cato; First Lieutenant, Albert Mott; Second Lieutenant, B. H. Steinmetz. After the business meeting the members sat down to their annual banquet.

Massachusetts. The Dorchester Bicycle Club held their annual meeting and elected the following officers: President, Willard H. Forbes; Vice-President, F. L. Bailey; Treasurer, F. E. Fowler; Secretary, W. A. Clapp; Captain, Arthur P. Benson; First Lieutenant, J. P. Clark; Second Lieutenant, G. W. Hayward. The Newton Bicycle Club have elected officers as follows: President, L. A. Hall, Secretary, H. A. Fuller; Treasurer, E. S. Martin; Captain, J. H. Aubin; First Lieutenant, F. S. Wilson; Second Lieutenant, H. A. Henderson. The Thorndyke Bicycle Club of Beverly, gave a fancy dress ball in the town hall, Tuesday evening, March 20. The Melrose Club members gave a dance March 2. Massachusetts Division Officers held a meeting at Young's Hotel, Boston, March 31. The Northampton Wheel Club will have their fourth annual ball at the City Hall, next Wednesday evening, March 7; the present officers are: President, L. L. Campbell; Secretary, H. R. Grayes; Captain, A. A. Chabot. The Rovers' Cycle Club, of the Charlestown District, Boston, gave its annual party in Congress Hall, March 21. March 20

the members of the Dorchester Bicycle Club met at their annual dinner at the United States Hotel, Boston. March 27, ladies' night at the Dorchester Bicycle Club rooms. Dorchester Club held a pool tournament March 2, and their annual meeting March 6. Holyoke Bicycle Club inaugurated their new club rooms March 9. Dorchester Club gave a party at Lyceum Hall March 9. Cambridge Bicycle Club elect the following officers for 1888: President, John Ameer; Captain, Geo. A. Perkins; Secretary, Geo. A. Nash; Treasurer, J. H. Daggett; Executive Committee, above officers and Emmons C. Ellis, C. A. Underwood, J. H. Grimes.

Michigan. Flint Bicycle Club held its annual meeting and elected officers as follows: President, J. B. Castre; Vice-President, H. W. Ober; Secretary-Treasurer, E. M. Gordon; Captain, W. C. Monroe; First Lieutenant, Bruce McDonald; Second Lieutenant, Geo. D. McIntosh; Bugler, Albert Lutz. At the annual meeting of the Detroit Bicycle Club, the following officers were elected. President, C. A. Lightner; Vice-President, A. F. Peck; Secretary, R. Traub; Treasurer, John Hanley; Captain, P. N. Jacobsen; and First and Second Lieutenants, Messrs. Lane and Larmour.

Missouri. The Marion County Wheelmen of Hannibal, held their annual meeting March 5, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. H. Hall; Vice-President, P. P. Lockling; Secretary-Treasurer, H. C. Woodruff; Captain, A. C. Miller; Lieutenant, C. H. Appler; Bugler, W. C. Foss; Color Bearer, Jno. Sydney. The Missouri Bicycle Club held its annual meeting for the election of officers Tuesday, March 6, at their club house, which resulted as follows: President, W. M. Brewster; Vice-President, E. A. Smith; Treasurer, A. P. Dennis (re-elected); Secretary, Geo. Boswell (re-elected); Captain, Ab. Lewis.

Nebraska. Prince and McCurdy are matched for a race at Omaha April 7, stakes are said to be \$15,000 a side.

New Jersey. The Hudson County Wheelmen, of Jersey City, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Dr. E. W. Johnson; Secretary, Theo. F. Merseler, Jr.; Treasurer, Carman Nichols; Captain, E. P. Baggot; First Lieutenant, W. E. Eldridge; Second Lieutenant, F. J. Gubleman; Sergeant, F. C. Sheldon; R. G., W. Robertson, Jr.; L. G., H. C. Pearsal; Bugler, G. L. Bettcher; Color Bearer, N. E. Feury. On the evening of March 1, the Essex Bicycle Club, of Newark, now the oldest club in the L. A. W., if not the oldest bicycle club in America, held its ninth annual meeting; Mr. Swift was declared the winner of the club long distance trophy for 1887, and the speed challenge cup was again awarded to Charles Joy; the officers elected were: President, John B. Lunger; Vice-President, J. J. Keer; Secretary-Treasurer, William S. Righter; Captain, E. Eugene Sargeant; Lieutenant, Madison Alling; Elwood C. Harris, Charles Joy and Herbert W. Knight, as members of the Executive Committee. The annual meeting and election of officers was held in the club rooms of the Orange Wanderers Feb. 15; the following officers were elected: President, Dr. R. M. Sanger; Vice-President, W. A. Belcher; Secretary-Treasurer, J. M. Gilmour; Captain, C. W. Freeman; First Lieutenant, F. P. Jewett; Second Lieutenant, R. S. Miller; Color Bearer, J. M. Gilmour. Hudson County Wheelmen, of Jersey City, gave an entertainment March 2.

New York. Karl Kron began the distribution of his mammoth pamphlet of "Newspaper Notices," 5,000 copies, as a free advertisement of "XM Miles," March 29. The New York and New Jersey Team Road Racing Association held their annual meeting in New York on March 10; the Citizens Club sent in their resignation, which was accepted, and the New Jersey Wheelmen, a disbanded organization, was dropped from the rolls, while the resignation of the Orange Wanderers was not acted upon; the following officers were elected: President, W. D. Edwards; Vice-President, G. C. Pennell; Secretary, M. L. Bridgman; the race of May 30 will probably take place over the usual course. The Brooklyn Club had an enjoyable dance March 2. The Brooklyn and Ilderan Bicycle Clubs are to combine. The Citizens Club elected the following officers for 1888: President, John C. Gulick; Vice-President, Richard Nelson; Secretary, Geo. T. Wilson; Treasurer, A. E. Paillard; Trustees, W. C. Frazee, W. H. Book, Simeon Ford, F. E. Faulkner and Knight L. Clapp; Road Officers: Captain, Philip Fontaine; First Lieutenant, J. B. Fischer; Lieutenant of Tricyclists, Geo. Martin Huss; Surgeon, Dr. Brooks H. Wells; First Color Bearer, M. Schachtel; Second Color Bearer, H. G. Barnard; First Bugler, E. A. Hoffman; Second

Bugler, F. C. Thomas. The Manhattan Club, elected the following officers at their annual meeting, held March 19: President, J. M. Warwick; Vice-President, W. K. Kubin; Secretary, J. W. Sheehan; Treasurer, D. H. Thistle; Captain, Martin Metzger; First Lieutenant, J. W. Sheehan; Second Lieutenant, Wm. Newgass; Surgeon, Dr. J. I. Metzger; Color Bearer, W. H. Putney; Bugler, R. F. Shaffner. The following are the regular nominees for officers of the Brooklyn Club: the elections take place April 10: President, Howard Greenman; Vice-President, W. E. Fuller; Secretary, G. E. Corby; Treasurer, H. E. Raymond; Captain, Howard Spelman; First Lieutenant, W. H. Meester; Second Lieutenant, G. L. Warner; Surgeon, A. C. Brush; Color Bearer, W. J. Kenmore; Bugler, Percy Seixas; Trustees, W. F. Miller, D. W. Barker; additional Trustees, L. W. Slocum, H. S. Stallnecht. The Elmira Bicycle Club was recently organized with the following officers: President, Rufus Stanley; Secretary-Treasurer, C. F. Stevens; Captain, M. F. Mayer; Lieutenant, A. F. Spalding, Jr. The regular annual meeting of the Binghamton Wheel Club was held Feb. 17, and the following officers were elected: President, J. A. Saunders; Vice-President, T. H. Harris; Secretary, B. T. Ash; Treasurer, J. H. Copeland; Captain E. H. Towle; First Lieutenant, H. Y. Bresee; Second Lieutenant, John Cutler; Third Lieutenant, Frank Cox; Club Editor, W. F. Sheridan; Bugler, W. P. Mosher; Color Bearer, S. W. Newton; Executive Committee, M. C. Craver, W. J. Rogers, and A. W. Lyon. The Brooklyn Club now proposes to build a club house. The Long Island Wheelmen held a stag racket March 2. The new officers of the Syracuse Bicycle Club are as follows: President, Carl G. White; Vice-President, Harry N. Denny; Secretary-Treasurer, George H. Harris; Captain, H. W. Chapin; members of the Club Committees, President, Secretary, Captain, H. W. Wiard and Clarence Decker; Bugler, Chas. C. Truesdell; League Consul, James P. Becker; League Representative, Fred Bingham; club rooms, 7 Joy Building, on Genesee Street. At the election of officers for the Harlem Wheelmen, the following were elected: President, E. O. Locke; Vice-President, W. D. Edwards; Secretary, W. W. Braden; Treasurer, W. H. De Graaf; Captain, J. A. Lefferts; First Lieutenant, C. D. Ford; Second Lieutenant, E. A. Ridabock; Color Bearer, F. A. Phillips; Bugler, A. Rauchfus; J. B. Halsley and F. L. Bingham were elected in conjunction with the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer to constitute the Board of Trustees. The present Board of Officers of the Kings County Wheelmen is composed as follows: President, Franklin W. Loucks; Vice-President, F. W. Lovejoy; Secretary, Melville H. Leighton; Treasurer, T. S. Snyder; Captain, Malcomb L. Bridgman; First Lieutenant, A. J. Hall Jr.; Second Lieutenant, T. C. Crichton; Color Bearer, R. W. Steves; Bugler, E. R. Nichols; the Board of Trustees of the club consists of F. W. Loucks, F. W. Lovejoy, M. H. Leighton, M. L. Bridgman, A. R. Smith, Charles Schwalbach, Henry J. Hall. The semi-annual convention of the League was held in New York on March 5, fifty representatives being present from eastern districts, and other districts being represented by proxies to the number of 103, it was decided that hereafter the election of officers shall take place in July instead of March, a new constitution was read and referred to a constitutional convention, and it was resolved that the next annual meet should be held in Baltimore on June 18, 19 and 20.

Ohio. At the annual business meeting of the Toledo Cycling Club, held March 5, the following were chosen officers for 1888 and 1889: President, Fred Boice; Vice-President, Geo. S. Mills; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. S. Waite; Captain, H. Richards; Lieutenant, W. Morgan; Color Sergeant, J. H. Kitchen; Bugler, W. Howell; members of Club Committee, President, Vice-President, Jno. C. Keller and Smith Comly. The Forest City Ramblers, of Cleveland, held their first regular meeting a few days ago, and elected these officers: President, George Collister; Secretary, John T. Huntington; Treasurer, Charles Fogleberg; Captain, Henry E. Chubb.

Pennsylvania. The annual election of the Keystone Bicycle Club, Pittsburg, held March 7, resulted as follows: President, R. F. Smyth; Secretary-Treasurer, J. W. McGowin; Captain, C. E. Geidell; First Lieutenant, T. B. Lee; Second Lieutenant, C. A. Smith; Third Lieutenant, J. H. Croninger; Color Bearer, B. D. Smith; Directors, F. F. Sneathen and J. W. Atwood. The twenty-four hour bicycle race, contestants riding four hours each evening for six days, terminated at the Elite Rink, in Philadelphia on Saturday evening, March 10,

with the following result: H. G. Crocker first, 405½ miles; W. Knapp second, 405½ miles; Ashinger third, 404½ miles; Rhoades fourth, 403½ miles; Dingley fifth, 376 miles. The South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia have secured a lease of a spacious brown stone house on the corner of Broad Street and Castle Avenue, and expect to take possession of the new quarters in a couple of weeks. Pennsylvania Bicycle Club formally opened their club house Feb. 22. A series of amateur races are announced to be held at the Elite Rink in Philadelphia, on the evening of March 28, under the management of John A. Wells and William Updegraff. The new officers of the Chambersburg Wheel Club are as follows: President, Mr. Dyson; Vice-President, Mr. Hassler; Secretary, Mr. Schaff; Captain, Mr. Nixon; Lieutenant, Mr. Hollenberg. The Scranton Bicycle Club have elected the following officers: President, George A. Jessup; Vice President, John J. Van Nort; Secretary, John F. Roe, Jr.; Treasurer, F. D. Walte; Captain, H. C. Wallace; Lieutenant, Eugene Healey; Bugler, John Sherwood; Club Council, George Sanderson; the club has secured a charter and purchased a lot upon which a handsome club house will be built. The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, will give the first of its series of public entertainments on Thursday evening, April 19, at Association Hall, Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets; the entertainment will consist of a lecture by Mr. A. H. MacOwen on the pleasures incident to a trip "With Wheel and Camera Through the Isle of Wight;" the lecture will be illustrated with nearly 100 views taken directly from nature and shown by the aid of a stereopticon.

Rhode Island. The Rhode Island Wheelmen of Providence, gave a most enjoyable ladies' night March 9. The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Wheelmen was held Feb. 13, and the following officers were elected: President, James A. Kinghorn; Vice-President, Ansel L. Sweet, Treasurer, Howard L. Perkins; Secretary, Wm. A. Bennett; Captain, James L. Speirs; First Lieutenant, A. F. Titus; Second Lieutenant, Geo. P. Hutchins; Trike Lieutenant, Geo. L. Cooke.

Tennessee. The Clarksville Cyclers will celebrate their second anniversary March 30 and 31. It will take the form of a banquet at Elden's Opera House; runs and tours, and a street parade on the afternoon of March 30. The Reception Committee are I. N. Parker, R. F. Bunting and B. A. Patch.

Wisconsin. The *L. A. W. Pointer*, official *L. A. W.* organ for Wisconsin, Illinois and Minnesota, will be issued semi-monthly, instead of monthly, as heretofore.

FOREIGN.

Australia. R. Davis, of Adelaide, broke the Australian mile bicycle record in a race there on Jan. 2, his time being 2:38½; the race was for the championship of Australia.

Canada. The Wanderers' Bicycle Club, of Toronto, Ont., recently elected officers as follows: President, C. P. Orr; Vice-President, F. J. Morphy; Secretary, W. J. Sylvester; Recording Secretary, M. J. Taylor; Captain, G. H. Orr; First Lieutenant, B. Brown; Second Lieutenant, A. Rennie; Third Lieutenant, G. Toye. The Rambler Wheel Club, of Belleville, Ont., recently elected the following officers: President, Henry Corby; Vice-President, Henry Richtie; Second Vice-President, T. S. Clarke; Secretary-Treasurer, E. Foster; Captain, H. A. Dean; First Lieutenant, R. E. Clark; Second Lieutenant, Joseph Bonar; it was resolved to ask the Canada Wheelmen's Association to hold the annual meet in that city on Dominion Day. Members of the Young Men's Christian Association organized a cycling club in Toronto, Ont., last week, the officers being: President, Dr. W. T. Adams; Vice-President, Grant Halliwell; Secretary-Treasurer, F. W. Gooch; Captain, W. H. Seymour; the club starts with about twenty members, and only members of the association will be admitted.

England. Wallace Ross, the American oarsman and present champion of England, was the winner of a "road scullers' race" on tricycles, in the vicinity of London, on Feb. 21; his score was 330 miles, East being second with 325 miles; Corcoran third with 324, and Goodwin fourth with 286 miles. J. G. Murgatroyd has deposited a forfeit in England for a match between Fred Wood, now in Australia, and W. A. Rowe, or any member of the American team, from one to twenty-five miles, for \$250 a side, the race to take place four weeks after Wood's return to England; A. P. Engleheart, the ex-amateur, has also challenged Rowe. On the evening of Feb. 29,

at Newcastle, Rowe, the American champion, beat Woodside by 20 yards, and English beat Morgan at five miles. A. P. Engleheart and W. A. Rowe are matched for 10 miles April 2. Cowboys *versus* Cyclists had another race at Agricultural Hall, London, March 19-24. International match race, five miles, W. A. Rowe *versus* Richard Howell, April 4, at Leicesters.

COMING EVENTS.

April 28—International match race, one mile; W. A. Rowe *versus* Richard Howell, Wolverham, Eng.

May 5—Road race given by the St. Louis Wheel Company, of St. Louis, Mo.

May 12—International match race; ten miles, W. A. Rowe *versus* Richard Howell, Coventry, Eng.

May 29—Spring meeting of the Board of Officers of the Iowa Division, will be held at Cedar Falls.

May 30—N. Y. and N. J. Team Road Racing Association, road race.

June 18-20—L. A. W. annual meet, Baltimore, Md.

July 1-2—Canadian Wheelmen's Association will hold their general meeting at Ottawa.

July—Annual meet of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association will be held at Belleville during this month, actual date not decided on.

July 4—California Division will hold their annual meet and races at Stockton, under the auspices of the Oak Leaf Bicycle Club.

"If Your Children Cry for Bread, Will Ye Give Them a Stone?"

H. W. BURMESTER and J. J. Bliss, two California wheelmen, made a century run around the Bay of San Francisco on the 25th of March, starting from San Francisco shortly after midnight, Sunday morning. The first portion of the run was by moonlight, but neither had a fall or mishap of any kind on the trip.

The exertion of the first forty odd miles in the cold night air, induced hunger, and this, added to the loss of sleep, made Burmester somewhat faint. He had been working hard during the previous day and did not close his store until about an hour before the start. After reaching Santa Clara he declared that he could go no further without food, though then within three miles of San Jose, where the first half of the run ended and where it had been determined to breakfast. Burmester, encouraged by his companion, decided however to try to make the Fredericksburg brewery, between Santa Clara and San Jose, and there get beer and sandwiches to carry them through till breakfast. Although within a short distance of the brewery, the way seemed long and one or two pauses were made. The desperate feeling, caused by the void in the empty stomach, caused Burmester to ask the first person he met, while wheeling by, presumably on the chance of getting some encouragement from the expected reply that it was near by (for he well knew that it was not very far), "How far is it to the Fredericksburg brewery?"

The reply, however, was not of the kind anticipated. Burmester's divining powers, in his then hungry condition, had not permitted him to perceive that he had accosted a minister of the gospel, who said: "You do not want a brewery, young man, you want a church." Then, perhaps noticing the forlorn, travel-stained appearance of the wheelmen, the clerical gentleman shouted after them, "You go down there, two miles to the right!"

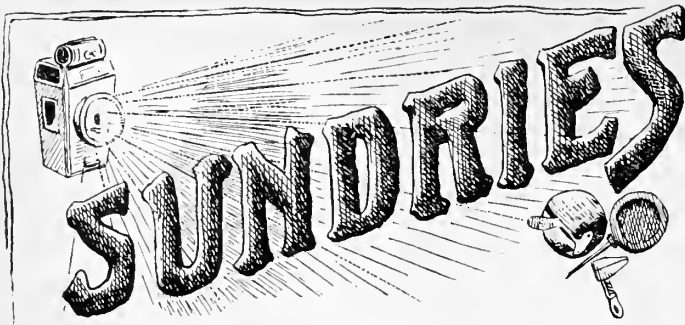
This was the last camel on the feather's back. This was adding injury to unkindness, and Burmester for some time could not refrain from making uncomplimentary remarks about the preacher who would intimate to him at such a time that the desired place for refreshment was two miles distant to the right, when it was in truth less than half a mile to the left.

The question arises, is a clerical sermon of the most potent and soul satisfying description, capable of furnishing the kind of assistance and refreshment needed by a starving wayfarer.

Bliss had a hearty laugh over Burmester's mistake, and considers the joke on him too good to let it pass entirely unknown to others.

He desires to add, however, that after the needed food and other refreshments, the remainder of the journey (some fifty odd miles) was reeled off in fine time and shape, considering that a strong head wind was encountered over the greater part of the last half of the trip.

Mr. Jo Pennell contemplates writing a complete history of cycling.



Do you want to change your mount this season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word.

Even a wheel will turn when trod on.

* * *

The early candidate catches the mail vote.

* * *

The makers of the Springfield Roadster have contracted for 4000 wheels for 1888.

* * *

Howell is now riding a 59-inch Rudge especially built for him, weighing 23 pounds.

* * *

It is reported that Senator Morgan will wear bigger diamonds than Alvin Joslin when he returns to America.

* * *

Model for "local notes" paragraph:

"Mr. — —, the eminent cyclist, is on the sicklist."

* * *

Truly the lot of the cycle champion is no where strewn with roses. In Germany they call him a *Drierard-Herrenmeisterfahrer*.

* * *

The Citizens' Club, of New York, has resigned its membership in the New York and New Jersey Team Road Racing Association.

* * *

We would advise all of our readers to send a postal to Karl Kron for one of his enormous circulars, or send stamp to this office for a copy.

* * *

One of our German exchanges *Der Radfahrer*, has a black bordered first page in its issue of March 15, on account of the death of King William I.

* * *

Rowe took a tumble in England the other day. He came in collision with Battensby at Newcastle and got badly shaken up. "No bones broken."

* * *

Alas! such ignorance. A poet asks: "Who makes the stars?" Poor fellow! he had probably never heard of the H. B. Smith Machine Company.

* * *

The market for arnica and court plaster is booming, with prices firm. The bicycle season has fairly begun, and fair to middling bruises are quoted lively for spot.

* * *

The robins may be a little slow in making their appearance, but several bicycles have been seen upon the street, and it is safe to say that winter has fractured its spine.

* * *

According to the *Bicycle News*, there is a hansom cab in London which has steel rims, spokes and hubs, and rubber tires. Quite an improvement, we should think.

* * *

Scotland has a new weekly, the *Scottish Cyclist*, which is published at Glasgow by James R. Nisbet and David F. Bremner, is very neat in appearance, and we wish it success.

* * *

A recent paragraph, concerning this paper, in the *St. Louis Spectator*, only goes to prove that our definition of imbecile, in the *GAZETTE* dictionary, of last month, was a correct one.

Harry D. Corey, of the Pope Manufacturing Company, was in this city for a brief stay, on the 24th and 25th of last month, in the interest of the Columbia and Rudge wheels.

* * *

Ralph Temple, of the American team, got a bad fall at Newcastle-on-Tyne, last month. No bones were broken, but he was so severely injured as to be confined to his bed for several days.

* * *

There is no time like the present. We address this remark to all riders who have second-hand machines for sale. We would respectfully suggest as a medium, the columns of this paper.

* * *

The Rev. J. Thomas Jones, L. L. D., vicar of Curdsworth, England, has invented and patented a steam engine to be utilized in the propulsion of the tricycle. Its practical value has not yet been demonstrated.

* * *

The *Scottish Cyclist* is a very bright little paper, but it has commenced wrong, we notice in every issue extensive clippings from the *GAZETTE*, but no credit is given. They are yet young and should reform.

* * *

We have had extensive access of information as to different clubs whose twenty, thirty or forty members all ride the same machine. Now, can't some one hunt up a club of twenty-five wheelmen, none of whom ride wheels alike?

* * *

At Philadelphia the six day, four hours a day, race between Louis Armaindo on a bicycle, against the combined score of pedestrians Vint and Noremac, resulted 328 miles, 22 laps for the former, and 326 miles, 18 laps for the latter.

* * *

The death of R. H. Spear is announced at Minneapolis. He was a professional trick rider and showed some speed, having made the fastest lap ever ridden in the Washington rink. He also held for a time the quarter mile unicycle record.

* * *

We would like to have our subscribers understand that we mail our papers only once a month, so in writing for duplicate copies or missing numbers, they need not expect to receive them immediately unless stamps are enclosed for postage.

* * *

An electric hub lamp will shortly be placed on the market by Messrs. Lucas & Son, of Birmingham, which will be an indispensable accessory to cycling and will rapidly take the place of the small and poor illuminating lamps used at present.

* * *

The various religious congregations of Elizabeth, N. J., urged by the wheelmen, are subscribing to a fund to provide their clergymen with tricycles. The scheme is popular, and it is probable that every minister in Elizabeth will receive a mount during the coming season.

* * *

The New Jersey Legislature has taken take action upon a bill which secures bicycles and tricycles all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other pleasure vehicles, and subjects them to the same restrictions. The bill is modeled after the one recently adopted by the Legislature of New York.

* * *

There is another war waging between our esteemed contemporaries *Wheeling* and *Bicycle News*. The former claim they refused an advertisement from a certain maker, and the latter are trying to prove the contrary. We would advise Mr. Page to subscribe for some of these English papers so he can get some points.

* * *

The team who have been selected by T. W. Eck and Frank Do'le to visit Europe this year are H. G. Crocker, S. G. Whittaker and W. F. Knapp, professionals, and they will be accompanied by W. E. Crist, the amateur flyer, who is desirous of meeting the amateurs of the United Kingdom, and whose expenses will, it is understood, be defrayed by the Manhattan Athletic Club. It is the intention of the team while abroad to attempt to lower all records, for both path and road up to twenty miles. They will take part in the leading tournaments held in Great Britain, Ireland, France and Germany. They sailed on Thursday, March 29, on board the steamer *Spain*.



CHICAGO Cycledom is, as usual, excited and ambitious. Each day that passes our ranks are strengthened. The clubs are prospering. Every one is happy. The trade feels good over the prospect of an unusually lively season, and H. D. Corey is in town. I met Harry this morning and it did my heart good to hear him dilate on the wonderous construction of the wheel he represents. Harry is a recognized model of a truthful man, and his word can be taken straight, without water.

Art. A. Taylor, the man from Boston who lives in Ohio, is in the city. Mr. Taylor represents the Pope Manufacturing Co., and is about to start on a trip, in their interests, through Illinois and Indiana. I bespeak a hearty welcome for him wherever he goes.

Taylor and I took a run down to Joliet one day last week. Joliet is a pretty town and has about forty wheelmen. Taylor wore a beautiful white silk tie and sported a checkered cape overcoat. I walked beside him and was kept busy keeping the cape from flapping in my eyes. We had a pleasant visit with H. M. Fish, and after dinner decided to call on Chas. E. Gross, who is Captain of the Joliet Bicycle Club. Mr. Gross is chief usher of the State prison. After a few moments ride in a bob-tailed horse car, we came in sight of the gloomy prison, which is built of stone and surrounded by a great stone wall perhaps twenty feet in height. We alighted from the car and walked boldly into the village. Poor Gross was in his office nursing a badly sprained ankle, caused by winter riding on a refractory Victor. He greeted us with his usual how-long-are-you-in-for smile, and bade us welcome.

The Joliet wheelmen are a splendid set of fellows, one of whom, Mr. O. H. Wright, Jr., who acts as Mr. Gross' assistant, offered to show us through the "pen." We readily consented and cheerfully granted his request, made to Taylor, that he remove his cape overcoat before we started. "Thirteen hundred and forty-six convicts are confined within those walls and buildings," said Mr. Wright, as he pushed open the door to the marble shop. The convicts are kept busy, making everything from a pair of cotton socks to a tombstone.

We walked from building to building, deeply interested in what we saw. Taylor suddenly paused in front of a stalwart young convict, and peered into his face, "Great Scott!—is this you?" He told me afterwards that he had sold the poor fellow a D. H. F. Premier two years before, etc. I didn't doubt it. D. H. F. is enough to drive a man to drink. The only Taylor expressed five pounds of chewing tobacco to his Joliet friend this morning, and I doubt not that his conscience rests easier.

The Chicago Bicycle Club opened their new club rooms a week or so ago. They are located in the very heart of the city, No. 113 Adams Street. Luxuriously fitted up, they present as comfortable an appearance as one could wish to see. The opening smoker and musical was a most enjoyable affair and reflects much credit on the club.

The Illinois Club are on the hunt for a club house that they can compare favorably with that of the Owls. Judging from their past achievements I have not the slightest doubt of their success. Mr. W. Davis has been elected captain, replacing Mr. R. H. Ehlert. Mr. Davis will make an excellent captain. The I. C. C. boys are great riders, not a few of them have cyclometered over three hundred miles already this season.

The Lincolns are still growing and now number over 140. They have followed in the wake of the Owl and Illinois Clubs by putting up three handsome gold medals for the best mileage of the season.

My highly-esteemed friend, the "Looker-On," roasts poor Tom Roe quite nicely in his last letter to the *American Wheelman*. Thomas has exposed the Prince-McCurdy \$30,000 race in a letter to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. True he was played for a sucker in Minneapolis to the tune of \$10,000 or thereabouts, but he has learned the lesson, "Don't gamble on the wrong side of a fake race."

Bob Garden is already at work on his great Pullman road race, and promises a race that will exceed, in the number of starters and the value of prizes, the mastodon "'87" race. GIES.

Our Minneapolis Correspondent.



WILL endeavor to give you a few points on wheeling matters in Minn. From present indications the coming season will be a good one, although at present the snow is four feet deep (but we are hoping to begin riding by the first of June). I was up on Nicollet Avenue and called on F. A. Lealand, the Victor agent. He has just been getting in a new stock of '88 Victors, which I must say, are fine looking machines. Grant Bell has received an invoice of New Rapids and Stars, and the Volunteer and Veloce Columbia are on exhibition at Heath & Kimball's, 14 South Fourth Street. The Volunteer is the subject of general conversation among the older wheelmen, and from present indications it is bound to become a favorite here at least.

The Minneapolis Bicycle Club has re-organized with the following officers: President, Wm. Pauly; Captain, the old reliable E. J. Hale; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. Barwick; First Lieutenant, Louis Lundell; Second Lieutenant, Colie Bell. The club was organized last season and had thirty-six members. Their club rooms are now 211 1/2 Nicolett Avenue, but will soon be changed to a more desirable location. The club is in good condition now and by the end of the season hope to be the largest and strongest club west of Chicago. The Mercury Club we don't hear anything about, whether dead or sleeping I can't say, but I hope it's not dead.

There is a movement on foot to start an amateur athletic association in Minneapolis, and if it develops the wheelmen will have an out-door track, and we have some talent here that if we only had a chance to bring out, would make lots of the eastern flyers sick. Colie Bell has ridden his mile in 2:57, Hale has done five miles in 16:20, Stockdale has done three miles better than 11 minutes and Bartlett has done and can do better than 3:30 on a tricycle. This is what has been done on the road, as we never had a chance to ride on a track.

Well, as time is limited and nothing more to write, will come off. More later on. RED EYE.

Spring Meet of the Atlanta Wheelmen.

THE prizes given by the Atlanta Wheelmen, at their race meet to be held in that city, April 16 and 17, are as follows:

FOR THE FIRST DAY:

First race—One mile handicap; first prize, \$25 oxydized silver shoe horn and buttoner in a plush case. Second prize, \$15 whisk broom holder, oxydized silver. Third prize, \$10 cane, with oxydized silver head.

Second race—Two mile state championship; handsome \$40 silver pitcher and cup.

Third race—Half mile open; \$25 oxydized silver cigar case with battledoor and shuttle-cock figures on top.

Fourth race—One mile open; \$25 solid silver pitcher.

Fifth race—Five-mile state championship; handsome \$75 mile silver epergne.

FOR THE SECOND DAY:

First race—One mile Atlanta Bicycle Club championship; \$15 silver tureen.

Second race—Two mile handicap; first prize, \$25 pair of bronze statues representing two warriors. Second prize, \$15 set of solid silver ice cream spoons. Third prize, \$10 silk umbrella, silver head.

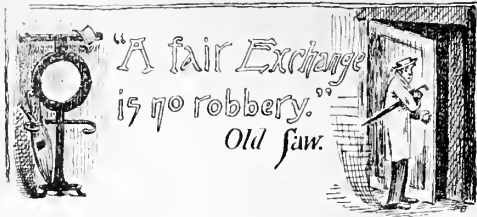
Third race—Half mile hands off; \$10 silver butter dish.

Fourth race—Half mile dash; first prize, \$15 handsome oxydized silver flask. Second prize, \$10 card receiver with figure on bicycle.

Fifth race—One mile state championship; \$35 tete-a-tete set, three pieces harmonized silver on a waiter.

Ten mile handicap; \$50 cut-glass wine set in a rosewood case. A beautiful set in a case of exquisite workmanship. The case opens in all directions.

We are very glad to see that the press is resenting Mr. Morgan's base insinuation on them. This is what the *Irish Cyclist* says: "Manager Morgan has made some very gross insinuations regarding the principal cycling pressmen of the day in *Bicycling World*, and concludes his tirade with a downright mis-statement. He has evidently let his jealousy get the better of his discretion."—*Wheeling*.



The first pleasant day will bring out many bicyclists, who, like the early bird, are first to enjoy the fresh sunshine of spring.—*Boston Herald*.

* * *

A funny wheelman does not know why they call the new type safeties "goats," unless it is because they are "rovers" and great "hill-climbers."—*Wheel*.

* * *

It is about this time of year that the blithesome wheelman gets out his machine, polishes up the bright parts thereof, and starts off for a trial spin over the slowly settling roads.—*New York Tribune*.

* * *

Any traveler on the road, either riding or walking peaceably, who is suddenly assaulted by a dog, whether licensed or not, may legally kill him, and thus relieve his owner or keeper of a disagreeable duty.—*The Road and the Roadside*.

* * *

The idea that muscles of the legs only are developed by cycling is a very common and a very erroneous one. In reality, nearly every muscle in the body is brought into use, those of the lower limbs for propulsion, the trunk for balancing, those of the upper limbs for balancing and propulsion.—*Medical Brief*.

* * *

Colonel Witherspoon used to be very rich, but of late he has met with financial reverses. He has been compelled to sell his riding horse. His old servant, nevertheless, remains faithful. The Colonel uses a bicycle. When he returns home on his bicycle, the faithful servant walks it up and down the yard for ten or fifteen minutes to cool it off before putting it in the stable.—*Texas Siftings*.

* * *

Buenos Ayres has not yet felt the effect of cycle fever, it seems, for we learn that but five riders are found therein. It is pointed out in a note on the subject that a cyclist who recently went to reside there will swell the number twenty per cent. It seems rather a heavy responsibility to carry about with one—that of increasing a class twenty per cent. by becoming attached to it.—*Bicycle News*.

* * *

Just think of mounting the light, pretty machine at your own door, and, good roads granted, being able to guide it at will ten or twenty miles over the country in a morning! What quickened vitality, firm muscle and rosy health result from this pleasurable exercise! With what an appetite you eat your dinner, how soundly you sleep at night, and how exhilarated you feel in body and mind!—*Harper's Young People*.

* * *

A man from Pine Knob stood watching a performance on a slide trombone. Suddenly seizing a companion's arm, the Pine Knob man excitedly exclaimed: "For the Lawd's sake, look thar, Lige!"

"Whut 's the matter?"

"Look thar, he dun it agin!"

"Done what?"

"W'y, crowded mo'n ha'f that blamed ho'n inter his mouth. Did you see that? Wall, I'll sw'ar."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

* * *

"A lady should be dressed properly for riding in order to get the full benefit of the exercise and all the pleasure of riding. If she tries to ride with bustle and other encumbrances, of course she will find it uncomfortable. Her movements will be impeded: An ordinary riding habit is a good thing. Now, there 's a proper dress," and he pointed to a young lady who had just alighted at the curb from a tricycle. She wore a dark blue flannel dress with a blouse waist and loose skirt, that, so far as the reporter could make out, concealed no bustle or other artificial means of supplying outline to the form.—*Interview in Washington Star*.

Dr. H. T. Appleby writes: "In yesterday's issue of the *Commercial* I noticed, in an interview on athletic sports, that Mr. Dann asserts that 'bicycling is bad for the heart.' If he means bicycle racing he should have said so, and I have no rejoinder. Any supreme effort, such as boating, bicycle-racing, or running, in youth especially, may produce enlargement of the heart. I deny, however, that the bicycle, when used reasonable, has any tendency to produce other than a good, healthy heart action. Mr. Dann may be able to prove his assertion, but as an amateur bicyclist of eleven years, I doubt it."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

* * *

The opinion of Miss Allen, the accomplished head of the ladies' gymnasium, that the way the ladies ride horseback now-a-days does not tend to good physical development, and that the only way to correct it was for the ladies to sit on the saddle the same way gentlemen do, is rather radical, but that 's only what is said of all new ideas when they are first promulgated. Perhaps the ladies will come to it. Who knows?—*Boston Herald*.

Cycling is certainly a step in this direction. Ladies assume a natural attitude, instead of a lop-sided twist as on horse-back.—*Sewing Machine and Cycle News*.

* * *

INDICATIONS OF SPRING.

"The air is full of weather,"
And the ground-hog roams abroad;
The snow melts from the heather,
And the grass grows where it thawed.
The flowers than blown in the spring,
And the "bike" that rusts in the shed,
The blue birds and robins that sing,
Will soon follow the winter that 's fled.
The jingling sleigh bell now is dumb,
The dress coat laid away,
Soon on the road the wheels will hum,
For "there 's weather in the air" to-day.

—*Ft. Wayne Gazette*.

* * *

I met a party of two women and two men coming down Fifteenth Street, Washington, about midnight, who, I am certain, must have been delayed by an accident. Accidents will happen, you know, especially on dark nights; and it is a sight to see a man pushing a tired-out woman up a hilly street, or picking her up out of the grasp of the upset machine. In one case of the latter sort recently, the woman's dress caught in one of the wheels, and when the machine turned over on top of her, the dress had to be cut away with a pen-knife. Nevertheless, they all enjoyed it, good and bad riders alike. The steady work required is delightful exercise, and the feeling of power and comfort combined is very grateful.—*Philadelphia Record*.

* * *

The Midland Cycle Company, Bell Street, Wolverhampton, England, have patented a new pattern of safety bicycle, which will be called the "Easthope" safety bicycle. The new machine is built upon a spring frame, and is claimed to possess an exceptional ease and durability. It consists entirely of straight pieces, which all run in the direction of the strain, and these are arranged in such a fashion as to permit the absence of any supporting rods. The makers assert that this new type of safety will never break across the "neck"—a disaster which has frequently occurred to safety bicycles. The machine has been constructed almost entirely with the view of sale in the American market, and the spring frame is consequently supplemented by extra thick rubber tires. The transatlantic roads are so heavy that elaborate precautions are needed to insure easy riding upon them. The makers anticipate an excellent demand from this market. The construction of the machine makes it peculiarly suitable for being sent over to New York in parts, payment of tariff upon machinery being by this means avoided.—*Ironmonger*.

Against Road Racing.

THE subject of road racing has been much discussed in cycling circles in England for months past, and at the next meeting of the National Cyclists Union the following amendment will be offered: "Any amateur entering in any open, advertised or invitation race upon the public highway, shall thereby disqualify himself from any amateur competition for one year from the day of the offense, the penalty for the second offense to be entire amateur disqualification."

The Art of Riding a Tricycle.



ALTHOUGH the days are past when the apparition of a woman riding on a tricycle was considered a wonderful and not too edifying sight, yet even now we are some distance off realizing the acme of grace and style with which riding should be done to insure perfect machines, as the present are having really good riders, so as to utilize and show them off to the very best advantage. This want is more marked in the same ratio as the number of riders increase year by year. Whether from ignorance, or want of knowledge, or sheer carelessness—from whatever reason, the fact remains the same. Many women ride, but few indeed ride well.

Taken, however, on the whole, perhaps, considering the comparatively short time the pastime has been in vogue, this want of style in riding is not to be wondered at. Could we transport ourselves back to the days of Marie of Medici, when side-saddles were first used, without doubt for many years after, the rides on side-saddles were very unpleasant, and it is quite possible the riders cut somewhat uneasy and ungraceful figures. Even at the present day, it is not by any means every rider in the Row who looks at home and at ease on horse-back. There are some who ride like a picture, sitting firmly in the saddle, seem part of the horse, and the guidance seems but an effort of will power, without material motion on the part of the light, firm hands. And as the skillful rider on horse-back glides her horse, and sits upright and firm in her saddle, so can a lady tricyclist who desires to look nice. In fact, were I to choose to teach anybody how to ride, I would prefer to have a learner who could sit a horse well. The things are more analogous than many think. With one of the Cripper pattern machines, at present so much the rage, a light pair of hands for the steering is a *sine qua non*. The person who attempted with my favorite Psycho to screw and twist the steering about in the spasmodic jerks so dear to the novices would be promptly dismounted, with the machine on top. To take the points of a good rider in detail, it is best to divide into two great parts—dress and deportment.

First, then, the dress must be plain; grey or brown homespun tweed is best, though navy-blue serge has also its admirers. Grey is better, as it does not show mud or dust as blue does. There are many advocates of the habit style of gown; but this has several drawbacks. There is a scrimpy look about the long bare skirt, and the knees are unpleasantly visible. Also, for walking, the effect is so dreadful, and as tricyclists must walk about very often in towns, this last objection is fatal to the habit theory. Ever since I began riding—nearly six years now—I have tried an ordinary walking tailor-made dress. At one time much nonsense was talked, and much ingenuity was expended in leaded hems to prevent the stuff flying up, and strings and hooks and eyes enough to send the unfortunate wearer out of her mind. But now, it is generally an accepted fact that a neat quiet walking dress, with kilted skirt and well-cut body, either of the coat or Norfolk jacket type, is the best for riding. If the gown is neat—very neat and correct as a walking gown—it is quite right for the machine, as the rest is a matter of personal carriage and attention. No steels, however, must be allowed, beyond a small pad at the top. When tricycling, dress improvers are better left at home.

And now comes the second point, the vexed question of high saddle, vertical action, and careful and correct pedalling. The saddle must be adjusted so as to allow only about an inch within the reach of the rider's leg. Sitting erect, with head up and shoulders back, the rider must be able to touch the pedals in comfort; but not so as to ride with a bent knee. This in tricycling should be made as heinous an offense as in figure skating. Beginners have a trick of leaning back when pedalling, instead of sitting in a natural position, with the least bit of a forward bend, and to that end the novice must be taught, or teach herself to ride, holding the handles lightly, and riding without touching handles at all. Their sole use is as a means of guiding the machine, as is the bridle of a horse. The weight of the body should rest mainly upon the pedals, and be supported by the saddle. Then comes the action of pedalling, which so many

ignorantly think to be the same motion as when working a treadle sewing machine or playing an harmonium; in point of fact, nothing can be more different. In both cases the worker is sitting on a hard bench or chair, with no spring to break the jarring motion, with no ball-bearings to reduce friction to a minimum, as in even the commonest tricycle sold now-a-days, and the motion in both cases radically different, being up and down, whereas in tricycling the feet move in a circle, and the muscles chiefly employed are those of the ankle. To pedal properly requires fitted shoes, rat-trap pedals, and no small amount of practice. Briefly, however, to work properly, the toes must be placed on the pedals, and the circular movement before mentioned given, so that whilst the one foot is pushing, say the right-hand pedal forward, the left is being drawn backwards and upwards; and in good riding, at the close of the down stroke the heel is dropped, turning slightly outwards, as are the feet of a good horseman riding to hounds. Mounting Cripper pattern machines requires much practice to do it gracefully. The right foot should be placed on the axle, and the left hand lightly on the saddle. Then, with a spring, the left foot should be placed on the frontal tube or foot-rest on the front fork, the dress arranged smoothly, and then the rider drops into the saddle. When well done it looks better than the old way of mounting the side-steering tricycles with a backward hop, terribly trying to novices.

The general effect of a good rider on horseback or on a tricycle is absence of effort. There must be no crouching over the handle-bars, which is beyond all expression hideous; neither a wriggling from side to side on the saddle, and the shoulders working hard with frantic pulls at the handle-bar, in the ridiculous idea by so doing the pace is increased. There must be none of these antics in the person who desires to look well on a machine. The way to look well is to be cool, quiet and dignified. Let the same calm *nonchalance* be apparent whether going at three or nine miles an hour. If speed is wanted, use the tremendous power of the ankles—power which will shoot the machine forward, with hardly any apparent exertion, like an arrow; and for another thing, in any emergency strive hard to keep a cool head. Nothing so impresses an onlooker as to see a tricyclist shooting down hill at a rapid pace sitting still, checking the machine with an imperceptible touch of the brake.

My reason for going so much into the detail of the art of tricycle riding is to urge and beg those who do ride not to bring the sport into disrepute by careless and ungraceful riding. The prejudice is less—far less—than some years ago, but it yet lingers; and there is still the totally unfounded opinion, "No woman ever looks well on those things," oftentimes expressed. It deters others from trying this most fascinating exercise, which can be practiced all the year round—on ice, amongst snow, in spring, summer, and autumn, among the English lanes, the Scotch hills; aye, and even amongst the Swiss Alps—greatest pleasure of all.—Miss F. K. Erskine, in *The Queen, London, Eng.*

New Steam Tricycle.

VICOMTE DE LA TOUR-PIN-VERCLAUDE is credited with inventing a steam tricycle that is a practical success. The Vicomte has been using one, and has traveled several hundred miles with it during the last few months to his entire satisfaction. The machine is light and compact, and the mechanism is so simple that an amateur with very little experience can make eighteen or twenty miles an hour. The fuel used is coke, which is fed into the fire box automatically, so that the fire needs replenishing only once in forty-five minutes, and this only when in motion, since the draft ceases as soon as the engine stops, thus enabling the machine to be left without attention during a halt or at the end of a journey. The steam tricycle is made in several different styles, with single or double seats, and with phaeton, road cart, delivery wagon and other attachments. One has a single seat and a detachable single seated road cart, and with this—the cart carrying a load of 175 pounds—a speed of 25 miles an hour is attained on good roads.

Miss Travis—"Oh, what dreadful tortures they used to practice in the middle ages! Think of breaking a man on the wheel."

De Smith—"Guess you never saw me out on my bicycle, did you?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

Our Chicago Letter.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1888.

THERE have been one or two small sized stirs in local wheel circles during the month, but nothing desperately interesting.

Surbridge and Roe attempted to bring off a race at the exposition between two novices, but a morning paper insinuated that the race would be a hippodrome. For what object was not stated, as not a cent was at stake. Then we have had the opening of the new club rooms of the Chicago Bicycle Club, which drew about a hundred of our most enthusiastic riders, and proved a very enjoyable affair. The Owls have also moved into new quarters, and far more comfortable than of yore, having a large lawn whereon to display themselves.

The Lincolns gave an entertainment at the Madison Street Theatre, but I can't say any of the boys displayed extraordinary talent.

The principal topic now is Tom Roe's letter of warning from an unknown friend, that Prince and McCurdy had arranged matters to fleece him in the race arranged for April 7. Some people are uncharitable enough to insinuate that Roe wrote the letter himself, and gave it to the papers for the purpose of obtaining more notoriety, but as that already attached to him is not of an enviable description, and could not be improved by the letter referred to, this theory hardly seems reasonable. Roe now denies that he is backing McCurdy, and says that an Omaha man, to whom he gave permission to use his name, is at the bottom of the matter.

There is some talk of forming an association, composed of all the cycling clubs in the city, the principal object of which is to be the promotion of race meetings. The idea is a good one but shows a lack of enterprise on the part of the clubs, not one having enough courage to "go it alone," and establish our annual fixture, which could be done for a very trifling outlay. Under the circumstances, an amalgamation is desirable. If it is completed the management should be placed in the hands of men who have managerial ability, and will at their disposal to carry out their plans. Lack of both these qualities caused the disruption of the old bicycle track association.

Last Thursday R. D. Garden did the biggest days business in the history of the Pope Co's. Chicago branch. His receipts exceeded \$2,500.

Birdie Munger may now be found at Surbridge's store on Wabash Avenue. I hear he intends to establish a "Chicago to Milwaukee" record that will be hard to beat.

T. W. Eck was here last week and secured Gormully & Jeffery's permission for Whittaker to go to England with his team.

J. O. Blake, formerly of the John Wilkinson Co., is now superintendent of Spaldings' store, and prefers his new position to the old one.

Van Sicklen is undecided about racing this year, although certain papers have announced that he will race on a Star, which certainly is n't a fact.

Fred Ingalls is the happiest man in town since the Chicagos secured new rooms. The club is his hobby and nothing can alter his belief that it is the greatest club in America.

Charley Philbrick will race this season, so he says. Crennan has bet him \$20 he doesn't beat 2:40. Lucky Crennan—I'd like half the bet.

LOOKER-ON.

IN the March WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE appears an exceedingly well written and entertaining description of a ride around the Bay of San Francisco, on the 15th of January last, by J. J. Bliss of this city. Accompanying it is a map which shows the various roads with remarkable accuracy, considering the reduced scale on which it is drawn. The map is really the best thing of the kind ever offered for the guidance of California wheelmen and can be relied on thoroughly.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

We take pleasure in announcing that we shall commence the publication of a serial to run three or four months, by Jos. J. Bliss, in the May number of the GAZETTE, entitled, "A Wheel Around the Bays of San Francisco and of Monterey." It will be illustrated by a map as was this gentleman's article in the March issue, and we feel confident will be greatly appreciated by California wheelmen.

Cyclings from Cincinnati.

ON account of the bad weather here, there has not been a great amount of riding done, but the fever has not yet abated. The Crescent Wheelmen held their second meeting on Tuesday, March 27th, at their rooms, No. 337 Walnut Street, and elected the following officers: J. White, President; Chas. Reid, Secretary and Treasurer; F. J. Allsup, Captain; Geo. Bauers, Lieutenant. This new club has started out on a good basis, and we wish them success. Mr. W. C. Munroe has joined the cycling ranks, his mount being a Safety.

The Kentons expect the arrival of their tandem about the first week of this month. They will have to draw straws to see who shall mount it first. Safeties are no longer strangers in this city, according to reports there will be a great number of them here this season. The Centrals are booming, at their last meeting six members were taken in.

The Avondales are also in a flourishing condition since the opening of their new gymnasium and billiard room. The Newports received a handsomely painted table cover from Mrs. Buchanan, of Brooklyn, New York, whose husband is a member of the "Long Island Wheelmen." The cover will add greatly to the appearance of their cozy club rooms.

A. S.

Conflicting Testimony.

JIMTOWN, IND., April 10 1888.

Editor Gazette:—

Myself, Billy Griggs of Hoosierville and Jim Rose of Strawtown, took a twenty mile run yesterday. How is that for the first of the season?

JOE BOWERS.

HOOSIERVILLE, IND., April 10, 1888.

P. C. D.:—

Joe Bowers of Jimtown, Jim Rose of Strawtown and yours truly took a forty-five mile run yesterday. Has anybody touched that this season?

BILLY GRIGGS.

STRAWTOWN, IND., April 10, 1888.

Wheelmen's Gazette:—

First century run of the season! Myself, Joe Bowers and Billy Griggs ran 100 miles yesterday, which is pretty good considering the season. Please say as much in the GAZETTE.

JIM ROSE.

We submit to our readers these three postal cards, received April 11 at this office, with but one question:

Who is the Annanias?

Wheelwomen who are just beginning their riding season will find themselves at a terrible disadvantage, compared with those of their sisters who know the delights of winter riding, and have this year carried their knowledge into practical use. There is a terrible sensation, familiar to us all, of a lack of power about the knees in putting a stout heart to a stiff brae, which is one of the melancholy results of having been out of the saddle for weeks or even months past. Let me recommend to all my lady readers, who find themselves in such evil case, that they should begin their rides again with a due amount of caution. Ride daily, but ride more moderately at first, almost on the same principal as if one were a novice in the art, and beginning one's essays on three wheels for the first time in one's experience. This carefulness will be rewarded by a rapid return to the full measure of one's usual riding powers, and a total lack of these sensations of exhaustion and over fatigue which are almost certain to follow hard upon rides of one's usual length and rapidity of pace, when they are indulged in after a long period of inaction.—*Violet Lorne in Bicycle News.*

The Indiana Tours.

THE prospectus for the fifth annual tour of the Indiana Wheelmen is about completed, and indications are that it will be surpassed by none of its predecessors. The Indiana tours have attracted wide attention, and have been of great advantage in increasing the wheeling interests in this state.

This time the proposed route starts from Indianapolis, running through Cumberland, Knightstown, Richmond, Dayton, Hamilton, Cincinnati and across into Kentucky, winding up at the Mammoth Cave.

The date is not yet announced, but it, with further details will be published later; in time for every wheelman to plan his vacation to take in what promises to be the most enjoyable of the Indiana tours.

Summertime Memories.



ur stop at the Blue Boar Inn was more to study the people's home life and

ways than to drink the "Six Ale" that they so frequently called for, and seemed to think every one else wanted as well; as it was, they kept the rather pretty barmaid nearly busy with the mugs and glasses.

It was about the only house in a sparsely settled section, yet the coming and going of laborers from the fields about, with the numerous travelers by cycle, and trap brought more business than one would suppose possible at such a place.

As we dismounted before the door, the maid was gingerly petting a young Porcupine, and talking baby dialect to the thorny little brute, that she was afraid to pick up a *la* kitten, and which she wanted to train to keep in the cellar, as many do to keep roaches away.

What an interest the American tourist awakens among the people over there, and how freely this ale was offered, showing them to be kindly disposed, at least, whether the visitor indulged in it or not. Then their questions came, and many were curious, for their average ideas as to the geography of the "States" were away out. While loitering on the wooden bench in the shadow of the Boar, waiting for the August sun to speed on westward, we listened to the usual poor man's complaints of the times being so hard that they could barely make a living, and how "Brother John's boy had gone to America and was doing well."

One of the tailor's who enjoyed his ale with the others; proved by his conversation to be more intelligent and progressive than his companions, for he was quite an amateur photographer, and had made so good a picture of his master's plantation, with his primitive apparatus, that he made him a present of a modern outfit.

Here an English cyclist who proved a worker in some London machine shop, and was journeying in our direction, joined the group, and after his ale and another smoke, we wheeled together down the dry and dusty hedge-bordered road toward Old Woring, where he was going to see an Inn that was for sale.

He rode an old Ordinary worth about "three pound, ten," wore a light straw hat, a cycling suit in three colors, big thick shoes that must have been burdensome in August, if all right in March, and his pipe was continued indefinitely.

The wheels having brought us to "the George," Old Woring, we found it one of the gone-to-sleep sort of pubs, where without the tap-room, no one could get a living, and from the dilapidated appearances the present incumbent was having a hard rub to exist, and had some excuse for wishing to sell out, he asked seventeen pounds for his good will and fixtures—principally the former, for we saw very

little of the latter. While we tasted the small ale mine host of "the George" set out, a lounge who seemed to know the sleepy old village from end to end, and the business of its inhabitants as well, told such toothsome stories of the penny cakes his mistress made, that we ordered some, and they proved really better than anything in the cake line that we found in England, most of them having a strong taste, as if some portion of the ingredients was aged.

Then he told of the palmy days of the tiled and straw thatched old hamlet before the railroad came, taking away the stage coach traffic, and greatly lessening the travel on the highways, which, since the advent of cycling has partly returned.

So much do the hotel men prize, and rejoice at having cyclers patronize them, that they put up signs soliciting it, and in many cases afford anything but good fare for the prices charged, we usually passed by such houses, and found much better fare and more reasonable charges at the coffee houses, of which all towns, and many of the villages are supplied.

Many years have gone since England has had so dry a summer as the last, and the dull, gray-green of the foliage and verdure was unpleasant to see, and many of their best macadam roads were as they say "inches deep with dust," and their cross roads, where you often see the prettiest bits in the whole country, were at times almost unridable. We rambled over cross country lanes more than many others would, for the by-ways of England have ever had attractions we wished to see, and we saw them so far as we could in a short tour. You seem to get nearer to nature's heart out in the quiet lanes, among the farmer folks, where you can chat with the toilers in the fields, or in their homes.

A peculiarity of dress not only with farmers, but with about all workmen throughout England and Wales, is the buckling a strap round the leg just below the knee, in such a way as to draw their trousers to or above their shoe tops, which are high; and it must prove an uncomfortable and irritating nuisance that we could not see the use of.

Their heavy, iron-shod cowhide shoes could more easily be accounted for, in that usually rainy country, where the stone or brick floors and cobble and macadam roads are in a combine to wear out soles.

The man of the house speaks of his wife as "My Missus," or "the Mistress" and she calls him "the Master," generally, but one farmer's wife who gave us a cup of black tea as we chatted with the family, repeatedly called her husband "My Chap."

It was usual to see the whole family in the harvest field, whether it was oats, peas, beans, or barley, for our tour was in their harvest time, and in their old-time way of reaping with sickles, required that many hands were needed to make light work. In some of the larger wheat fields there were harvesting machines, but of a pattern that would weigh

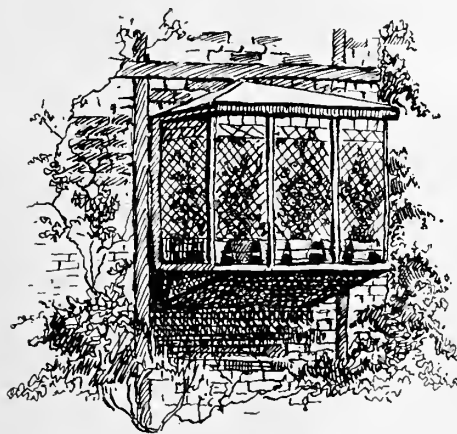
three times as much as American ones, and the four great Norman horses were none too strong. And what monsters those draft horses are! They are sights to see, for one used to the very moderate sized ones on our farms.

The fetlocks are so large and shrouded in long hair that from a rear view, under a wagon, you would declare it was drawn by elephants. They move with majestic moderation, as becomes them, and pull heavy loads, but the wagons are seemingly twice as heavy and clumsy as their loads call for on roads so smooth as most are there.

And the same can be said of the inevitable trap you see used everywhere, for it is away up on high wheels, and oftenest is drawn by a very small horse, pony, in many cases, and "the outfit," with three to six passengers presents a ludicrous appearance.

Traps, though, are a very popular vehicle, on the other side, notwithstanding their uncomfortable, jerky motion, for they are seen on the road in various degrees of style and finish, from high to low.

The quick, ringing foot-falls of the little horse always warned us of the coming of a trap, from behind, and we had an eye on them, for often a party of "drunks," or worse, a road hog, delights in running cyclers off the road.



A WAYSIDE WINDOW.

We were very fortunate in escaping encounters with any of them although we came near one while riding through a narrow street in Birmingham. Here, as at a few other places we saw steam driving street cars, trains, they call them, and they seemed larger than the regular railway cars. The engine was so housed in as not to frighten horses, and they appeared to most effectually displace horse power, especially on long distances and in hilly sections.

In the number of towns so roughly paved as to be unridable, we were agreeably disappointed, although some were found. At times we could ride on the slabs in gutters next the curb, where stone paving was too rough, but one often wants to walk through portions of a town, to the better study it and the people, and a dismount on account of paving is not so bad. Many an odd corner and sight have we seen while walking through some rock bound old place, probably has not changed in its appearance during the past century, for the weather worn stone houses tell the story of the years, and on every hand are evidences of age.

We were shown a straw roof which had been on twenty-four years, and was still in service, proving them more lasting than one would think.

Many are of slate, tile and stone slabs, all of which are more uncomfortable in the various seasons than are the straw roofs, which are said to be cool in summer and warm in winter.

While the village houses of England are quaint and interesting as to exteriors, they are even more queer inside, for they mostly seem to have been constructed with little care for comfort and convenience, and are charming in their oddly designed little rooms.

About every room has its fireplace, and a good share of space is taken up by stone, bricks and mortar, in order to locate the ever present grate, which is of itself quite small.

The brick or stone floors of the lower rooms are a novelty to a tourist, from "the wild west," and are often kept sanded, why, we do not know, but these interiors are generally neat and clean.

STAMSON.

Though "February 29" is the date attached to the preface of Karl Kron's monster free adv., which he calls a "Leap Year Book," the pages so increased in number that the final one is dated "March 29," and the actual distribution of the 5,000 copies will have hardly more than began when the present GAZETTE sees the light. Whoever is rich enough to buy a postal card, and educated enough to inscribe in the same a request to K. K., at the University Building, Washington Square, New York, may become the possessor of this gift-book of 140 pages and 85,000 words.

There's a Reason for All Things.



Enthusiastic Wheelman. "Deuced glad I met you, old chappie. Just came from the Club House. Lots o' fun down there this mawning. Boys all particularly jolly. Lively crowd, I tell you."

By the way, I believe I'm getting to be quite a clever rider, don't you know. You ought to see all the folks turn and look at me on the way down."

Strictly Business.

Manager to Editor: "Have you written up your regular editorial on the ameteur question?"

"Yes sir."

"And puffed all our advertisers?"

"Yes sir, all of them."

"And guyed all non-advertisers?"

"Yes sir, I don't think any escaped."

"You have constructed a new set of puns about buying a bicycle, and trying a tricycle, I suppose?"

"Yes sir."

"Then give them a little talk about beautiful spring."

"All right. Here goes."

SPRING.

When the joyous spring time comes, even tho' ushered in by snow and rain, then cometh the new spring style cycle to blossom forth upon the fresh green fields, and gladden all the earth. For has not the bicycle inventor, been thinking all these long weary winter months? Has not the poor overworked Commissioner of Patents, been sitting up at nights granting letters patent on ball bearing brakes, and anti-friction tires, and weldless steel spokes?

Now all of these things came upon us like a burst of sunshine. They came upon us suddenly like a new rider, who skims along the sidewalk, and ever and anon runs over a small boy or a yaller dog. Later in the season he will pedal along the streets, with an air of one who has had a sad experience. But this is spring.

Soon will come the first spring run. At such times the young man who leaves the crowd, to take a spin over an elegant piece of mud-road he discovered last fall, comes back to town in an ox cart, bearing a new bicycle garnished with black clay, also a large chunk of experience.

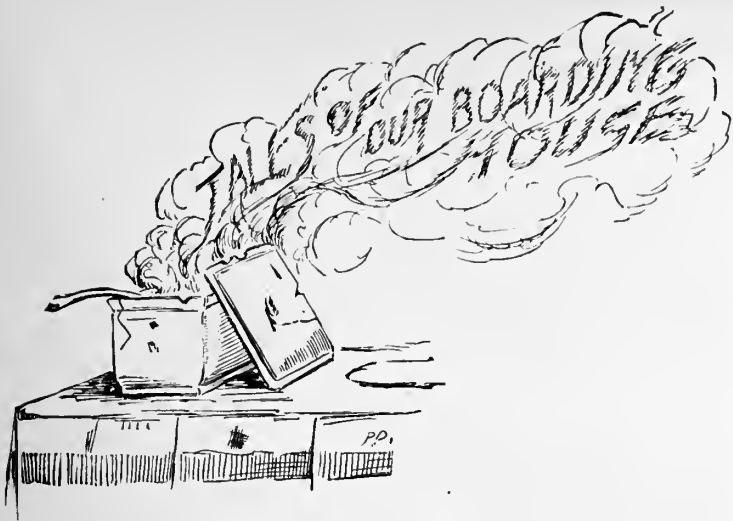
The spring is a fine cycling season, but the young man who takes his girl tandem riding, out into the broad open country,—the young man who does that and expects to secure a job as son-in-law, before the season is over, is going to get left.

"Talking" Money.

Karl Kron's great collection of "Newspaper Notices of 'X. M. Miles on a Bi.'" (140 pages, mailed freely to everyone who sends him a postal card request at New York), containing also "the instructions and arguments of the publisher to his 3,000 co-partners;" and some of these remarks make interesting reading on their own account. K. K. intends to issue a suplimentary pamphlet, containing subscriber's opinions;" and, in asking for these, he reminds them of certain facts which wheelmen would do well to reflect upon. He urges that his investment of \$12,000 in their behalf seems absurd to other publishers, who look upon them as an insignificant and illiterate class of the community; and that therefore, if the wheelman justify his investment by buying an unprecedented number of the books, the act will necessarily improve the popular conception of their character.

Close race,—misers.
Six day race,—clocks.
Scratch race,—Scotchmen.
Lap race,—cats.
Consolation race,—women.
Fixed race,—millionaires.
Professional race,—actors.
Amateur race,—apprentices.
Slow race,—messenger boys.
Loafing race,—strikers.
Road race,—oarsmen.
Hippodrome race,—circus riders.
Heat race,—coal men.
Record race,—secretaries.
Class race,—school boys.
Club race,—policemen.
Team race,—hack drivers.
Crooked race,—politicians.
Track race,—missionaries.

Made out of whole cloth—porous plasters.



PRELUDE.

ONE autumn night in Cranberryville,
Off from the top of Scrub Oak Hill
Shone on the broad, expansive night,
Our boarding house's fitful light.
Around the festive board, within
We boarders sat and juggled hash
And pancakes, while the ones most rash
Chewed at the beefsteak, tough and thin.

And as we sat and eat, and eat,
Some playful jibes we oft repeat.
The hairy butter joke we crack,
And give dried-apple pies a whack,
Then peals the merry laugh, "haw, haw?"
The ancient egg joke passes 'round,
And sausage jests, galore, abound,
'Tis then we sit and talk and chaw.

THE BICYCLER'S STORY.



Listen, my children and you shall know
Of the wonderful ride of Billy Rowe,
Forty-four times round a half mile track
He went in an hour's time, in fact
He run a hundred yards over, you know.

Near the last of October in Eighty-six,
The Springfield track was in elegant fix,
Not a breath of wind on that Autumn morn,
And Billy was trained into flying form,
When he put in his wonderful record ticks.

And he said to his trainers "Now when I ride,
Stand here, and there on the other side,
And ring the bell if I fall behind
And fire the gun if I'm gaining time,
Are you ready gentlemen? let her slide!"

Away he went on his lightning race,
With Hendee setting a break-neck pace
The pistol barked on the Autumn air,
Faster and faster flew the pair
Like comets scooting thro' boundless space

Then Woodside led him around a spell,
But the warning ring of the signal bell
Showed that the hour was slipping away
And never a record would break that day
Unless some one paced Rowe, and paced him well.

So Hendee grabbed him again and flew
The atmosphere turned from a gloomy blue
To a beautiful bright shell-pink, once more,
While larger and longer grew their score,
And did n't they run it lively! Whew!

And the time passed on and the same old Bill,
Like a rocket skimming the sky, until
He passed by the twentieth mile O. K.,
Then he spit on his handles and he shot away;
Greased lightning seemed to be standing still!

So over the track sped Billy Rowe,
Scattering records to left and right;
Gone where the good little records go.
A spurt at the finish, a last frantic kiek,
And a record he make that is likely to stick

For many and many a season yet,
Your humble servent will freely bet.
Rowe like all others may pass away,
His other records may stand or go,
But the wonderful ride of that Autumn day
Will last to the honor of champion Rowe.

INTERLUDE.

Mr. Furgason: Miss Smith will you please pass the prunes?

Miss Smith: Certainly, Mr. Furgason, will you assist me in over-powering the butter?

Mr. F: Fortunately I am in training, perhaps I may be successful, will at least try.

THE LANDLADY'S STORY.

Want a story? I'll begin it
If you'll listen half a minute,
An instructive sort of story it will be.
In a graphic sort of manner
I will deal with Dr. Tanner
And his efforts which were much admired by me.

Now, for forty days he fasted
During this time while it lasted
Not a single thing but water passed his lips.
It would be the greatest blessin'
If you'd profit by this lesson
And on dietary subjects take the tip.

Forty days without once eating,
This remark will bear repeating,
Went this greatest benefactor known to man.
Let us strive to imitate him;
Humbly try to emulate him
And to profit by his economic plan.

INTERLUDE.

New Boarder: (smilingly.) Mrs. Hashly, will you assist me to another portion of the—

Landlady: (frigidly.) Sir!

New Boarder: (timidly.) salt.

Landlady: (triumphantly.) Oh, certainly.

Johnnie: (Son of Widow Griggs.) Ma, may I tell a story?

Widow: (proudly.) Certainly, my son, if you wish.

Johnnie: Then I'm goin' to tell what you said about Mister—

Widow: Johnnie—do you want to be sent from the table?

Johnnie: Nome. Well then this is n't anything 'bout that.

Widow: (nervously.) Goon then, but be careful.

THE SMALL BOY'S STORY.

Sammy Simms he's always blowin'
'Bout the different things he's got.
But he won't go blowin' roun' me
Again. He knows he'd better not.

I don't like to hear folks bragin'
'Bout the things they're goin' to do
Like Sam; he's always gassin' 'round
'Bout where he's agoin' to.

T' other day he met me comin'
From the grocery where he'd been
"Got some new tree syrup," grinned he,
"Plumph! we got oleomargarine."

Landlady: Johnnie do you want any more pie? Here 's the last piece.

Johnnie: Yessum. Sam went on:

"To the trick-show my ma 'll take me
An' see a man what eats a nail"
"Humph! that 's nothin'. My ma says
soon or late I 'll go to jail."

Widow: (excitedly.) Johnnie behave yourself.

Johnnie: Yessum. Then Sam, he says:

"My ma 's got some new hair crimpers;
My ma 's hair 's real color's red."
"Humph, that 's nothin'. Red 's a chestnut,
My ma cau lift *her's* off her head."

Widow: (desperately.) Johnny leave the table instantly.

Johnnie: (placidly.) Yessum. And, Sam he kept on:

"My ma 's brother he 's in Congress;
I 'm agoin' there too some day.
My pa 's dead. In heaven, ma says."
"Humph, my pa 's in Canada."

Widow: (furiously.) Johnnie, how can you tell such desperate falsehoods?

THE FUNNY BOARDER'S STORY.



There 's a time to laugh and a time to cry,
A time to smile and a time to sigh,
With this philosophical utterance, I
Would preface a little anecdote
About a frisky, eccentric goat.
This William could not only forcibly buck,
But he could eat all sorts of truck;
He got into the house one day,
And then there was the deuce to pay,
He chewed a hat, a Smyrnia rug,
A demijon of *juice de bug*,
A vest with pockets full of scads,
Some writing paper, blotting pads
On top of all that stuff he ate,
A rail road stock certificate,
Out to the pump then did he walk,
To water up his railroad stock!

Funny Boarder: (after a long pause.)

Well, why 're you waiting all this while?
Now is the time to smile!

Chorus of Boarders:

"Is it! Oh we did n't know!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho!"

Funny Boarder: (bracing up for another attempt.)

There once was a tough old spotted mule,
That belonged to the stub tailed, long eared school,
And there was a reckless, rash young man,
Got up on the "Smart Alexander" plan,
And he violated the safety rule
By twisting the tail of this plain old mule,
The mule up and kicked him a mile and a half,

Funny Boarder: (indignantly.)

Well now is the time to laugh.

Chorus of Boarders:

"Is it! Oh we did n't know."
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho.

Funny Boarder: (tries once more):

An old chap cried alack! alack
I 've stepped upon a carpet tack
The burglar, I can not catch
Unless he 'll kindly lend a match.
I think to burglarize at night,
Is neither courteous or right.

New Boarder: (interrupting.)

"Bo-hoo, bo-hoo, bo-hoo, bo-hoo."

Funny Boarder: (irritably.)

Well, what on earth is ailing you?

New Boarder:

Beg your pardon, only, I
Thought this was the time to cry.

INTERLUDE.



"Miss Frizzles could you not favor us with a story, too?"
"Te, he, te he, why really I don 't know, although I suppose if you
really and truly want it, I might tell '*How the Slave Saved St
Micheals.*'"

Chorus of Boarders:

Spare us, spare us, cruel Miss,
Heavings, has it come to this?

General stampede from the dining-room.

G. S. D.

En Passant.

1788.

*A clatter of hoofs adown the lane,
A cottage door and a maiden shy;
A grave salute and a slackened rein;
A smile, a blush, and a drooping eye.*

*A draught from a dainty hand—forsooth
A whispered word and a parting slow;
The noble steed and a gallant youth—
They will come this way again, I trow.*

1888.

*A flying vision, a flash of steel;
A silent rushing, a noiseless glide;
A cap doffed low and a lagging wheel,
A halt by a window opened wide.*

*A pretty girl in the slanting sun,
An echo of laughter, sweet and gay,
A waving handkerchief—ten to one
'Tis not the last of his trips this way.*

EMMA OPPER in *Outing.*

Shakspeare Illustrated.



"And watch your safety while you take your rest."

Tempest, II, 1.

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O. FRINK, Sole Proprietor,
234 Broadway, New York

Hang the Truss.

I commenced using FRINK'S RUPTURE REMEDY the first of May, 1886, and I used it faithfully according to directions one month, with a truss; after that I took the truss off and hung it on a nail. It hangs there yet. I think that I am cured, as the rupture has not bothered me nor have I had any pain since. The doctor said I would have to wear the truss as long as I lived, but it is off; and I have about three-fourths of the REMEDY left. It will do all you claim for it, and I will recommend it to every one that needs it.

C. H. FULLER, Akron, Ohio.

Cured Without a Truss.

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Mrs. J. E. BREESE,
Scranton, Pa.



PATD. OCT. 19 '86.

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(TRADE MARK)



FELT TOOTH BRUSH
ADJUSTABLE CLEANSER AND POLISHER.

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IT IS JUST THE THING TO LEARN THE



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"The best thing I ever saw; don't think any can be made superior."
"They are selling like hot cakes; shall want more in a few days."

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—Dealer in NEW and SECOND-HAND—

BICYCLES.

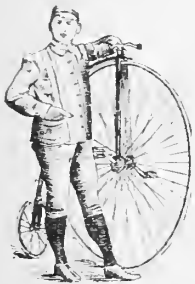
Our Specialties

**Repairing AND Nickel Plating
LOWEST PRICES.**

If you want the best new machine in the market for 1888, or a bargain in a Second-Hand Bicycle, send for catalog and Second-Hand List.

147 North Delaware Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

—SECOND-HAND BICYCLES TAKEN IN TRADE FOR NEW ONES.—



Race Meet Committees

Will Find it to Their Advantage to send for Our

Illustrated Catalog AND Price List

— OF —

MEDALS AND TROPHIES

In Gold and Silver Designs. Designs submitted to Clubs.

Jens F. Pederson,

No. 11 Maiden Lane.

NEW YORK.



SECOND-HAND WHEELS

Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Send for Second-hand List and our large illustrated catalog of Wheels and Accessories with full particulars of our terms of easy payments. Of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Liberal discounts to agents on second-hand wheels. Prices on all wheels guaranteed as low as the lowest.

THE BAY STATE PANTS CO



Mention the GAZETTE when you order, and we will give to each purchaser a pair of **Pants Stretchers.** The best invention ever made for taking out wrinkles and bagging at the knees, and shaping the bottoms of Pants.

Vests, Coats,
\$2.25 \$8.00

Suits, \$13.25 to \$30.00

Every garment cut and made to the individual measures and directions given us and a fit guaranteed. Sent by mail or express prepaid. Send 6 cts. for 20 samples and rules for measuring for coats, pants, vests and overcoats

BAY STATE PANTS CO.,

CUSTOM CLOTHIERS,

34 Hawley Street, BOSTON, MASS.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN'S

TREATMENT BY INHALATION.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.



1529 Arch Street, Philad'a, Pa.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

"The Compound Oxygen Treatment," Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, have been using for the last seventeen years, is the scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized, and the compound is so condensed and made portable and sent all over the world.

Drs. Starkey and Palen have the liberty to refer to the following named well-known persons who have tried their Treatment:

- Hon Wm D Kelley, Member of Congress, Philadelphia
- Rev Victor L Conrad, Editor Lutheran Observer, Philadelphia
- Rev Chas W Cushing, D D, Rochester, N Y
- Hon Wm Penn Nixon, Editor Inter-Ocean, Chicago
- Rev A W Moore, Editor The Centenary, Lancaster, S C
- W H Worthington, Editor New South, Birmingham, Ala
- Mrs Mary A Livermore, Melrose, Massachusetts
- Judge R S Voorhees, New York City
- Mr E C Knight, Philadelphia
- Mr Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia
- Hon W W Schuyler, Easton, Pa
- Edward L Wilson, 823 Broadway, N Y, Ed Philadelphia Photographer
- Fidelia M Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands
- Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland
- Mrs Manuel V Ortega, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mexico
- Mrs Emma Cooper, Uvilla, Spanish Honduras, Central America
- J Cobb, U S Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco
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"Compound Oxygen—its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

1529 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

Victor, Springfield Roadster, New Rapid, American Champion, Star, Rival, Otto and other bicycles and tricycles sold on easy payments with no extra charge except 8 per cent. interest. Low rates by fast freight or express. Bargains in juvenile wheels of best makers, at from \$6.40 up. Large line of accessories. REPAIRING and NICKEL PLATING.

A Job Lot of Bicycles at Bargain Prices.

In order to meet the demand for a good, strong, plainly finished Wheel, we have purchased from the factory their entire stock of '87 pattern

OTTO BICYCLES.

These are new wheels, with rubber tires, steel spokes, plainly finished and complete with saddle-bag, wrench and oil can.

44 in. wheel,	factory price	\$40.00,	our price,	\$27.00
46 "	"	45.00	"	30.00
48 "	"	50.00	"	33.00
50 "	"	55.00	"	35.00
52 "	"	60.00	"	40.00

Send Stamp for List of **250 Second-Hand Bicycles.**

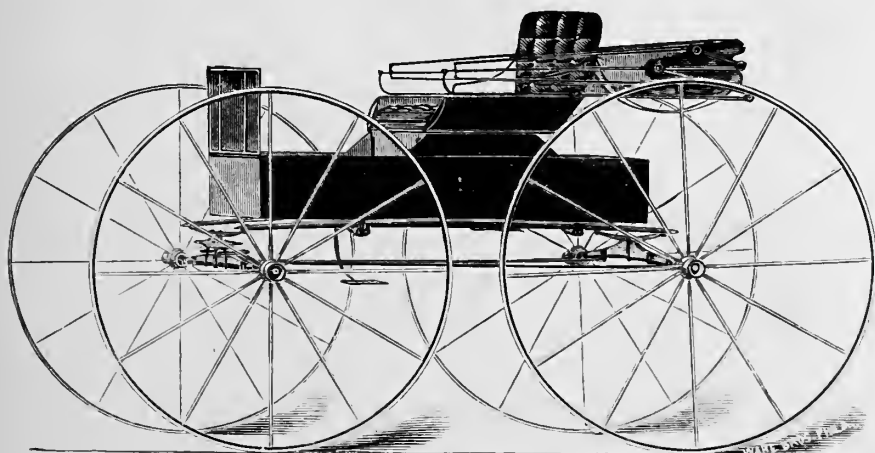
GOOD SECOND-HAND GUNS AND TYPE WRITERS TAKEN IN TRADE.

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SECOND-HAND BICYCLES

Taken in Trade for



BUGGIES, PHAETONS or ROAD CARTS.

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INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SPADE

HANDLES

FOR

ANY BICYCLE

\$2.50

Made of the

Best Material

and not of

BRASS CASTING

As are other Handles that sell for this price.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Warwick Cycle
Manufacturing Co.



CYCLES.

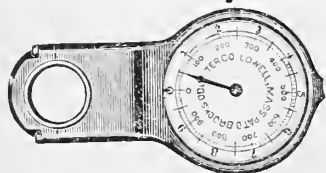
THE WARWICK PERFECTION

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Springfield,
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The Brooks Ideal Cyclometer.



Greatly improved this year. The Simplest, Most Reliable and Best Cyclometer made. Every one guaranteed to be correct. Small, Light, Neat, Compact, Accurate and Cheap. Price by mail, \$5.00.



The W. C. B. Jock Strap.

This article is made especially for bicycle riders and gymnasts, and perfectly adapted for their use, being cool, light, elastic and very strong. It does not bind or cramp the person at any point and can be worn all the time with comfort, in fact the wearer does not feel it. The net is made of pure silk, and is properly shaped to hold the parts in a comfortable position close to the body. Send for circulars of these goods. Liberal discount to dealers

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BETTER THAN EVER.

PUNNETT'S

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CLOTH
GARMENTS.

Knee Breeches Only \$4 a Pair.

Club Uniforms a
Specialty.

Be sure and write for samples and Measure Blanks.

PUNNETT,

Merchant Tailor and Athletic Outfitter.
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

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B. F. Goodrich Co

AKRON RUBBER WORKS

Akron, Ohio.

—Manufacturer of—

BICYCLE TIRES,
HARD & SOFT RUBBER HANDLES,
SPADE GRIPS,
PEDAL RUBBERS, Etc.

Write for Price List.

IMPORTANT CHANGE OF TIME ON THE MONON
ROUTE (L. N. A. & C. RY.)

Commencing Sunday, April 8, the Monon Route will put on a new Chicago train, leaving Indianapolis daily at 6:30 a. m. and arriving in Chicago at 1:30 p. m. Returning, the train will leave Chicago daily at 11:40 p. m. and arrive in Indianapolis at 7:30 a. m.

Elegant Pullman sleeping and chair cars will be run on these trains.

Other trains will leave as follows:
Chicago express, 12:01, noon, except Sunday; arrive in Chicago 6:50 p. m.

Monon Accommodation, 6 p. m., except Sunday.
Chicago Night Express, 11:10 p. m. daily; arrive in Chicago 7:30 a. m.

By taking the 6 a. m. train, passengers for St. Paul, Minneapolis and other Northwestern points save twelve hours in time.

Remember our round trip rate to Chicago is only \$7.60.

For further information call at ticket office, 26 South Illinois street, Union Depot or Massachusetts Avenue.

L. D. BALDWIN, D. P. A.

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THE PROPER LINE

TO AND FROM

CINCINNATI,

DAYTON, TOLEDO, DETROIT,

And All Points

East, South, and South East

For rates and full information, call at the Grand Union ticket office,

Or address—

W. H. FISHER, Gen'l Agt

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HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes.
\$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$5.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of
price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

John F. Stratton's

CELEBRATED PATENT

(June 7, 1887.)

Sublime Harmonie "Silver Reed,"

SOLO

ACCORDEONS.



Regular Size.

2 SETS REEDS

IN DUETT,	UNISON.
"Jennie"	"Henrietta"
"Anna"	"Christine"
"Aimee"	"Grace"
"Lucca"	
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Minature Size.

IN DUETT,	UNISON.
"Adelina"	"Charlotte"
"Amelia"	"Rosa"

Piccolo Size.

IN DUETT,	UNISON.
"Josie"	"Nelle"

3 SETS REEDS.

MELODY OCTAVE AND DUETT.

MINATURE.

"Marie"

LARGE SIZE.

"Brignoli" "Nicolini"

Artist Solo Accordeon.

4 SETS REEDS.

2 ROWS KEYS.

DUETTE,	UNISON.
"Rossini"	"Meyerbeer"

John F. Stratton's

Mouth Harmonicas.

"Capt. Jenks"	"Pinafore"
"Mascot"	"Tony Pastor"



"SILVER REED."

John F. Stratton's

Royal Harmonicas.

The Finest Mouth Harmonicas Possible to Make.

"Duchess"	"Konigin"	"Empress"
"Prinzessin"	"Sultana"	"Golden"

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

Harmonicas and General

Musical Merchandise,

49 MAIDEN LANE, New York.



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ACCIDENTS OF
TRAVEL, SPORT, OR BUSINESS
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THE TRAVELERS
HARTFORD
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COMPANY.

ORIGINAL ACCIDENT COMPANY OF AMERICA,
LARGEST IN THE WORLD;
ALSO, BEST OF LIFE COMPANIES.

LOWEST RATES CONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

FULL PRINCIPAL SUM paid for loss of hands, feet, hand and foot, or sight, by accident; ONE-THIRD same for loss of single hand or foot.

NO EXTRA CHARGE for European Travel and Residence.

ITS RESOURCES are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. **PAYS ALL CLAIMS**, without discount, immediately on receipt of satisfactory proofs. **MOST LIBERAL NON-FORFEITURE** provisions in all its Policies.

Paid Policy-Holders \$14,500,000.

ASSETS, \$9,584,000. SURPLUS, \$1,909,000.

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"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."



Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to speed and Grade. Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881.

Send for Catalogue.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.,
Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

A few things we do not
Advertise.

RECORDS WHICH WE KNOW TO BE FALSE.
RECORDS AFTER THEY ARE TAKEN FROM
US BY ANOTHER WHEEL.
RECORDS WHICH ARE NOT UNANIMOUSLY
ACCEPTED BY THE CYCLING PRESS AS
GENUINE.

One of the things we do
not do.

RETIRE FROM RACING AFTER EVERY OB-
TAINABLE ROAD, LONG DISTANCE AND
TRACK RECORD IS BEYOND OUR REACH.

A few things we do.

AN HONORABLE MANUFACTURING BUSINESS.
GUARANTEE OUR WARES TO BE EXACTLY
AS REPRESENTED.
SELL A WHEEL WHICH IS CAPABLE OF, AND
DOES DO, ALL WORLD'S ROAD AND LONG
DISTANCE RECORDS.

Respectfully Submitted,

GORMULLY & JEFFERY M'F'G. CO., Chicago,
Makers of the American Cycles.

***** LARGEST * AND * MOST * ARTISTIC * CATALOG * IN * THE * TRADE * ON * APPLICATION*****

In answering Advertisements please mention this paper.

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. 111. No. 5.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MAY, 1888.

50 cents per Annum.

VELOCE COLUMBIA

New this Season. A Rear-Driving Safety of the
Most Improved Pattern.

CATALOG FREE.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.



Rudge Bicyclette.

A large invoice of these famous machines, and also
of the well-known

RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER,
Just received.

RUDGE CATALOG FREE.

H. M. SABEN, Manager,
152 Congress Street, Boston.

Is there an agent for the RUDGE in your vicinity? If not, apply as above.

1888. The **SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER** for 1888.

(Yost & McCune Patent.)



THIS WHEEL, \$100.

This is an absolutely safe wheel which retails for \$75, with tools and tool bag, enamel finish, trimmed with nickel, and plain bearings. One of the best wheels for all round road riding and hill climbing ever offered the public. Best class of cold drawn weldless steel tubing in handle-bars, backbars and side forks. Other parts of the best steel drop forgings. In every way first-class as to its workmanship and material.

— THE —

1888 Pattern Springfield Roadster for \$100,

has ball bearings all round and cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, enamel finish, trimmed in nickel, with tools and tool bag; workmanship and material such as used in all high grade wheels. The mechanical construction of these two wheels are identical. Those who purchase plain bearings can at any time have the ball bearings added, if they so desire, at the additional cost of \$25.

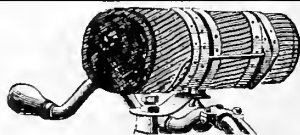
These wheels are safe, speedy and good road wheels, and reliable in every respect. Do not fail to examine before purchasing 1888 mount.

Wholesale Distributing Offices:

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| C. F. STOKES, | Chicago, Ill. |
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| E. T. ALLEN, | San Francisco, Cal. |
| JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., | Boston, Mass. |

Retail Salesroom, No. 147 Washington Street. Boston, Mass.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. COMPANY, 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.



THE ROSS IMPROVED

DETACHABLE LUGGAGE CARRIER
For Crank and Star Bicycles.

Absolutely the best and most convenient Luggage Carrier made. Do not try to use any other, and do not buy until you have seen the "Ross Improved."

Improved and Made Stronger than Last Year.

PRICE, \$1.00; by Mail, \$1.10.

Get a Discount to the Trade. In ordering state name of wheel and year of manufacture.

C. H. ROSS & CO.,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

46 Columbia St., ALBANY, N. Y.

SPADE HANDLES!

To fit any Bicycle . . . \$2.50.

Improved for 1888 and guaranteed equal in style finish and material to any handles in the market. Rubber tires, all sizes at reduced prices.

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\$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for \$93; it now sells for \$30. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequalled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this?—easily enough! We often get as much as \$2,000 or \$3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free. Address at once, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

— THE —

B. F. Goodrich Co

AKRON RUBBER WORKS

Akron, Ohio.

—Manufacturer of—

- BICYCLE TIRES,
- HARD & SOFT RUBBER HANDLES,
- SPADE GRIPS,
- PEDAL RUBBERS, Etc.

Write for Price List.

L. A. W. Cards. Latest Designs.



Your name, address, emblem, etc. neatly printed on all. We use a first-class card, and do neat work. Sure to please or money refunded. Try Us.

PRICES:—25 for 35 c., 50 for 50 c., 100 for 75 c., post paid.

CHROMATIC CARD Co., Camden, O.

Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles.
World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.
Won all First Prelims, when in competition, since 1881.

Send for Catalogue.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.,

Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.



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Is the direct and short route from Indianapolis to St. Louis and points in Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Colorado, California and other States and Territories. It affords magnificent train service and superior facilities for the transportation of all classes of passengers. The physical condition of its property is fully up to the standard, which insures to its patrons safety, speed and comfort. Prompt and sure connections are made with western lines at St. Louis and other Junction points. Trains for the West leave Indianapolis 7:30 A. M., 11:55 A. M., 11:00 P. M. Arrive at St. Louis 5:00 P. M.; 7:30 P. M. 7:00 A. M., respectively. In considering the many advantages offered by this popular route you will find it is materially to your advantage to ask for, and see that you get tickets over the Vandalia Line. Rates are always as low as by less important routes. Baggage checked through from starting point to destination.

For detailed and particular information regarding rates, etc., call upon or address,

H. R. DERING,

Ass's Gen'l Pass. Agent Vandalia Line.

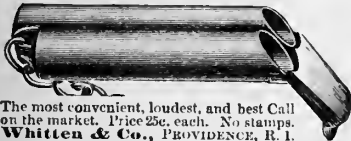
48 W. Washington St. Indianapolis, Ind.

THE BEST BICYCLE LOCK.



No chain; can not be picked or pulled open; neatest thing out. Price, \$1.00.

The BEST BICYCLE WHISTLE.



The most convenient, loudest, and best Call on the market. Price 25c. each. No stamps. **Whitten & Co.,** PROVIDENCE, R. I.



C. H. & D.

THE PROPER LINE
TO AND FROM

CINCINNATI,
DAYTON, TOLEDO, DETROIT,

And All Points

East, South, and South East

For rates and full information, call at the Grand Union ticket office,

Or address—

W. H. FISHER, Gen'l Agt

C. H. ROCKWELL, G. P. and P. A. CINCINNATI.

IMPORTANT CHANGE OF TIME ON THE MONON ROUTE (L., N. A. & C. RY.)

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By taking the 6 a. m. train, passengers for St. Paul, Minneapolis and other Northwestern points save twelve hours in time.

Remember our round trip rate to Chicago is only \$7.40.

For further information call at ticket office, 26 South Illinois Street, Union Depot or Massachusetts Avenue.

I. D. BALDWIN, D. P. A.

E. O. MCCORMICK, G. P. A.

STEEL BALLS FOR ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS.
Of Best Cast Steel.

HARDENED, GROUND AND POLISHED
1/16" to 3" diam. Samples and prices on application
Simonds Rolling Machine Co., Fitchburg, Mass

FOR SALE!

**Victor
Light Roadster**

TRICYCLE

1887 PATTERN.

Been ridden about six months. In good condition, no parts broken or rusty. Balls all over. Brand new tires just put on all round.

Will sell for cash or on time. No exchange. Address

BEN L. DARROW,

Wheelmen's Gazette,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

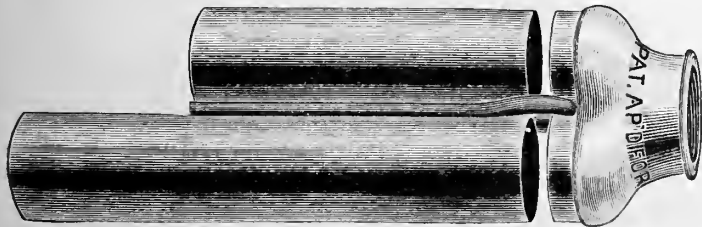
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humpreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

RIDE FAST!

Or slow—suit yourself. Which ever you do keep a record of your riding. The CYCLIST'S RECORD BOOK, pocket edition, leather binding, lap to protect edges, pocket for cards, pencil loop, etc., 50 cents. The best made.

C. D. BATCHELDER,

SANFORD, MAINE.



Duplex Whistle. Price, 50 Cents.

Tone loud and clear, with none of the harsh, grating sound usual to whistles designed for this purpose. Riders who have used the old Duplex Whistle have found it to be very inconvenient on account of the great amount of force required to produce the sound necessary to be heard at a distance. This is entirely overcome in these new whistles, as the very slightest effort is all that is required to blow them. Address all orders to

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE
Springfield Roadster Whistles

AND

Yost's Air-Drying Enamel.

The Best Ever Offered.

50 Cents per Bottle.



Single Tube Whistle. Price, 40 Cents.

Springfield Bicycle Mfg. Co., 9 Cornhill, Boston.

ARE YOU GOING?

GOING WHERE?

WHY, TO THE LEAGUE MEET AT BALTIMORE. IF YOU ARE, YOU WANT TO PROVIDE YOURSELF WITH A COPY OF THE

Wheelmen's Gazette League Meet Number.

IT WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT BALTIMORE, THE BALTIMORE MEET IN PARTICULAR, AND LEAGUE MEETS IN GENERAL.

IF YOU ARE NOT GOING TO THE MEET YOU WANT TO GET A COPY ANYWAY, SO YOU CAN POST UP AND TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT AS THOUGH YOU HAD REALLY BEEN THERE.

FIFTY CENTS, SENT IN BEFORE THE MIDDLE OF JUNE, WILL NOT ONLY SECURE A COPY OF THE LEAGUE MEET NUMBER, BUT WILL GIVE YOU THE GAZETTE, FOR A YEAR BESIDES.

ADVERTISERS WOULD DO WELL TO SECURE EXTRA SPACE IN THIS NUMBER. WE WON'T PUBLISH OUR CIRCULATION FOR THIS NUMBER, AS WE ARE SHORT OF "0" BUT IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY IT WILL BE "IMMENSE."

WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,

DARROW BROS., Publishers,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



Interesting to Every American Rider
 ∴ and Dealer ∴

NOTICE.

79 Franklin Street, Boston,
 FEBRUARY 15, 1887.

Gentlemen:—

We are advised that the machines known as "American Champion" Bicycles infringe certain letters patent of ours, and as they are both made and sold without license from us, we have commenced suits against the makers.

We beg to notify you that the sale or use of said bicycles by any other party is *also* infringement, and that we shall take such legal proceedings as we may be advised by our counsel to take, for the protection of our rights, and the suppression of infringements, wherever such infringements occur.

Yours Truly,

THE POPE MFG. CO.

This circular was issued for the purpose of intimidating riders from buying our machines, and agents from selling them.

We now beg to inform riders and dealers that there is **NO DANGER**, as Judges Gresham and Blodgett, of the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois on April 30, 1888, decreed that **NONE** of the goods manufactured by us infringed **ANY** of their patents. We might further say that all our machines are manufactured under our own letters-patent, which have not yet been proved invalid.

Now that the horizon is clear, so far as we are concerned, we shall be happy to furnish our entire line at short notice, as we are working over time and can do so. Our handsomely illustrated 64-page catalog mailed on application.

Respectfully Submitted,

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



WARWICK

CYCLE

CYCLES

THE WARWICK PERFECTION

IS COMING.

MFG. CO.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DO YOU KNOW

That A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, carry the largest retail stock of Bicycles in America?



DO YOU KNOW

That you ought to have the catalog of A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, before you buy a Bicycle?

DO YOU KNOW

That A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, have over 250 second-hand and shop-worn wheels alone, and will be pleased to send you a list and save you money?

DO YOU KNOW

That A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, take Guns, Revolvers and Type Writers in part in exchange for any American Bicycle?

DO YOU KNOW

That A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, ship their goods all over the United States, and have gained a reputation for fair dealings that has crowded them with orders?

DO YOU KNOW

That A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, handle every American Bicycle and supply their customers with just what they want?



Our Specialties.

THE CORSON STAR SADDLE. Warranted to please; price \$3.50, nickeled \$4.50.
 THE STAR RIDERS' MANUAL; price 50c.
 THE TOURISTS' DELIGHT; price 50c.
 THE STAR ADVOCATE; Monthly, 50 cts. per year.
 THE STAR EXTENSION STEP AND FOOT GUIDE; price \$1.50.
 THE COMMON SENSE STOCKING SUPPORTER; price 35c.
 SPADE HANDLES; a fine article, nickeled with vulcanite grips, \$2.50 per pair.

E. H. CORSON'S
BICYCLE EMPORIUM,
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DRY POLISHER. Our celebrated Polisher consists of a chemically prepared chamols skin and one third yard of canton flannel for polishing after rubbing with the prepared chamols.

NICKLE PLATING LOOKS LIKE NEW after you have used our Polisher, which is infinitely superior to anything else.

Price, \$1.00, Postpaid.
 Liberal discounts to agents.

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For Sale, Cheap.

Second-hand Bicycles and Tricycles. Send for our large list before you buy. Prices low as the lowest. Second-hand machines taken in trade.

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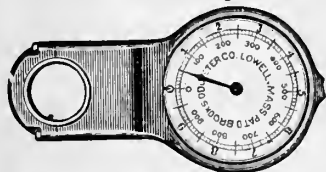
The "Hinge Cradle" Bicycle Saddle

Excels all others. It compensates the jar from any possible direction; is self-shaping to form of rider and grade of road, and is the only truly hygienic saddle made; also ready for the Star.

Cheap to first purchaser in any club or town. Price, nickeled, \$5. For circular address

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The Brooks Ideal Cyclometer.



Greatly improved this year. The simplest, Most Reliable and Best Cyclometer made. Every one guaranteed to be correct. Small, Light, Neat, Compact, Accurate and Cheap. Price by mail, \$5.00.



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 CYCLE LOCK
 WEIGHT 1 OZ.

The W. C. B. Jock Strap.

This article is made especially for bicycle riders and gymnasts, and perfectly adapted for their use, being cool, light, elastic and very strong. It does not bind or cramp the person at any point and can be worn all the time with comfort, in fact the wearer does not feel it. The net is made of pure silk, and is properly shaped to hold the parts in a comfortable position close to the body. Send for circulars of these goods. Liberal discount to dealers

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FELT TOOTH BRUSH

ADJUSTABLE CLEANSER AND POLISHER.



Endorsed by the Profession. Has the following advantages over the old bristle Tooth Brush: **More Cleanly, Perfect Polisher. No Loose Bristles. Non-Irritating to the Gums. Powdered Ready for use.**

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Enjoy its Convenience and Neatness.

Its Economical Side.

Eighteen Felt Polishers (wood veneer back) cost 25c., each comfortably lasts 10 days. The Holder, strong, elegant, imperishable, costs 35c. At dealers or mailed. HORSEY MFG. CO., Utica, N. Y.

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20 DIFFERENT STYLES.

Each and every one possessing true merit. The finest line of

JERSEY GOODS

that can be produced, and all articles pertaining to the wants of a wheelman. Second-hand wheels bought, sold and exchanged. Send for Catalog.

—THE—
JOHN WILKINSON CO.
 55 State St., CHICAGO.

BEST IN THE WORLD!



THE KELLOGG BICYCLE SHOE.

Made of kangaroo or dongola, as may be required, hand-sewed, and possessing merits superior to any other Bicycle Shoe made. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, \$4. Liberal discount to dealers. Manufactured by

W H KELLOGG & CO., Palmer, Mass.

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 WHEN BLOCK, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Best facilities for Business, Short-Hand, Penmanship and English Training, Elegant Catalog free.

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Send 6c. for 20 Samples and Rules for Mention this paper when you order, and we will give to each purchaser a pair of **PANT STRETCHERS.** The best invention ever made for taking out wrinkles and bagging at the knees, and shaping the bottoms of pants.

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Measuring for Coats, Pants, Vests and Overcoats.

SENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS PREPAID.

TRADE MARK

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M. A. WOODBURY,

43 & 45 Mechanics St., Bradford, Pa.

Sole Manufacturer of the Eureka Home Trainer and Bicycle Stand. Price \$7.50.

IT IS JUST THE THING TO LEARN THE



On, and shows you the exact points to which it is beneficial, which will surprise you. (See *L. A. W. Bulletin* of Feb 24th.) Also dealer in Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems and a full line of sundries. These goods are all warranted, and will be shipped from Boston, New York, Baltimore, Bradford, Chicago or St. Louis to suit the convenience of purchasers.

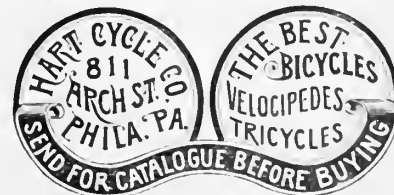
We can please you in style, quality, price and terms. Correspondence Solicited.

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In the country to keep the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE on sale at their office. Our terms are very liberal and will be sent to you on application.

IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO YOU.
 IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO THE SPORT.
 IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO US.

The list of agents we have already secured will be found in another column.



GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex, all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, **TRU E. CO.,** Augusta, Maine.



THE KING BICYCLE.

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THE KING WHEEL CO.,

51 Barclay St., New York.

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NEW AND SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

Our Specialties:

Repairing AND Nickle Plating AT LOWEST PRICES.

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H. T. HEARSEY,

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SECOND-HAND BICYCLES TAKEN IN TRADE FOR NEW ONES.



We are prepared to make this year a fine line of TROPHIES, MEDALS and PRIZES of all descriptions, including

Cups, Jewelry, MEDALS, Stop-Watches, Trophies.

Illustrated Catalog and Price List Sent on Receipt of Stamp.

Pedersen & Buckingham

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Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Send for Second hand List and our large illustrated catalog of Wheels and Accessories with full particulars of our terms of easy payments. Of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Liberal discounts to agents on second-hand wheels. Prices on all wheels guaranteed as low as the lowest.



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Victor, Springfield Roadster, New Rapid, American Champion, Star, Rival, Otto and other bicycles and tricycles sold on easy payments with no extra charge except 8 per cent. interest. Low rates by fast freight or express. Bargains in juvenile wheels of best makers, at from \$6.40 up. Large line of accessories. REPAIRING and NICKEL PLATING.

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\$10 REAL VALUE FREE!

Our new stamping outfit is free to every reader of this publication: it contains 100 perforated stamping patterns and includes a great variety of all sizes that are wanted. This outfit is a real work of art; no stamping outfit has ever been offered before; on which anything like so much artistic ability was brought to bear. With each outfit is a BOX OF BEST STAMPING POWDER, PAD, AND BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, giving full directions for stamping, telling how to make the powder and stamping print, contains instructions for Lustré, Kensington and Hand painting, tells colors to use in painting—red, white, blue, yellow, pink and other flowers; also contains hints and instructions on other matters, too numerous to mention. Bought singly, or a few patterns at a time, at usual prices, the equal of the above would cost \$10. Although it is free, yet this is the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits** and on every hand is recognized to be of great value, very much superior, and very much more desirable than those which have been selling for \$1 each and upwards. By having 200,000 of these outfits made for us, during the dull season, we get them at first cost; the manufacturer was glad to take the order, at cost, that his help might be kept at work. All may depend that it is the very best, most artistic and in every way desirable outfit ever put before the public. Farm and Housekeeper (monthly, 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year) is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, house-keeping and family journal in America; it is entertaining and of great interest, as well as useful; its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. Furthermore, we have lately become managing owners of that grand monthly, **Sunshine, for youth; also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered**; 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year. Sunshine is known favorably as the best youth's monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors; it is now quoted all over the world as standing at the head. Both papers are splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take 200,000 trial year subscribers at a price which gives us but a moderate portion of the cost.

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Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either of the papers will receive free by mail our new 100 pattern Stamping Outfit. Trial year subscriptions will be received for either of the papers as follows: 1 subscription and 1 outfit, 32 cents; 2 subscriptions and 2 outfits, if sent at one time, 55 cents; 4 subscriptions and 4 outfits, if sent at one time, \$1. For \$1 send a dollar bill, but for less, send 1-cent postage stamps. Letter at once get three friends to join you, at 25 cents each; you can do it in a few minutes and they will thank you; papers will be mailed regularly to their separate addresses. While trial year subscribers are served for much less than cost, it proves the rule that a very large proportion of all who read either paper, for a year, want it thereafter, and are willing to pay the regular price of 75 cents a year; through this, as time rolls on, we reap a profit that satisfies us.

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PUNNETT'S

JERSEY CLOTH GARMENTS.

Knee Breeches Only \$4 a Pair. Club Uniforms a Specialty.

Be sure and write for samples and Measure Blanks.

PUNNETT,

Merchant Tailor and Athletic Outfitter, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MAY, 1888.

No. 5.

THE TALE OF A STAR.

ONE day last fall it happened that business called me to Chicago. The bicycle boys had planned a big run for the coming Sunday, and, as Chicago wheelmen are always anxious to show off the beauties of their parks and boulevards to strangers, naturally enough they wanted me to join them. The day was Friday; I could be home, ready for work Monday morning. I would only lose Saturday at most so I decided to stay. One of the provisions of course, was that I should be fitted out with a good running, light weight wheel.

It was shortly before the time set for the execution of the seven anarchists. The whole city was teeming with excitement. Between the anarchists and the policemen and the detectives, Chicago seemed to be having a hard time of it. This was about all I heard during my stroll about town the next day. By Sunday morning you may be sure I was glad to straddle my borrowed wheel and be off with the boys into the country.

We had a glorious time. Everything that goes to make up a pleasant run seemed to be at hand. The day was just right, the roads were just right, the crowd was just right and the pace was just right. What more could anyone want? The combination was perfect. When we got to Pullman fortune still further favored us. The hotel was practically empty and we voted that just right too.

Although the hotel was empty there seemed to have been preparations for a large crowd, both in the matter of food and waiters. So it was, we bicycle boys received extra food, fare and attention. There was something about the waiter at our table that attracted my attention. There was evidently something about him different from the ordinary waiter, and yet I could n't decide what it was. True enough he took the quarter one of the boys handed him on rising, but it was with more of an air of taking something fairly earned than a gratuity.

We were all seated on the front porch of the hotel, joking and telling stories, in the free and easy after-dinner style for which wheelmen are noted, when the same waiter emerged from the office and took a seat among us. The first shock of surprise, mingled with a little resentment, was scarcely over before he began talking. It was evident from his first word that he had come here to tell us something, and we were curious enough not to interrupt him.

This is the story he told:

"Boys, I see you ride bicycles, all of you, and I never see a bicycle boy but what I feel drawn towards him; a sort of a friendly interest springs up, seems like, although there 's something strange about that, too, for it was all on account of a bicycle that I am reduced to what I am.

"Don't laugh, gentlemen. I was n't always a common waiter, not by a long shot. And it was all because of a borrowed wheel that was stolen that all this happened. I'm going to tell you about it, 'cause it may teach you something.

"I was living in Peoria, Ill., at the time. Had a good position in one of the banks, moved in the best society, was engaged to marry the nicest girl in town and was in a fair way of doing well generally. My reputation was without a flaw and I was proud of it.

"Well, one day, with a party of friends, all members of our club, I visited Chicago. You see I had bought a bicycle and learned to ride about six months before. I don't see any like my old wheel

here. Mine was one with the little wheel in front. Star, I believe they called it. The other boys all rode the other kind but I was kinder skittish about falling over head foremost, so I chose the Star, and I stuck to her, although I suppose got about as many falls as the other boys.

"Well, we had no sooner struck Chicago than some of the club boys got on to it, tracked us to our hotel and insisted that we should go to ride with them the next day, which was Sunday. We told 'em we could n't go as none of us had brought our wheels along. But that made no difference, they said. They would fit us out with wheels just the right weight and size. And so they did, the other boys, but search high and low they couldn't find an unoccupied Star for me.

"Would n't I ride a crank for once?

"Not much I would n't. I did n't want to go back to Peoria with a broken arm or sprained wrist, and I told them so, plainly.

"So three of them set out to hunt up a Star. I went along, for I was as anxious as any that they should find one. One of the boys said he thought he knew a fellow that had a Star he did n't use much. He lived about four miles out of town, but that did n't make any difference, we would go there. We got on the cable cars and rode about four miles and walked about two more, and finally reached the place. The boys explained the situation to Livingston McNeely, the owner of the bicycle. He said he was n't in the habit of loaning his wheel, as it had belonged to his older brother, who was now dead, but if I would be careful of it I could have it for the day. We went around back to look at the wheel, and when I saw it I wished he had refused up and down to loan it. He said it had belonged to his older brother, but from the looks of it it might have belonged to his great-grand-father. It was one of those old time Stars, with wheels as heavy as a hay cart's and with a ratchet that clicked like a police rattle.

"I knew it would be about the hardest days work I ever did, riding that wheel about, but I could n't refuse it, seeing how put out he was in lending it. I thanked him as well as I could; said it was getting late and we 'd better be going. The owner followed us to the gate, as if loath to see the wheel depart; he said I might leave it at the club house when I was through with it, and then he said he might not use it for several days and again he might want it right off, at any rate he wanted to know where it was when he *did* want it. We thanked him again and started for the club house. We each took turns in pushing the wheel for the three miles to headquarters. Of course we could n't take the wheel on the street cars. I did n't know the way to the club house and neither of the other boys could ride a Star, so there was no alternative, we all had to walk and push.

"The next day we went riding. We had a gay time in general, and I had a rough time in particular, with that old coffee mill. I won't dwell upon the run. Its joys and mishaps to me were all swallowed up by the great calamity that so shortly followed.

"Returning to the club house that evening, I put the wheel in the store room, according to the instructions of the owner, and the next morning, when on my way to the depot, I stopped to look at it, the wheel was gone! I was thunderstruck. Hastily I looked all over the premises. No use. It could not be found. Then I remembered how loath Livingston McNeely had been to part with it; what hallowed memories for him clustered around that wheel, and now it was gone; what could I say to him when he should come and ask me for his wheel? The situation was too horrible to contemplate.

I must keep the loss secret, for I still might be able to recover it before the owner came to claim it. He said it might be days before he should want it. By that time I might have it back again. Oh, happy thought!

"But I needed help. Total stranger that I was to the ways of Chicago, what could I do alone? As much as I desired to keep the loss a secret, there was no way out of it, I must get some one to help me. So I hunted up the boy who had taken us to the house where we found the Star. Under the pledge of the most profound secrecy, I told him all about the loss and together we rushed hurriedly back to the club house.

"We called for the janitor. He was not to be found. The whole house was open, wheel house and all, but no one was around. Then I suddenly remembered that that was the way I found things this morning, and told my friend so. He said that was just as he expected; thieves had been all over the club house. We had better call for a meeting of the club and investigate the losses. I told him that would never do, as I was anxious to get the wheel back before the owner knew it was gone, besides there did n't seem to be anything in particular about the house out of place or missing. My friend said that was so but suggested that we had better hunt up the janitor and learn what we could from him,

"The janitor lived on the north side, about two miles out. My friend said he did n't know what time he generally put in appearance at the club, so we decided, rather than wait for him to come down, to hunt him up. It was quite a walk, and no little trouble to find the house, but we finally got there.

"Is Mr. Rapp in?" asked my companion of the red faced, red headed woman who appeared at the door.

"Mike, is it, ye want?" she replied, 'shure, I have n't seen his ugly face for over a week, barrin' it was a minit jist yester' aivnin,' when he stuck his hed in the dure and sez "Good bye, darlint," an' I sez "Good riddence to ye, ye good for nothin' whelp," an' that was ivery last wurd he sez, an' I hope to die sober if I iver want to set eyes on 'im agin,' and the door slammed.

"That settled me. Mike was gone, and with him the bicycle. What were his objects did not need to be known, he was gone and we must find him.

"I promptly expressed my views to my friend and he as promptly laughed at them. 'Why,' he said, 'it's ridiculous. The idea of Mike running off with a bicycle. He could n't ride one to save his life.'

"I told him it was no laughing matter, but serious business with me. The affair had reached such a stage where something had to be done, and if he would give me a description of Mike, I would go to a detective office and put some one on his trail. I told him to think, for an instant, the fix I was in, and he would see it was no fooling matter. How could I ever face Livingston McNeely again? How could I ever say to him, the wheel you loaned me is gone? The wheel, around which cluster so many happy associations, which you were wont to keep and cherish, and which you saw fit to lend me, a total stranger, that wheel is stolen—ruthlessly stolen; and I have made no attempt to find it or punish the thieves. No, I could n't say that. I must do my best to recover it. If I put the case in the hands of the detectives they could undoubtedly recover the property and arrest the thief. What was more, they might do it with such secrecy and dispatch that no one would be any the wiser 'till the wheel was back in the club house.

"My companion agreed with me now, and together we went down town. He showed me where I could find a detective and left me.

"I would go up with you,' he said, as he motioned to the top of the eight story building before which we had stopped, 'but I must hurry to my business; it is late now. Let me know how you get along,' and he was gone.

"I mounted eight flights of stairs. I could go no higher; I stopped. There, staring me in the face, was a sign with a large gilt eye. Above the eye were the words 'We Never Sleep,' below was 'Noall & Pounce, Detectives.' This was evidently the place I was looking for. I went in. A little, dark-haired, black-eyed man was sitting at one end of the room reading a newspaper. As soon as he saw me he slapped his paper on his desk, grabbed a pen and began writing. I stood there, waiting for him to say something while he scribbled down two columns of the paper. Then I moved a chair in

a rather loud tone of voice, so as to give him to understand someone was there. He looked up, suddenly like, and asked me what I wanted. I stated the case to him as clearly as I could, under the circumstances. His little black eyes seemed to bore right into me; seemed as though he knew everything I was going to say before I said it, and that made me nervous.

"When I finished, he shook his head and said in an impressive manner 'As you say, this is no ordinary case, and the greatest care and sagacity will have to be exercised in prosecuting it.'

"I told him I did not remember saying so, but that was all right.

"He went on, 'I also agree with you, that the greatest secrecy must be preserved.'

"Yes,' I replied, 'it would never do for it to get in the newspapers, or the owner would see it.'

"Or some other detectives,' he added hurriedly. 'No, we must keep absolutely dark. My advice would be to leave this in our hands absolutely; for, hopeless as the case already seems to you, I guarantee you, on my professional honor, that we can recover your property inside of six weeks.

"I told him six weeks looked like a pretty long while to track down a bicycle thief.

"But this case was undertaken by no common thief,' he replied. 'Every move he has made so far shows him to have been an accomplished villian. But have no fear, I already have a clew that may lead to the discovery of the perpetrators.'

"I says, 'It looks very plain to me that the wheel was taken by Mike Rapp, the janitor; everything goes to show that.'

"Now!' he exclaimed. 'Now that 's just what I supposed. To a person not acquainted with the business, such things seem natural, but we detectives see further. We see through these thin disguises. Believe me, these things are but subterfuges of the real thieves, made to throw us off the scent. Now, for instance, you say the wheel-house door was found opened and unlocked. To you, perhaps, it seems that that was the way the entry was made. To me, it is only a shrewd contrivance to throw us off the scent. Undoubtedly the wheel was taken through some secret outlet yet to be discovered. Now let us proceed to business, and systematically. In answering my questions please give me all the facts, even the merest details, for sometimes the seemingly most insignificant trifles are the basis for our theories and the ultimate recovery of the goods.'

"He took up pen and paper. 'Name of wheel?' he said.

"American Star.'

"Name of owner?'

"Livingston McNeely.'

"Married or single?'

"I told him I did n't know.

"That 's bad,' he said, 'of course, you can find out?'

"Yes.'

"What is his occupation, if any?'

"Don't know.'

"Are his parents living?'

"Don't know.'

"Well,' he remarked somewhat testily, 'all these points must be covered. How do you expect us to go to work with no knowledge to work on?'

"I told him it was scarcely to be expected and promised to find out for him all the points I did not know.

"He then proceeded. 'Name of self?'

"I told him.

"How long have you been living in this country?'

"I told him that I had always lived here, was born here in fact.

"I had hoped not,' he went on. 'Now let 's have full description of the wheel.'

"I gave it to him, as near as I could.

"Now listen,' he said, 'while I read it over. If I have anything wrong, please correct me at once. Wheel known as American Star; little wheel in front, big wheel behind; small wheel, 16 inches from top to bottom and 16 inches across; large wheel, 52 inches both ways; weight, estimated 85 pounds; nicked all over except saddle and rubber handles; levers slightly worn, tires a great deal so; piece of frame on left side had been broken and patched, also three spokes out an right side; makes a peculiar noise when it runs, like a small boy scraping a barrel stave on a picket-fence; has a peculiar wabbling

gait; like a councilman on his way home from committee meeting; great fondness for tipping its rider over sideways; number unknown; date of manufacture unknown, supposed to be 1878.'

"'That is very good, as far as it goes,' he went on, 'if it were not for these 'unknown' and 'estimated' items. We detectives must have things definite. Our main hope of success lies in the definite details we have to work with. Here where you say small wheel in front, large wheel behind, I presume if you were to look at the machine from the rear, the reverse would be true?'

"I told him I supposed it would, although I had not examined the wheel enough to be sure of it,

"'Now there are a few more facts that I want, and I am done. How fast does the bicycle travel?'

"'That depends a great deal upon the rider. A good one can go faster than a poor one.'

"'Of course, but that is n't answering my question, young man. How fast can a good rider go, and how fast will a bad one go?'

"'I should say twenty miles an hour for one, and two miles an hour for the other.'

"'There is apparently considerable latitude in that direction. Nevertheless we will put it this way: Speed, from two to twenty miles per hour. Now what does it eat?'

"'Eat? Why, great Scott, man, bicycles don't eat!'

"'Don't they? Well, maybe the riders eat. What do they eat?'

"'Anything and everything.'

"'We can't put down 'anything and everything,' that 's too broad. Can't you make yourself more definite?'

"'Well, will this do? When they have ridden five miles they will eat soft boiled eggs, stewed oysters and *blanc-mange*; when they have ridden six miles they will eat buttered toast, beefsteak and coffee; seven miles they will eat ham and eggs, fried potatoes and corn bread; eight miles wiener wurst and horse radish; nine miles, spare ribs and sauer-kraut; ten miles, vegetable soup; eleven miles, pie; twelve miles, beer and pretzels; thirteen miles, tooth-picks; fourteen miles, twine; fifteen miles, India-rubber; sixteen miles, straw; seventeen miles, leather; eighteen miles, shoe blacking and ten-penny nails; nineteen miles, popcorn; and at twenty miles they will eat hash.'

"'Very good, very good. We can often trace a fugitive by his appetite, especially if it is as peculiar as this one you have given me,' said the detective. 'I suppose, of course, your estimates here are based on his not having eaten anything since starting, eh?'

"'Oh, certainly.'

"'Now, have you a photograph of the wheel?'

"I told him no, but that I had a highly-colored lithograph on the inside of my valise that I always carried.

"'Very well, let's see it.'

"And I opened up the valise and showed him one of H. B. Smith's advertising cards.

"'How about this 'Father Time' business? Is that a necessary accompaniment to the machine?'

"I told him certainly not, that was but the creative fancy of the artist.

"'Sorry, very sorry, such things are apt to be misleading. Now about the reward. Of course we must offer a reward. I should suggest about \$300 to start with.'

"'But, my dear sir,' I replied, getting warmed up at the mention of \$300, 'the wheel did n't cost half of that.'

"'Well that is one of the features of the business that we have to contend against,' replied the detective. 'I presumed, from what you said, that the wheel most be recovered at all hazards. If this is not the case, perhaps we might as well drop the subject at once,' and he sat back in his chair awaiting my answer.

"This rather frightened me, and I hastened to assure him that he was right in his surmise, for the wheel must be recovered at any cost.

"'So I suppose,' he said, 'and \$300 is a small sum compared with the difficulties we detectives will have to encounter.'

"Then he reached for a bell. Presently his office boy appeared. 'Augustus,' he said, 'have 50,000 circulars printed.' And he handed him the written description and the colored card he had carefully cut out of my valise, along with a part of the leather that went with it, 'send them to all the railroad stations, hotels, pawnbrokers' shops and skating rinks all over the state.

"'Now I will pick out a detail of detectives, for if this business is to be closed up at once, it will take numbers to do it.'

"'Mr. Pounce,' he called, and a thin, dried-up individual emerged from an inner room, where it seems as though he had been listening to what was going on, 'how many men have you at your disposal?'

"'There 's McMurty, and Billy Hibben' and Diogenes Blair, who are off duty. Terrence Scanlan he 's laid up with the rheumatiz, so we are one short.'

"'Too bad,' replied Mr. Nowall, 'it seems as though fate is against us, but we 'll come out all right yet. Detail Blair to guard the club house, tell him to keep strict watch that the wheel is not returned.'

"'I suppose, young man,' he said, turning to me, 'you will have to have him admitted to membership in the club; otherwise his stay there might attract the attention of the thief. He may possibly be among your number.'

"I told him this could probably be arranged satisfactorily, although I had nothing to say in the matter.

"'Detail McMurty at the Grand Central Depot. Put Hibben at the foot of Clark Street Wharf, tell him to search all out-going boats and suspicious looking persons. You, Mr. Pounce, had better scatter yourself along the different roads leading out of town, and as soon as the wheel is found, telephone it to me at once; and also let me know of any new clues as soon as they are discovered. And he continued, as Pounce turned to go, 'I think you had better place experts in all public telephone stations, with instructions that all cipher messages must be translated.'

"I was so glad to see the search fairly begun, that I felt a great burden raised from my shoulders. I left all my available cash with Mr. Nowall to meet current expenses, for, as he explained, it was scarcely to be expected that the insignificant reward offered would induce them to ferret the thing out themselves.

"There was no more to be done that day, so I left, telling him I would be on hands early in the morning."

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

The Amateur Question in America.

IT has been asserted in America that the present failure in amateur racing in that country is due, solely and wholly, to the existence of the amateur definition. There is an old adage which says spectators see most of the game, and we feel pretty well assured that the futile efforts to tinker and patch the amateur law made by the A. C. U. are solely responsible for the present dearth of amateur interests in the sport of cycling. The American amateur of good class simply said, "These gentlemen are doing their level best to drag amateurism down to the dead level of average professionalism. So be it; but I shall stand out," and stand out he did, with the result that the amateur interest has flickered out, a few enthusiasts simply remaining, whilst the professional element fails to interest the average spectator, who knows perfectly well that the "teams" are so many stage-managed advertisements. What has killed cycle racing in America was the tampering with the amateur law, and when that law is properly re-established and enforced in all cycle contests, whether on the road, the path, or the home-trainer, then, and not till then, the genuine amateur interest will have a chance of re-developing. The continent of Europe affords crushing proof, if proof is needed, of the benefits derivable from a properly applied law. German and Norwegian amateurs are drawn from the best classes. They are men who can afford to pay for their amusement, and who are open-handed in the furtherance of its interests. On the other hand, in France, where no amateur definition exists, the interest around the racing path is purely pecuniary, and the better classes, with the few exceptions necessary to prove the rule, ignore the sport and all its surroundings.—*Bi. News.*

THE last heard from Prince Wells, he reports he is perfecting arrangements to make an extended tour of Australia and thinks he will start about the first of March or April. He has added several new tricks to his already very complete repertoire; one of them is, putting a bicycle on a half-tub shaped table three feet high, mounting bicycle, raising small wheel and spinning it; the other consists of doing fancy riding on a wheel that has only three spokes in it.



New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes and attachments, from March 6 to and including April 17, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

- 379,017. March 6. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.
 378,961. March 6. G. M. Hughes, Auburdale, O., vehicle wheel.
 379,373. March 13. H. A. Davis, Utica, N. Y., bicycle.
 379,270. March 13. S. Elliott, Newton, Mass., tricycle.
 379,276. March 13. T. B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill., velocipede.
 379,224. March 13. I. Johnson, Worcester, Mass., velocipede.
 379,228. March 13. I. Johnson and R. T. Torkelson, Worcester, Mass., velocipede.
 379,290. March 13. W. Schroeter, Delitzsch, Saxony, Germany, velocipede.
 379,258. March 13. R. T. Torke'son, Worcester, Mass, velocipede.
 379,557. March 20. T. Bentfield, Newark, N. J., bicycle strap.
 379,907. March 20. H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland Me., velocipede.
 379,812. March 20. P. L. C. F. Renouf and I. W. Boothroyd, London, Eng., velocipede.
 380,059. March 27. C. Snowdon, Cincinnati, O., umbrella attachment for bicycles.
 380,221. March 27. F. J. and W. H. Ross, South Hadley Falls, Mass., velocipede boat.
 379,955. H. D. Hedger, Boston, Mass., velocipede handle.
 380,495. April 3. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.
 380,886. April 10. C. F. Hadley, assignor to Overman Wheel Co., Boston, Mass., bicycle.
 380,770. April 10. A. W. Schiermeyer, Daykin, Neb., tricycle.
 381,038. April 10. C. F. Stillman, New York, N. Y., velocipede.
 381,144. April 17. F. E. Kohler, Canton, O., tricycle.
 381,504. April 17. R. Mullins, Newark, Ind., tricycle.
 381,274. April 17. A. H. Overman, Newton, assignor to Overman Wheel Co., Boston, Mass., velocipede.
 381,165. April 17. H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Me., velocipede seat.

New English Patents.

- 2,347. February 18. W. C. Burton, Rochdale Lane, an improvement in and applicable to velocipedes.
 2,646. February 22. R. J. Russell, South Hornsey, improvements in bicycles.
 2,747. February 24. John Smith, Nottingham, military tandem bicycle.
 2,809. February 25. Frederic Louis Striffler, Middleton, Lancashire, improved method of transmitting motion to distance or other indicators for bicycles, tricycles and other vehicles.
 2,990. February 28. Charles Tucker and Edward Gadsby, London, improvements in telescopic tricycles.
 3,070. February 29. Charles Inwood, Gravesend, Kent, improved automatic steering arrangement for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
 3,220. March 2. Edward Kemp Taylor, London, improvements in tricycles.
 3,260. March 3. John Robert Tuff, Southampton, improvements in ball bearings for velocipedes.
 3,308. March 3. Thomas Crookes, Sheffield, improved cyclist's combination knife.
 3,318. March 3. Frank Joseph Bayer and Joseph Edward Lease, improvements in tricycles.
 3,522. March 7. Richard Henry Lea, London, improvements in velocipedes.

3,633. March 9. M. A. Wier, Surrey, new or improved rowing carriage.

3,703. March 10. Albert Barber, Glasgow, protecting the handle bars of velocipedes from shocks and vibrations caused by the steering or other wheels of same.

3,733. March 10. Edward Kemp Taylor, Chelsea, improvements in tricycles.

3,846. March 13. G. Bullus, new combined tricycle horse and parcel cart, can be worked by one child and one or two others can sit in the cart, or parcels can be placed in for transit or delivery.

3,872. March 13. R. J. Russell, Middlesex, improvements in bicycles.

3,962. March 14. J. A. Lamplugh, improvements in suspension seats or saddles for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

3,971. March 14. G. W. Simmons, London, improvements in chairs and stools, beds, and bicycle and tricycle saddles.

4,060. March 16. John Elyott Doyle, Wolverhampton, improvements in bicycles, tricycles and the like.

4,078. March 16. Frederick Broughton, London, improvements in balance motors for bicycles, tricycles, carriages, trucks or other vehicles worked by manual power.

4,104 March 16. Harriet Grant, London, improvements in velocipedes.

4,125. March 17. Alexander Wheeler Patching, Birmingham, improvements in, and in means for securing, the spokes of velocipede and other wheels.

4,137. March 17. Henry Charles Tucker, Banbury, improvements in cycle velocipede machines.

4,181. March 19. Samuel Deykes Gibson, Halesowen, improvements in wheels for bicycles, tricycles and other vehicles.

4,285. March 20. Alfred Jorgensen, London, improvements in centres for cranks of bicycles and other velocipedes.

4,610. March 26. Walter John Lloyd and William Priest, Middlesex, improvements in velocipedes.

4,676. March 27. James Logan Watkins, Uxbridge Road, improved gear to enable a bicycle to be left in a standing position.

Our Denver Correspondent.

W. L. VAN HORN, one of Denver's most enthusiastic wheelmen, has offered prizes to be contested for in a road race, Sunday, April 29. From present appearances all but Ramblers will be excluded.

New members are voted on at every meeting of both the Socials and Ramblers.

The new rooms of the Social Wheel Club are nicely furnished and supplied with piano, billiard table, card tables, etc. Nothing for a club of any age at all, but for one of three months standing it is getting there with a vengeance. Every member is putting his shoulder to the wheel, consequently wheeling matters are going up to the top.

The Ramblers and St. Louis Cycling Club don't seem to be getting along very fast with their road race. Alf, what's the trouble?

VELOS.

FOR a summer trip, "a bicycle tramp" gives more real, solid pleasure to the square inch than any other recreation. One depends on neither cars nor carriages. He is his own horse as he wheels over hill and valley in a grand go-as-you-please-stop-when-you-want-to-and-come-back-when-you-feel-like-it vacation; and then to come home feeling good all over, mind clear, body vigorous, ready for business and able to work.—*Fort Wayne World*.

THE invention of the tricycle, and its rapid advance to the present state of mechanical perfection, is, I am firmly persuaded, the greatest boon to American women that the century has brought. Coming simultaneously with the conviction that "bodily exercise profiteth" much for womankind, it provides a way to take that exercise which is at once fascinating, graceful, invigorating and healthful.—*Scientific American*.

THE tricycle has steadily gained in favor, until it is now used all over England by physicians in their business, and by clergymen, and by thousands of others in all walks of life, as a health-giving, invigorating recreation.—*New England Medical Gazette*.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
 BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

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Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

Give Us Good Roads.

NO MORE encouraging prospect for the permanency of the bicycle could be imagined than the springing up all over the country of numerous Road Improvement Associations. Wherever you find good roads you find bicycling in a flourishing condition, and if the reverse be not true it argues more for the enthusiasm of the riders than any natural advantages they may have.

It has happened before now, and it is likely to happen again, that various clubs in different parts of the country, have found themselves in a similiar condition to that of the U. S. Government at the present day. They had a surplus in the treasury they were anxious to get rid of. These clubs thinking to spend their money in a way to permanently benefit the sport, then invested their money in expensive grounds and race-tracks.

And did they benefit it? Yes, they benefited it about as much as a man benefits his health by taking a glass of whisky. They got up an abnormal excitement for a time, and when that excitement was over the sport to whose benefit all was supposed to tend, sank into a more debilitated state than ever before.

This is not mere theorizing. One can count the permanently successful bicycle tracks of this country on the fingers of one hand, and still have enough fingers left to write with.

Not so, however, is bicycling destined to flourish and fade where we have good roads. Good roads not only insure the permanency of the cycling spirit, but they are the natural father of that spirit.

Let the clubs who want to spend their money in the advancement of cycling, put it into road improvements. Perhaps the few hundred dollars the club has would not go very far, spread out on the highway, but it would work wonders in the way of promoting an interest in good roads among the community, and be of excellent service in securing favorable legislation.

That is why we say nothing argues more for the permanency of the cycling spirit than this same determination all over the country to have better highways.

The Indiana Tour.

THE start will be made at Indianapolis, July 8, at 9 A. M. To Morristown, for dinner, twenty-five miles; to Rushville, over night, fifteen miles. July 9, to Connersville, for dinner, eighteen miles; to Brookville, over night, twenty-four miles. July 10, arrive at Cincinnati 1 P. M. Probably stop over at Cincinnati a day or a day and a half to visit exposition, etc.

The trip through Kentucky is expected to consume about five days, and touching the following points: Covington, Williamstown, Cynthiana, Paris, Lexington, Nicholasville, Camp Nelson, Bryantsville, Danville, Harrotsburg, Shakertown, Lawrenceburg, Shelbyville and Louisville. From the latter point it is intended to take boat to Madison, on which a banquet will be served to the wheelmen.

Coupon tickets will be issued to League members of the tour at a cost that will probably not exceed twenty dollars, and will entitle the holders of such tickets to lodgings, meals, boat fare, etc., during the tour. Non-League members can not procure the above tickets,

but the Secretary-Treasurer of our Division will be on hand, to fill out applications for L. A. W. membership before the start is made. Unattached wheelmen, or non-L. A. W. members, are, as a matter of course, entirely welcome to join us, but can not be allowed the L. A. W. rebate at hotels, etc.

THE CALIFORNIA DIVISION of the League will hold its annual meeting, this year, at Stockton, on July 4. A very interesting program is provided, consisting of a parade, races, and athletic exercises. Some of the San Francisco and Oakland wheelmen, who can spare the additional day required, will probably wheel to Stockton, or return therefrom, on their machines. The distance from the metropolis is about the same as Santa Cruz, where the last annual tournament was held, and which was a very enjoyable affair. The journey to Stockton on the wheel is probably not so hard a one as that to Santa Cruz, the mountains not being so steep. The distance is about eighty-five miles. Bliss, of Alameda, made the trip both ways on his wheel, one day being consumed each way and the intervening day of the tournament being spent at Santa Cruz. Burmester, of San Francisco, also made the trip down on his wheel, but returned by train. Knapp, of San Mateo, also made the trip down from that place.

The races at Stockton should give the San Francisco Club an opportunity to display some of the remarkable speed mentioned in the article entitled "Moonlight Run to San Jose," published in the *Bicycling World and L. A. W. Bulletin* of March 23, 1888. It is therein stated that seven of the members of this club, in response to the captain's order for the first run of the season, February 25, 1888, made the first twenty-six miles from Brooklyn to Centerville in one hour and twenty minutes. This is decidedly better time than was made in the twenty-five mile road race three days previously, but in which none of the San Francisco Club participated. If there be no error in the statement the time is certainly wonderful, when it is considered that one mile of the distance is over a very rough plank bridge, where no speed can be indulged in, and there are two or three other miles where the roads are somewhat rough, namely between San Lorenzo and Alvarado. The average time for the whole distance is less than three minutes and five seconds to the mile, and allowing that the plank bridge must certainly take upwards of six minutes, the remaining twenty-five miles must all have been covered at a more rapid pace than a three-minute gait. This looks as though the San Francisco team should have things their own way at Stockton this year; in fact, if the record for those twenty-six miles from Brooklyn to Centerville is indisputably established, no others would have much of a show, but we are inclined to think there is an error in the article referred to.

The authorities in New York are enforcing the law requiring cyclers to carry lamps after dark.

Obituary.

MAGGIE B. PHILLIPS died at her home, in Indianapolis, Ind., April 30, after a lingering illness of thirty-two days.

Miss Phillips was the only lady member of the Indiana Division of the L. A. W., and a very beautiful and accomplished young lady of eighteen.

Her loss is very keenly felt by her many intimate friends.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them is not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They throng the silence of the breast;
 We see them as of yore—
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.
 'T is hard to take the burden up,
 When they have laid it down.
 They brightened all the joys of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But, Oh! 't is good to think of them,
 When we are troubled sore;
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM APRIL 15 TO MAY 15.

Alabama. Bessemer Athletic Association meeting held April 12: half-mile bicycle race, George Blum, 1:15 (time doubtful); C. A. Kemp, second; P. Boggin, third; one mile bicycle race, George Blum, 2:15 (time doubtful); two mile bicycle race, P. Boggin, 9: George Mooney, second.

California. W. C. Hull, of San Francisco, has been re-instated as an amateur by the racing board.

Colorado. On May 5 and 6 the Ramblers will have an excursion to Idaho Springs, leaving Denver on Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m.

Connecticut. Connecticut road book is now ready for distribution. The Harvard University Bicycle Club will hold a hare and hounds chase on April 20, and a fifteen miles handicap road race on April 27.

District of Columbia. E. B. Forney, 1211 Pa. Ave., Washington, and Albert T. Newman, 3136 M St., Georgetown, have been appointed Consuls by G. S. Atwater, C. C. The officers of the Capital City Cycling Club, of Washington, for the ensuing year, are as follows: President, T. E. Sheridan; Vice-President, R. B. N. Baker; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Reed; First Lieutenant, William H. N. Burt; Second, Robert Walker. Prof. E. A. Paul, principal of the District of Columbia High School, died at Washington, April 2, from the injuries sustained by being thrown from a bicycle with which a horse collided.

Georgia. The Augusta Bicycle Club is now officered as follows: Captain, Thomas Chapman; Lieutenant, John C. Gibson; Secretary-Treasurer, B. Hake. Atlanta Bicycle Club held a spring tournament April 19 and 20.

Indiana. J. Fred Probst, of Terre Haute, has been appointed C. C., vice A. B. Irvin.

Iowa. H. B. Cropper has been appointed Representative for the Iowa Division, vice D. G. Kirschbaum. The Spring Meeting of the Board of Officers of the Iowa Division, L. A. W., will be held at Cedar Falls on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 29 and 30, 1888.

Louisiana. The Louisiana Cycling Club, of New Orleans, recently chose the following officers: President, W. H. Rehnand, Jr.; Vice-President, C. M. Fairchild; Secretary-Treasurer, R. G. Betts; Lieutenant, E. M. Graham. The regular quarterly meeting of the Louisiana Division will be held April 9, at the rooms of the New Orleans Bicycle Club.

Maine. C. S. Batchelder, of Sanford, and H. S. Higgins have been appointed L. A. W. Representatives by F. A. Elwell, C. C.

Maryland. G. H. Beckley is appointed Local Consul for Reisterstown. Clarence Hodson is appointed Local Consul for Crisfield.

Massachusetts. A twenty-mile road race, between the New Bedford Cycle Club and the Taunton Bicycle Club, will be run on Memorial Day, for a trophy of \$50 value, subscribed by the New Bedford citizens. The Chelsea Cycle Club recently elected these officers: President, Abbot Basset; Vice-President, J. R. Seward; Captain, F. A. Woodman; First Lieutenant, E. A. Plemister; Second, George Nash. The Boston Club had an enjoyable "racket" at their club rooms, 36 St. James Ave., on the evening of April 7. The Massachusetts Bicycle Club recently elected these officers: President, Robert G. Amory; Secretary, Charles C. Ryder; Treasurer, W. H. Minot; Captain, A. D. Peck, Jr.; Lieutenant, J. E. Tippitt. The Nonantum Cycling Club, of Newton, has been disbanded, and a new club has been formed to be known as the Newton Outing Club. Harvard Bicycle Club held a fifteen-mile handicap road race, April 27, at Cambridge. The Cambridge Cycle Club gave a minstrel show April 13. The East Cambridge Cycle Club, at its annual meeting, Tuesday evening, April 2, elected the following officers: President, H. C. S. Saunders; Captain, C. H. Singleton; Secretary-Treasurer, J. H. Ishbaugh. The Roxbury Bicycle Club is now officered thus: President, Dr. W. H. Emery; Vice-President, Irving E. Moulthrop; Secretary, George E. Marsters; Treasurer, William T. Johnson; Captain, John S. Lowell; First Lieutenant, George E. Marsters; Second George A. Titcomb. The seventh annual meeting of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club was held Tuesday evening April 3, at the club house on Newbury St.; the following new members were admitted: Associate, M. I. Motte; active, George A. Taylor, Eugene Thomas, Benjamin C. Lincoln, Benjamin F. Leavitt, Andrew W. Bunholm and W. C. Overman. The third annual meet-

ing and elections of the Suffolk Wheel Club, of Boston, took place April 11; the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President-Captain, J. Franklin Charnock; First Lieutenant, Geo. S. Locke; Second, F. K. Davis; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Collins. The Board of Officers of the Massachusetts Division, L. A. W., on April 5, tendered a farewell dinner to C. S. Howard, cycling editor of the *Boston Globe*, who was to sail April 10 for the Azores Islands in quest of renewed health.

Mississippi. G. S. Clarke, of Greeneville, has been appointed C. C. of Mississippi, by T. J. Kirkpatrick.

Missouri. Captain Lewis, of the Missouri Club, called the following runs for the balance of the month: Sunday, April 15, Creve Cœur; April 22, Collinsville, Ill.; April 28, Baldwin. Percy Stone, of St. Louis, has been re-instated as an amateur, by the racing board. W. A. Rutledge has been appointed Local Consul for Monroe City by W. B. Brewster, C. C.

Nebraska. The following Local Consuls have been appointed by F. T. Clarke, C. C.: Lincoln, R. D. Addis; Sterling, F. O. Dort; Plum Creek, F. L. Temple; Beatrice, F. A. Robertson; Schuyler, E. H. Phelps; Plattsmouth, T. M. Patterson; Fremont, Paul A. Colson; Sutton, Theo. Wentz; Chapman, J. Eaton; Elwood, C. W. Gilmore; Geneva, R. P. Fuller; South Omaha, H. B. Mulford; Stoddard, W. G. Wilson; York, R. McConanghy.

New Jersey. The Orange Wanderers have withdrawn their resignation and will remain members of the New York and New Jersey Road Racing Association.

New York. The annual dinner of the Kings County Wheelmen was held at Dilliard's Saturday, April 14; in consideration of the great increase in membership, the following additions have been made in the number of officers: Corresponding Secretary, R. L. Jones; Assistant Treasurer, J. H. Long; Second Bugler, E. R. Nichols; Color Bearer, F. F. Storm, Jr. Albany Wheelmen entertained their friends April 3. Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club gave an entertainment at the Casino Rink April 10. Long Island Wheelmen closed their social season April 21 with a ladies' night, and held a theatre party April 28. The Buffalo Bicycle Club held its last social event of the season at its club house on April 13. The Cortlandt Wheelmen of Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, have elected the following officers for 1888: Captain, W. E. Flockton; Lieutenant, S. Allen Mead; Secretary-Treasurer, D. C. Hasbrouck; the club lost some of its membership during the winter, but hopes to replace them by new riders this spring. Gerry Jones is appointed Chairman of the L. A. W. Racing Board, vice Dr. J. H. Cooley, resigned.

Ohio. Jas. Bearup, of Wellington, has been re-instated as an amateur by unanimous vote of the Racing Board. The Youngstown Bicycle Club has been organized with the following officers: President, Frank McKay; Secretary, A. J. Nicholson; Treasurer, C. H. Kennedy; Captain, Independence Grave. At the annual meeting of the Canton Bicycle Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. W. Keplinger; Vice-President, Wm. A. Bell; Secretary-Treasurer, Will G. Saxton; Captain, Norm. T. Krause; First Lieutenant, Chas. H. Fessler; Second, Chas. L. Oberly; Bugler, Chas. A. Vignos; Color Bearer, L. R. De-Ville; Executive Committee consists of the President, Secretary-Treasurer and Captain. The Star Wheel Club, of Cleveland, have elected these officers: President, Walter Collins; Secretary-Treasurer, Vincent Matthews; Captain, Robert Ruck; First Lieutenant, W. N. Taylor; Second, A. C. Kale.

Pennsylvania. At a meeting of the Newcastle Bicycle Club the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, H. Warren Terry; Secretary-Treasurer, C. L. White; Captain, Chas. J. Kirk. Allie P. Steele has been re-instated as an amateur by the Racing Board. The professional bicyclist, Eddie McDowell, was tendered a benefit at the Elite Rink, Philadelphia, on April 7.

FOREIGN.

Australia. A match bicycle race, twenty-five miles, for \$250, was ridden by Lebeau, of New Zealand, and S. Clark, the Scottish champion, at the Carrington Ground, Sydney, on February 4, the former winning by half a lap in 1h. 49m. In a recent race in Australia, Rollinson and Clark vs. three horses, twenty miles, the quadrupeds beat the wheelmen by about a mile.

Canada. The Montreal Bicycle Club held their annual meeting Thursday, April 12. The new officers of the Ariel Bicycle Touring

Club, of Kincardine, are: President, H. A. McIntosh; Vice-President, A. G. McIntyre; Secretary, W. B. Hurdon; Captain, F. E. Coome; First Lieutenant, W. E. Scott; Second, Charles Beatty. The Forest City Bicycle Club, of London, Ont., elected officers a few days ago: President, Alfred Murphy; Vice-President, James Reid; Secretary-Treasurer, W. K. Evans; Captain, Thomas Knowles; First Lieutenant, W. S. Chisholm; Second, Joe Knowles; Third, James Filby. At the annual meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club, held April 12, these officers were elected: President, F. G. Graedinger; First Vice-President, H. Joyce; Second, J. F. Barlow; Secretary, R. F. Smith; Treasurer, R. Loyd; Captain, E. W. Barlow; First Lieutenant, G. Kingham; Second, Louis Rubenstein; Standard Bearer, C. O. Palmer; Bugler, J. D. Miller.

England. W. Wood, of North Shields, defeated Richard Howell, of Leicester, in a fifteen mile bicycle race, for \$250 a side, at the grounds in Newcastle, March 31, winning by three yards, in 51:27. W. M. Woodside defeated F. W. Allard in a ten-mile bicycle race at Coventry, on April 2, in 35:23. In the mile championship race held at Wolverhampton, April 2, Howell came in last. Richard Howell won the ten-mile professional championship of England in a race open to all at Leicester on April 2, in 33:2½, W. Wood being second. The Rowe vs. Engleheart race, set for April 14, fell through with on account of Engleheart receiving an injury while training. In the five-mile race at Leicester, April 14; between Rowe and Howell, the latter won by five yards. W. Wood defeated W. A. Rowe in their twenty-mile race at Jarrow-on-Tyne, on Saturday, April 21, in 1:6:40½. In the fifteen-mile match race at North Shields, April 28, W. Wood beat R. Howell in 51:27. The second of the three races between Richard Howell and W. A. Rowe took place at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, April 28, was witnessed by a large throng; the distance was one mile, Howell winning by twenty yards. In the ten-mile race between R. Howell and W. Wood, at Leicester, April 30, the former won in 33:22½. International match race, ten miles, W. A. Rowe vs. Richard Howell, Coventry, May 12.

Ireland. At the Irish Cyclists' Association Tournament, held at Balls' Bridge, Dublin, on March 30, some fast work was recorded: In the half-mile handicap, N. Synyer, scratch, won his heat in 1:16½, and the final in 1:15; C. F. Williamson, of Belfast, 18 yards, rode second in the final; on Monday, April 2, the second day of the tournament, Synyer rode third in the final heat of the half-mile handicap, riding a half-yard behind 1:15.

COMING EVENTS.

- May 16—Orange Wanderers run to Staten Island via Elizabethport.
- May 24—Fifth annual meet of the Woodstock (Ont.) Amateur Association.
- May 26—Inter-collegiate games at the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds, New York City.
- May 29-30—Iowa Division Board of Officers meet at Cedar Falls.
- May 30—New York and New Jersey Road Racing Association team road race over the Irvington-Milbourne course.
- May 30—Bay City Wheelmen and Olympic Athletic Club joint meet at Oakland, Cal.
- May 30—Los Angeles Wheelmen's race.
- May 30—Road race from Lealand Hotel, Chicago, to Pulman.
- May 30—Annual meet of the Maine Division of the L. A. W. at Portland, Maine.
- May 30—Terre Haute (Ind.) Bicycle Club race meet at the Vigo County Fair Grounds.
- May 30—Tournament at Oakland, Cal.
- May 30—Orange Wanderers run to Pine Brook, Morristown and Milbourne, returning via Irvington.
- June—East Hartford (Conn.) Wheel Club tournament.
- June 16—Orange Wanderers century run to Trenton, Philadelphia Fairmount Park and Lancaster Pike.
- June 18-20—L. A. W. annual meet at Baltimore, Md.
- June—Spring race meet of the Kings County Wheelmen.
- July 1—Canadian Wheelmen's Association annual meet at Belleville, Ont.
- July 4—California Division L. A. W. Meet.
- July 4—Newcastle (Pa.) Bicycle Club race meet.
- September 4, 6 and 8—Tournament at Buffalo, N. Y.

Rowe wore Sullivan's favorite colors in his race with Allard.

The L. A. W. Meet.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 1, 1888.



SINCE the decision of the Board of Officers to accept the invitation of the Maryland Division to hold the next League Meet in this town, preparations have been actively going forward to make the event a great success.

The various committees are hard at work and we expect to outrival any previous meet in the entertainment of our visitors.

The programme as now mapped out covers three days, June 18, 19 and 20. The first day, Monday, will be devoted entirely to the business meetings, and as there is a considerable amount of work to come up for the members to discuss, it is expected that this business meeting will cover the whole day and perhaps a portion of the evening. The principal matter for consideration, of course, will be the reorganization of the League. It is hoped that every member who contemplates attending this meet, will be present upon the first day and lend his aid in this reorganization, and not be one of the "stay at homes," and then have his little kick because the work was not done according to his ideas.

The first event of the second day, Tuesday, will be the editors' race between the worthy scribes of the *Athlete* and the *American Wheelman*. After this will follow the parade. The route as laid out is principally asphalt pavement, and has been selected with the view of getting as many of the visitors as possible to join in the parade, and the entire length of the route is not more than two miles.

The finish will be made in our famous Druid Hill Park, renowned for its miles of excellent drives and also its beautiful scenery. Here the League photograph will be taken, and thence the ride will be leisurely taken up to Arlington Driving Park, the scene of the races in the afternoon. At this place, upon their arrival, the wheelmen and friends will be served with lunch.

The races in the afternoon will no doubt prove the best that have ever yet been given here, as we expect the fast men here from all sections of the country. Notable among the events will be the one mile bicycle and the one mile tricycle championships of the League. After the races we return to the city for a short rest, and then in the evening comes the smoker concert. This will prove to be a novelty to everyone who takes it in, and will give all hands an opportunity to make new and renew old acquaintances. For those who do not care to attend the smoker, however, there has been provision made in the way of a theatre party.

The morning of the third day, Wednesday, will be taken up with runs and tours, principal among which will be the ladies' run. In the afternoon comes last, but not least, the event of the whole Meet, the grand excursion down the Chesapeake. The committee having this in charge are working like beavers and it will certainly prove a surprise to all taking part in it. The steamer will leave the city at about two o'clock and after taking in all the principal points about the harbor, of interest, will proceed to Annapolis, the site of the U. S. Naval Academy. Here the visitors will be given an opportunity of visiting the Naval Academy grounds, the State House, etc., and then the steamer will be again taken for the resort of the Chesapeake, "Bay Ridge." This place will be reached at about six o'clock, at which time the regular excursionists will be leaving so that we will have the grounds entirely to ourselves. Among the principal features of entertainment at this place will be one of Maryland's famous "soft crab and fish" suppers. After the supper the dining hall will be cleared for dancing, and when all have wearied of tripping the "light fantastic" the steamer will be taken for the city. It is intended to have a display of fire works on the trip up to the city, provided the consent of the naval authorities can be gotten to give such a display on the steamer.

This, then, covers about the entire program. In closing let me say that Maryland invites all wheelmen and women to this Meet, be they League members or not, and we are sure that not one who attends will go away without an idea firmly fixed in his or her mind of visiting us again.

CARL.

William Woodside, father of the well-known bicycle rider, left an estate valued at about \$125,000.



Do you want to change your mount this season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word.

The ostrich is the latest rear-driving safety.

Louisville will send a body of wheelmen to the League meet.

Mr. Charles E. Pratt will attend the League meet at Baltimore.

The Harvard Bicycle Club talk of holding a cycle race meet this year.

Fifty members from Pennsylvania will ride to the League meet at Baltimore.

"Will the coming man use both arms?" asks a scientist. He will have to if he expects to ride a bicycle.

The English Racing Season has commenced, and Osmond and Mayers have already scored two victories.

J. F. Midgley, of Worcester, will be seen on the racing path this year. He will ride a Springfield Roadster.

The Boston Club men are talking up a hundred thousand-dollar club house, near the business center of the Hub.

Rowe will ride his Columbia Racer while abroad, not a New Rapid, as was rumored through the English press.

Irish cyclists have formed a roads improvement association, not composed of cyclists entirely, but of all taxpayers.

Messrs. Seward, Kendall and Emery have been appointed to take charge of the Massachusetts Division's spring meet.

The ladies of Washington have formed a cycle club, many members of which will ride the newly invented ladies' bicycle.

In the suit for infringement of patents against the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., decision was rendered in favor of defendants.

The *C. T. C. Gazette*, for April, devotes five pages to letters from members advocating an increased C. T. C. annual membership fee.

The *Bicycling World's* fifth colored cartoon represents Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Bassett on a tandem. At last we have a picture of "Daisie."

'T is said that Long Branch, N. J., will add to its many attractions, that of a bicycle track, the laying out and building of same to cost some \$25,000.

Chas. E. Kluge, of the Hudson County Wheelmen, recently rode to the summit of Columbia Heights Hill, Brooklyn, on a crank machine, without a dismount.

The Orange, (N. J.) Bicycle Club offer two prizes, one for the best season's record, and the other for the best record for twenty-four hours, made by a member of the club during the present year.

The English War Department has designed a uniform to be worn by the cycling contingent. It consists of a dark green military tunic and cap, faced with red, dark green knee breeches and stockings.

After the Baltimore meet, Washington cyclers cordially invite L. A. W. members to visit their city. A good time is promised. Bear this in mind when you make your plans for the Baltimore trip.

A bicycle for ladies' use has been invented, but the rider can not manage it with a bustle on. There will be any amount of bustle, however, the first time the gentle bicyclist takes a "header" from her machine on a public highway.

N. E. Kaufman, of Rochester, N. Y., was the only entry for the English trick riding championship, and he was awarded the medal emblematic of the title. He has engagements on the continent that will occupy his time until the spring of 1889.

'T is now, in sooth,
The high-priced youth
No strawberries can eat;
He knows he must
Save up his dust
To take him to the Meet.

A stock company with \$25,000 capital, now organizing in Wilmington, Del., intend to build a quarter-mile track on their grounds for use by the Wilmington Wheel Club and the Warren Athletic Club. The location is but ten minutes drive from the center of the city.

It is good news to wheelmen to know that Eden Park, in Cincinnati, has at last been opened to the use of the wheel. There are some lovely roads and coasts in that charming spot, and the absurd restrictions prohibiting its use to cyclers has been as a cup of gall to the riders of that city heretofore.

Herr. Jos. Ernstner, of Rosenheim, Germany, has constructed and patented a "family cycle," consisting of a convertible tricycle, and holding three adults, or two adults and two infants. "This machine," says a German contemporary, "is equal in speed to any bicycle or tricycle, and is especially adapted for bad roads."

Edward W. Burt, a prominent member of the Philadelphia Bicycle Club, met with a severe accident while taking an airing on the Lancaster Pike one day recently. A collision with a tandem machine that was brought to a sudden stop immediately in front of him, caused him to be thrown, and, striking on his forehead, a deep cut was the result. The injury was not serious.

"You see, it occurred this way: Several of us boys were down to the Point last Saturday, and Boggs he got to blowin' around and says he could make any of us take his dust on the way home. So I took him up, and sure enough he did n't."

"You don't mean to say you beat Boggs in from the Point?"

"Did n't say I beat him in; said he did n't make me take dust and he did n't either. It rained just as we got started."

The Maryland Division is making great preparations for the annual meet of the L. A. W., to be held in Baltimore this year. They have secured the co-operation of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, who will subscribe towards the fund for the payment of expenses. President Kirkpatrick, who will act as chief marshal of the parade, has appointed the following aids: E. P. Hayden, Baltimore; W. S. Bomberger, Hagerstown; W. S. Bull, Buffalo; Harry D. Corey, Boston; W. R. Tucker, Philadelphia; S. T. Clark, Baltimore. The business meeting will be held at the Academy of Music on the morning of June 18.

Illustrated Advertisement.



WANTED—A good, strong Luggage Carrier.

That Supplement to "XM Miles."

ON March 24, just when Karl Kron's great collection of newspaper notices and specimen pages was almost ready for issue, the stockholders of the Springfield Printing Co. voted to go into insolvency; and a six weeks delay will therefore ensue before he can distribute the work. The concern was the largest and oldest of its kind in western Massachusetts; and it was because of a change in its ownership, that Mr. H. E. Ducker, of tournament fame, who had for several years served as its superintendent, removed to Buffalo, and sold his GAZETTE to the present owners at Indianapolis.

A postal card addressed to Mr. Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, New York, will insure the arrival, as soon as published, of his remarkable gift-book, which has now grown to 150 pages of 90,000 words,—the same being a larger number than his first prospectus promised to include in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," which the present gift-book is designed to find 30,000 buyers for. The pamphlet contains free advertisements of all other cycling books now on the market and of all the cycling journals; but, as no trade notices of the usual sort have been admitted for pay, it stands on its own merits as the most elaborate and costly advertisement ever yet attempted in behalf of a cycling book.

Containing more printed matter than any cycling book which had anywhere been published previous to March, 1888, it deserves a formal review, and shall receive one after the completed issue reaches our hands. Meanwhile, we can say, from an inspection of advance sheets, that about a third of the pages are reprints, picked here and there to show the quality of "XM Miles," and the rest are from new plates, giving carefully compiled "Opinions of the Press and of Subscribers," or else well worded "Arguments of the Publisher to His 3,000 Co-partners," each page being complete in itself and having a different title.

Though we are sure every reader will thank us for putting him in the way of getting a book of 150 pages for the outlay of a single cent, we warn him that such outlay carries with it the serious risk of a two-dollar greenback; for not many wheelmen who read this mass of testimony, which the foremost critics of all nations have given in favor of Karl Kron, can well refrain from contributing their personal share towards the purse of \$60,000 which that publisher is now undertaking to raise as a reward for that author's "four years solitary labor in behalf of wheeling."

We reprint some of the headings under which the "Notices" are classified, as follows: Briefs from the Reviewers; Magnitude; Lowness of Price; Literary Style; Typography; Indexing; For the General Reader; Egotism; Individuality; Eccentricity; For Horsemen and Footmen; Verdict of the Metropolis; At Home and Abroad; Comprehensiveness; World-Wide Scope; Laudation at London; Condemnation at Coventry; Coventry Ringing the Changes; British Fair Play; Appreciation at the Antipodes; Two Ways of Looking at it; Officially Recommended; East, West and South; Fun for Pennsylvanians; The Story of Stevens; Recognition by the L. A. W.; "Co-operative Tailoring" and Touring; A Five Dollar Book for Two Dollars; Reward Wanted—\$60,000; Sending Books on Approval; History of Wheel Literature; A Guide for Beginners; A Directory of Clubs and Clubmen; Not Simply a Personal Narrative; "A Free Advertisement" of Cycling in General; Customs—Duties and Transportation; Natural History of "the Hog"; A Month's Reading for a Quarter-Dollar; For Public Libraries; The Costs of Bookmaking; The Chances of Profit; Prospectus of "My Second Ten Thousand"; Autographs and Portraits; Chapter Preferences; Under the Southern Cross; Sales in New Zealand; In Canada and Great Britain; Remittances and Acknowledgements; Names Wanted and "Opinions"; The Significance of Talking Money; The Theory of Reciprocation; *Edition de Luxe*; Information for Booksellers; Books and Papers Recommended; Minor Cycling Prints in the American Market; THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE and *Wheeling*; The Two "Literary" Chapters; Comments on "Castle Solitude"; Compliments for "Curl"; Suggestions and Corrections; "Curl" at St. Petersburg; The Personal Equation; "Four Years at Yale"; The French of it; From a Feminine Point of View; Short Cuts from Subscribers; Tips from the Cycling Scribes; The Humors of Coventry; Echoes from "The Thunderer"; The Policy of Honesty; A Test of Endurance; A Firm Hold on the Future; A Straight Course to the End.

Our Illinois Correspondent.

PARIS, ILL., May 1, 1888.

PARIS, the rural district, as some cyclist in Chicago has termed us, has not been heard from for some time, so I write a few items from here that your readers may know we are still in the ring.

Your humble servant has recently returned home from an extended trip in the west of eight months duration. During that time I have traveled over Southern California for four months, where I met with C. A. Beiderman, Frost and Atkins and a number of other gentlemanly fellows and jolly wheelmen in the neighborhood of Pasadena. Since the middle of January, I have been in Denver, Colorado, where I have met, certainly, a most excellent set of wheelmen who are enthusiastic in the good cause. I met there Messrs. Van Horn, Kennedy, Harry Gordon, W. S. Doan, Dick Walker, a former Indianapolis man, Bob Gerwing, and others. The Denver Ramblers certainly take the cake for trick riding, club runs and riding in general. They are splendid fellows. So much for my trip.

Now about Paris "Metemorphosis." The season is opening up very nicely. The boys are doing some great riding already. We see several new men out this spring, thus swelling our ranks. The small boys are beginning now to loom up right well and will soon be up with large boys in numbers. Gravel roads are all the rage in our county, a new one being built each season, so that ere long we will have excellent roads in all directions from Paris. Our boys are all jubilant over the roads. Most of the boys have the same mounts they used last season. Smith is out on a Pony Star. Cretors wants a Safety if he can sell his New Rapid. He was out yesterday in a new rapid (horse and buggy). Cook still likes the Rudge. Dole brothers are struck on the Apollo, which is a fine wheel, sure. Rudy says if he can sell his Royal Mail he will surely mount an Apollo. Laughlin is a Royal Mail man. Captain Logan manipulates the Expert Columbia. Harvey, our college man, is at Champaign, but will soon return and push the pedals of his 58 Harvard. We expect to get rich and have cheap transportation soon, as one of our new men is a banker and the other a railroad man.

Some of the boys are planning a trip to Mammoth Cave and other Kentucky points some time during the season. M. O. D.

Our California Correspondent.

LOS ANGELES, May 1, 1888.

Southern California is having quite a boom in wheeling matters. The Los Angeles Wheelmen have fitted up the club rooms in great style. Osborn & Alexander, of San Francisco, have established a branch agency here with S. G. Spier as manager. P. L. Able is pushing the Victor for all he is worth, and R. C. Woodworth reports sales for the 1888 New Mail way up.

The Los Angeles Wheelmen are making preparations for their spring race meet on May 30. The races this spring are to be held at Agricultural Park. The mile track is to be put in as good a shape as time and money can get it. The races will include twelve events, including the three mile state championship, half-mile club championship and the one mile club races. The club will expend about one thousand dollars for prizes, etc.

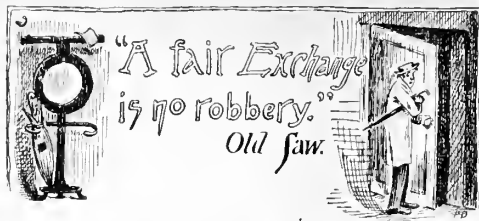
Several of the "racing men" are already in training, and fast time may be looked for. R. C. Woodworth, who holds the two-mile state championship, is hard at work, training, as are Percival and Wing, the Star riders. Percival has a record of 2:57 on a sixty-pound Star, and Wing is not far behind. A. W. Allen, of Indiana, is here also, and is training for the short distance races. Then there are Frost and Atkins of Pasadena, who claim to be fast men, will be here to take a hand in the races.

Taking it all in all, we can expect to see good races and good time made. Woodworth says he will break the coast record for one mile, 2:50, or know the reason why.

We have had beautiful weather lately, not too hot nor too cool but just right for riding. Every Sunday, Captain Little, of the L. A. Wheelmen, calls a club run to some of the neighboring towns, and the boys turn out in good numbers, generally from twenty to thirty members.

L. A. W.

In Munich all cyclists are numbered and registered.



Mr. W. J. Morgan is evidently an all round genius, as we notice that he has been giving his opinion on the present state of English politics.—*Wheeling*.

"Black silk towels are the latest agony," says a fashion note. Black slick towels have been in use in printing offices for over four hundred years.—*Incennes Sun*.

Copenhagen, which must be a delightful town to live in, if the game with which we are all familiar is in vogue there, will shortly possess a cinder path, to be used for cycle racing.—*Wheel*.

We have heard of "one-legged races," "aged men's races," "ladies' races," but it is left for Rome, N. Y., to produce a "deaf mutes' race." One satisfaction, the fellow who gets left won't be able to "tell how it happened."—*Bicycle World*.

They do say that the new "universal language," Volapuk, has but one swear word. What must the poor cyclist of the future do when the festive cur tangles itself up in the spokes of his wheel, and the erratic hoodlum shies brickbats at him?—*Bicycle World*.

Ireland may not enjoy Home Rule, yet her cyclists have no cause of complaint against the blind goddess. A farmer who recently ran down a cyclist on—look out for this name—Bohernabreena Hill, was severely lectured by the justice, before whom the assault case was tried, and fined 9s. 6d.—*Wheel*.

They have got a one-legged man in Lynn, Mass., who can ride a bicycle, perform on the trapeze, or gyrate on the festive roller skate. This individual glories in the name of Prof. Erni. This has an Italian sound, but we would bet dollars to doughnuts that he hails from the vicinity of Cork, and that his name begins with Pat.—*Bicycle World*.

The meanest man in this country has at last been discovered. His name is Shaw and he lives in Philadelphia. On Sunday last he removed the handle from the pump in front of his place, that he might not be bothered by thirsty wheelmen. The tortures of the Inquisition should be revived for the benefit of this generous Quaker citizen.—*Wheel*.

R. F. Cromlin, of Harrisburgh, Pa., was in Washington last week, and "scraped" an acquaintance with Belva Lockwood, late woman suffrage candidate for President. They were both riding bicycles on Fourteenth Street, when Belva dashed along so close to Mr. Cromlin as to tear off his overshoe. Nothing was said on either side.—*Bicycle World*.

We are in receipt of advices from Washington as follows: "The grand jury to-day found an indictment against Joseph M. Chase for manslaughter, in causing the death of E. A. Paul, on the 2d of April, by having at that date forcibly ridden a horse against him, throwing him down and giving to said Paul a mortal-fracture wound on the spinal column."—*Bicycle World*.

After the sensation of spinning through the country on a bicycle has once been experienced, all else is forgotten. Horseback riding becomes tame; the tennis ground is allowed to go to seed; and base ball is only resorted to when a recent storm leaves the roads heavy. Consumptives, dyspeptics, throw away your medicine and buy a wheel, and you will never regret the venture. We know how it is, for we've been there ourselves.—*Sports Afield*.

Boys, we are going to get us a bicycle, and all of you that want one will do well to communicate with us. We will have ours before long, and also have a large advertisement in the *News* for the manufacturers. There is no better country in the world for bicycle riding than the natural roads and cow trails of the plains. Remember, we will not lend you ours. You need n't ask for it. If you want to ride

a bicycle you must buy it. That is a rule every bicycle owner must make and adhere to. There will be an agency here.—*Texas Crosby County News*.

One of the young and enterprising wheelmen of Pine Bluff, Ark., recently attempted to ride across a rickety bridge on his bicycle. Nothing is calculated to give a man cooler judgment, and compel him to keep his eye on the main chance, better than to ride a wheel. This particular cyclist had not yet gotten control over his nerves, and when half-way across the bridge, by some freak of nature or circumstances—our reporter failed to get his "notes" on this detail—he suddenly decided that he had better jump into the creek. This strange and novel decision was aided by his wire steed, and the catfish in that stream had a regular matinee performance for the next ten minutes.—*Exchange*.

Oscar Jennings, a physician, 35 Rue Marbeuf, Paris, is collecting material which will be a valuable addition to cycle literature when compiled in book form, as no doubt that gentleman intends. His letter reads as follows: "Will you allow me to make another appeal in your columns for information as to the value of moderate cycling as a restorer of impaired health? I want authentic cases of recovery from gout, rheumatism, hypochondria, varicose veins, etc. I am also desirous of learning the opinions of cyclists for and against it in rupture, obesity, constipation, insomnia, albuminuria, diabetes, and diseases of the heart and lungs. Lastly, its influence on women, particularly as regards sterility and hysteria."—*Wheel*.

All is not nickel-plate that glitters.
A rolling stone gathers the cyclist.
It's a long hill that has no summit.
A loose tire goeth before a fall.
It's the early wheel that catches the sunrise.
The race is always won on the last lap.
A tin can in the gutter is worth two on a rim.
A live dog is better than a dead lion—to stop a wheel suddenly.
It is but a step from the sublime (saddle) to the ridiculous (road-bud).

The wheel comes to a standstill when the poolballs are rolling.
It is a wise child who knows his father—will buy him a bicycle—and a wiser father.

One swallow never made a summer, but one swallow—too many—may make a wheelman fall.

A dry bearing considereth not the empty oil can, but a wise wheelman considereth Matthew, chapter xxv, ninth verse.

—Arthur Penfield, in *Scottish Cyclist*.

ONLY A GIRL.

I hear a sharp ring on the frosty way,
And I catch the gleam of a cycle bright,
Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker gray,
And then, the dear boy! he is out of sight.
Ah, out and away, ere the sun is high,
While the early clouds are all rose and pearl,
And the air like a wine that is bright and dry;
And I'm—only a girl.

I think of the hollows where leaves lie dead;
Of the gaunt trees' shadows against the sky;
Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead,
And the low lush meadows he rattles by.
I look on the road with its dusty track,
Where the wind-gusts meet to whistle and whirl;
And—yes! I may look for his coming back,
For I'm only a girl.

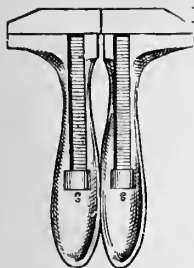
I may watch and wait all day for the ring
Of his pretty plaything's glistening steel;
And, dressed in my gayest, may sit and sing
Over my work till I hear the wheel.
Then I shall see the eyes of my lad,
And he a cheek and a drooping curl;
And—well yes—perhaps—I'm a little glad
That I'm only a girl.

—"RUTH HALL."

THE wheelmen of central Indiana will meet at Knightstown Sunday, May 20. Club runs are being arranged from various points in the vicinity.

The only dairy which does not use water to excess is the dromedary.

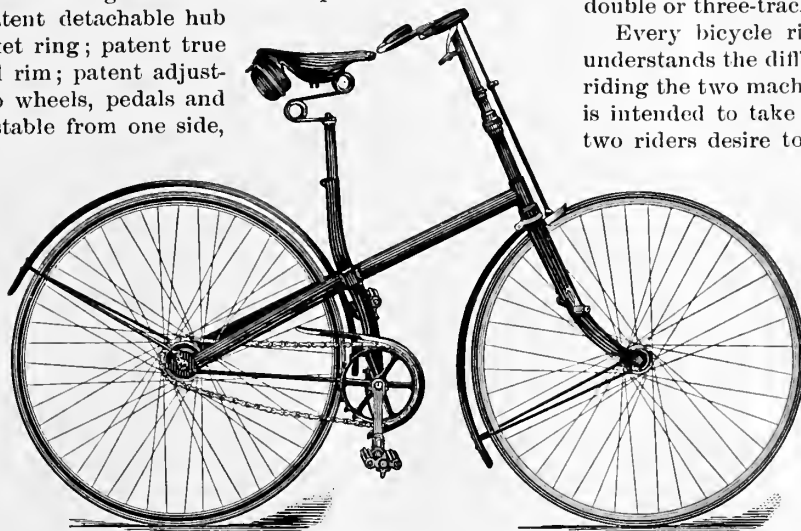
The Dart Cycles.



THE Dart Safety consists of a 30-inch rear driving and a 30-inch front steering wheel, 1/2 rims, connected by a horizontal reach. Is geared to 52, 54; 57 or 60 inches, as desired. Pedals stationed vertically beneath the saddle. Frame constructed of best imported weldless steel tubing and drop forgings, combining new patent adjustable ball head, 23 balls at top and 23 at bottom, revolving between separate hardened steel disks fitted in toughened steel casings. Eight inch steering head between top and bottom bearing surfaces. New patent

drop forged steel shell hubs, patent detachable hub nipple; patent detachable sprocket ring; patent true tangent spoke; crescent U steel rim; patent adjustable ball bearings with disks to wheels, pedals and crank journal, each group adjustable from one side, fitted with patent fountain oil basin and new oil cup. Patent Dart handle grip; patent incline pedal rubber grip; patent angular adjustable saddle post; patent chain adjustment; improved detachable non-breaking mud guard and patent non-rattling brake.

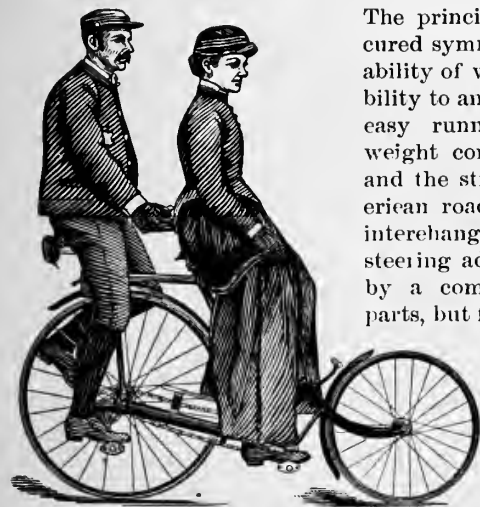
The material used is that which eighteen years experience has proven to be the best that can be had in England for the particular use to which it is intended. All the latest and best methods, as well as materials, are employed in their con-



THE DART SAFETY.

struction without regard to cost. The principles embraced have secured symmetry, durability, adjustability of wearing surfaces, adaptability to any size or weight of rider, easy running, and lightness of weight consistent with durability and the strength required for American roads. Every part is made interchangeable. The automatic steering adjustment is not secured by a complication of additional parts, but from principles of proper construction. This safety can be ridden with hands off the handle bars.

By reference to the cut it will be observed that the steering rod passes through the steering head, which is



THE DART TANDEM BICYCLE.

a part of the frame. At both ends of the head are adjustable ball bearings, each having 23 1/2 balls. The importance of this combination toward a perfect piece of mechanism having a loose bearing surface required to be very rigid, to sustain the countless shocks in riding over obstructions, will at once be apparent.

The crank axle journal is also a new improvement, being a continuation and solid part of the frame, having no loose joints, nuts, or screws to jar loose, and is therefore very rigid and durable. Weight, all on, 48 pounds.

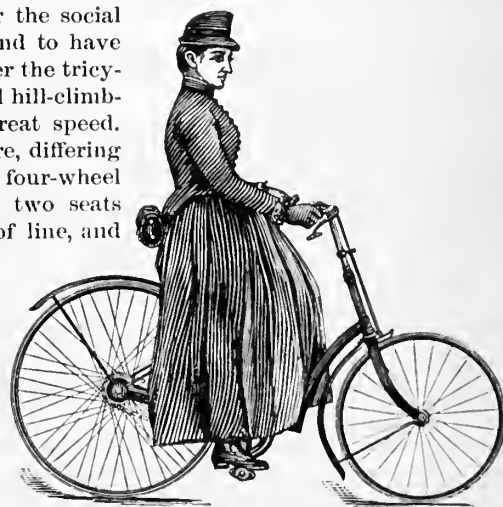
The Dart Tandem Bicycle has all the patented and other improvements of the Dart Safety, and is composed of one 32-inch rear-driving and one 24-inch front steering wheel, 1/2 rim, with a connecting frame dropping low to the ground in front of the rear wheel and running forward entirely beneath the feet of the front rider, thus having no gearing or frames of any kind in front of the forward rider, the handle bars extending from the rear around to the sides. Both

riders sit over the rear wheel and drive it by two sets of pedals and endless chains, exerting an immense power to overcome the resistance of the one wheel. The steering and balancing is entirely under the control of the rear rider, making it unnecessary that the front rider shall know anything about cycling. Timid ladies, who have never been on any kind of a cycle can ride on the front seat of this one without holding on to the handle bars. The remarkable feature of this double bicycle is that its construction has been accomplished by making it shorter than the Dart Safety, and but a little heavier. It is, therefore, almost as easy and light to handle as that machine, and equally as easy to store, as it is no wider than the ordinary bicycle. It has all the advantages of the single track over the double or three-track machines on rough roads.

Every bicycle rider who has ridden a tricycle understands the difference and degrees of pleasure in riding the two machines. The Dart Tandem Bicycle is intended to take the place of the tricycle, where two riders desire to ride one machine, and not lose

that exhilaration and grace of motion that has heretofore belonged exclusively to the single bicycle. Any bicycle rider can control and ride it with or without a rider on the front seat, and thus acquire, to those who desire to learn to ride, an ability to ride a bicycle without the trouble of learning through individual effort, by simply riding on the front seat of the tandem bicycle. The inexperienced rider gets on the front seat, while the experienced one holds up the machine, and then mounts as an ordinary bicycle.

This is a great machine, and for racing, touring or the social pleasures will be found to have many advantages over the tricycle. It is a wonderful hill-climber and capable of great speed. It has a novel feature, differing from the three or four-wheel tandems, in that the two seats are three inches out of line, and the rear one elevated above the front, so that the head of the front rider does not obstruct the view of the rear one who guides the machine, thus overcoming the tiresome necessity of leaning from side to side to keep the road in view. Weight, all on, 70 pounds.



THE LADIES' DART BICYCLE.

The Ladies' Dart Bicycle combines all the patented and other improvements of the Dart Safety, and consists of a 30-inch rear driving and a 24-inch front steering wheel, 1/2-inch rims connected by a frame dropping low, within nine inches of the ground, to permit mounting in front from the pedal instead of from the rear of the saddle, and to give freedom to the skirts. The saddle is stationed directly over the front of the rear wheel, with the pedals immediately beneath, so that when seated, the lady stands supported in a vertical position over the pedals, and appears, in motion, to be walking. Mounting is accomplished while the machine is standing still, from either side and in front of the saddle, by simply stepping one foot over the low horizontal reach and placing it on the pedal, which stands parallel with the reach, and transferring the weight of the body from the foot on the ground to the one on the pedal, which drives the pedal down and carries the saddle forward to the rider,

who simply transfers her weight from the pedal to the saddle. Dismounting is accomplished by stepping off forward from the pedal nearest the ground, which is but four inches of a descent and requires no exertion or agility. Mounting or dismounting from the ladies' bicycle, by either lady or gentleman, is easier, safer and more graceful than anything that can be imagined about a bicycle, and for this reason, and that it is light, strong, and can be ridden by any member of the family, will be preferred by many gentlemen to any other type of safety.

Many lady riders of tricycles have asked why the makers have not made a bicycle for ladies; why compel them to propel with their lesser strength a vehicle of much greater weight? We will not attempt an answer, as there seems to be no good one, but we are in sympathy with their desire to enjoy the very best of cycling pleasures, which comes only from the bicycle. The manufacturers have endeavored to enable them to realize this by the production of the Ladies' Dart Safety.

The makers are receiving many hearty words of praise, hailing this machine as the ladies' emancipator from the cumbersome tricycle. Its form at once discloses that it can be ridden with much more freedom than is possible with the tricycle, and this, too, without sacrificing any of that propriety which in the general mind is attributed alone to the tricycle. On the contrary there is a universal expression of surprise that the bicycle should prove so much more graceful and in the highest type of propriety. Nothing can be more proper nor more beautiful than the symmetrical lines of flowing drapery kept in graceful motion by the speed of the wheel and the undulations in maintenance of equilibrium.

The ease with which it can be mounted and dismounted, and the absence of all awkwardness, are even more surprising, as they seem to be the greatest difficulties to overcome in the ladies' bicycle, but with its building was discovered the true bicycle mount, putting within the ability of the novice, aged and feeble that which formerly required the skill of the athlete. Bicycling can no longer be called a selfish pleasure, as the Ladies' Dart Safety has put within the reach of wife, daughter, or other member of the family, the pleasure that has heretofore been monopolized by the gentlemen. Our new patent adjustable brace rod, which is fitted to the ladies' bicycle, makes it the strongest machine for gentlemen's use that has yet been put on the market. It is instantly adjustable for either ladies or gentlemen. Weight, all on, 70 pounds.

Trick Riding.

THE trick riding championship of the world has finally, after much talk and recrimination on all sides, been settled in favor of N. E. Kaufmann. The "contest" was held in London, and as Mr. Kaufmann was the only trick rider to contest, the title in question was awarded to him. The question as to whether Star and safety were eligible to compete with the ordinary, was settled in favor of the two first named.

"I think it's a burning shame" said Flossie McGuire to her brother, that now you've got me to join the L. A. W. I ain't allowed to vote for Chief Consul or anything."

"Yes you are sis," replied Charley, "what put that idea in your head, anyway?"

"Why, it says in the paper here that the Chief Consul and Representatives are elected by mail vote."

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., April 30, 1888.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.,

Chicago, Ill.:

GENTLEMEN:—

After considerable delay the four Light Champions arrived all O. K. (four beauties). The customers are delighted. The two 50-inch machines were severely tested yesterday over thirty-three miles of the roughest roads imaginable; they were simply fearful. One continuous bump from the time we left our paved streets until we arrived on the paved streets of Springfield, our destination point. However, not a spoke, screw or nut became loose during the entire journey.

Yours Truly,

(Signed)

MCDONALD BROS.

Important Decisions Rendered by Judge Blodgett,

IN THE UNITED STATES COURT FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS.

The cases are No. 824, Pope Mfg. Co. vs. R. Philip Gormully; No. 829, Pope Mfg. Co. vs. Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co., R. Philip Gormully and Thomas B. Jeffery; No. 830, same vs. same; No. 880, same vs. same; No. 945, same vs. same; argued before Judges Gresham and Blodgett in January last, occupying four days, were decided a few day ago, dismissing all bills against the defendant without reservation of any kind.

This litigation has been pending for some time, and is of great interest to the parties interested. The main case was No. 824, the history of which is as follows:

The Pope Mfg. Co. were the owners of certain letters patent on the construction of bicycles and tricycles, and licensed certain people to manufacture under them, and amongst them they licensed the defendant. The defendant contended that when he made this license, he understood that it was to terminate absolutely, as to all its conditions and agreements, on April 1, 1886. The complainants contended that, although patents under which the defendant was licensed had expired, and the defendant was relieved from paying royalty, he was estopped from disputing the validity of all the patents named in the contract, and was also estopped from manufacturing goods containing certain features for which complainant held patents, but under which the defendant was not licensed. The court ruled otherwise, holding that the license absolutely ended in all its parts and conditions at the date named, and that no estoppel or agreement existed after that date. Case No. 829 was on the same subject of the contract, but includes the associates of Gormully, that, notwithstanding the license was signed alone by Gormully, they were also liable under it; the court, in this case, rules as in the last, that as no estoppel existed after April 1, 1886, there was no case against the other parties involved, and dismissed the bill accordingly. Cases 830, 880 and 945 were all suits for infringement of patents held by complainants, asserting that the defendants infringed each and all their patents in the construction of their machines, and ask for an injunction. The court discussed each claim in their patents and decided that the defendants did not infringe any of them, and the suits against the defendants were accordingly all dismissed. The decision of the court, as rendered, was lengthy, going into every part of the subject matter, and quoting references in support of the decision rendered. The court refused, at the suggestion of complainants counsel, to review any portion of the decision. Complainants counsel prayed an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Half-Holidays.

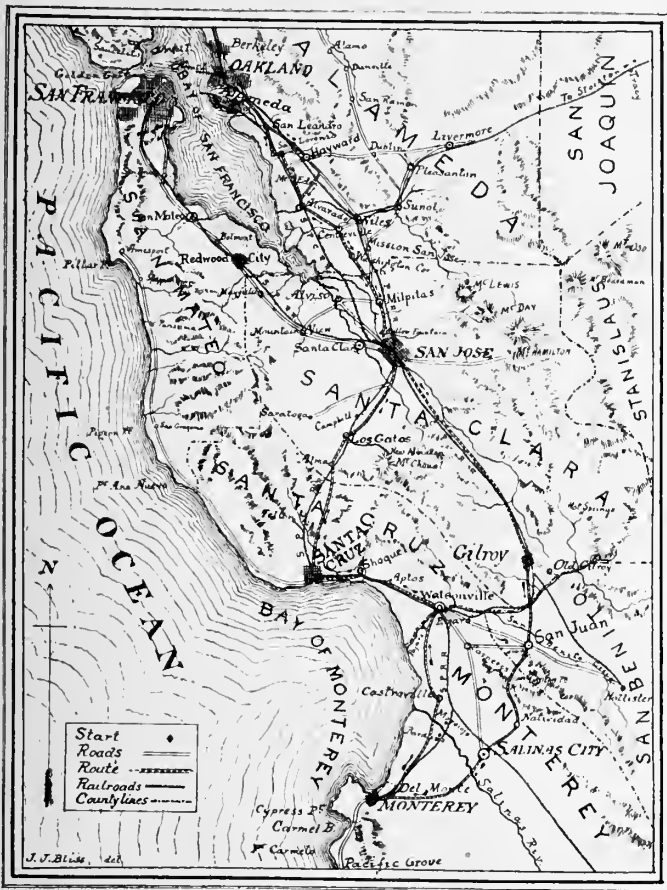
THE belief is general that every business, professional, or working man or woman, in summer at least, deserves and needs to be allowed to enjoy a weekly half-holiday. Progressive business men, whether philanthropic or not, agree that the granting of such a privilege does no injury to trade, but rather, by its beneficial effect upon the general business and labor health, tends to clear-headedness and renewed working vigor, which more than pay for the slight loss of time. In every large city, and in almost all of the large towns, the early closing movement received a boom last season, and indications point to a more general adoption of the weekly half-holiday during the coming season. A large portion of the stores begin the half-holiday early in May, and many of them close during the summer about an hour earlier on the other week days. The Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, has published a beautiful lithograph of unique and artistic design, suitable to display in door, window, or office, announcing the hour of closing. By an arrangement of stickers any hour can be given. The company will present one of these lithographs free to any early closing store, or will send one on receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay postage.

WE suppose every wheelman is aware that A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio, keep the largest retail supply of wheels in this country. Their second-hand list, which comprises some 250 bicycles, tricycles and tandems, will appear entire in the June issue of the GAZETTE, and we would advise every one who contemplates buying a second-hand wheel, to inspect this list before making a purchase.

A WHEEL AROUND THE BAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND OF MONTEREY.

BY JOSEPH J. BLISS.

In Four Parts.



FIRST DAY.

For some time, I had been wishing to make what was for me, a comparative tyro on the wheel, a somewhat extended trip. My longest trips, hitherto, had consisted of a century run in one day, and a trip from Alameda to Santa Cruz, and return *via* San Francisco, distance about 160 miles, in two days.

Washington's birthday, I thought, might give me the opportunity of making a four days' trip, with the necessity of applying only for a two days' leave of absence, *i. e.*, the Monday and Tuesday intervening between the Sunday and the Wednesday, which last named days I was free to use as I chose.

There were two trips which I was desirous of making, the one from San Francisco to Sacramento and return, distance about 270 miles, the other to Monterey and return, distance about 250 miles; either of which I thought I could conveniently do within the four days, although the principal portion of either route was unknown to me.

With these ideas in my mind I anxiously watched the weather during the first three weeks of February, in the hopes that there might be a sufficient cessation from rain during the week preceeding Washington's birthday to put the roads in a favorable condition for travel; but my hopes were, it seemed, to be doomed to disappointment, for although there was fine weather during the first week in the month, the second week up to, and including the 14th., was generally rainy, and I had almost given up the idea of making any start for a four days trip on the 19th; but from the 15th to 18 there was no rain to speak of, and the last day was so beautifully fine, and the weather apparently settled down for a fine spell, that I resolved to make a start on the following morning (Sunday).

In some conversation I had with our Division Chief Consul, a short time previously, he had informed me that the roads toward Sacramento were chiefly adobe, which were almost impassable in and

after wet weather, and they took weeks of dry weather to put them in condition, and were besides likely to be flooded in places at this time of year; so that under no consideration would he advise attempting that trip until May at the soonest. The Monterey routes he said were sandier, but considered it would be a hard trip at this season. Having resolved however to make a trip somewhere, I determined on the Monterey route, in the belief that sandy roads would quickly get into rideable condition, with the assistance of fine weather.

I got my outfit in readiness accordingly on the Saturday evening. My riding clothes consisted of knitted jacket, blue flannel trousers and waistcoat, blue flannel shirt, woolen drawers, woolen socks, low shoes and a black silk cap of the English cricketing shape. My tool-bag was strapped under the rear spring of the saddle, and at the head of my machine ("54 New Mail,") I attached to a Lamson carrier an extra flannel shirt, drawers and socks, so that at the end of each days' riding I might have a complete change of underclothes, while those worn during the day were drying; also a few rags for cleaning my machine, and lastly I stuck into this roll a pistol, as I was going to travel, as customarily, entirely alone. Not that I prefer traveling alone, but the difficulty is in finding some one who wants to make exactly the same trip as yourself, and who will not back out at the first range of mountains, or bad ten miles of road to be traveled. I have not yet brought myself to wear knee-breeches, but may, perhaps, in time. The waistcoat I usually wear for the convenience of the pockets in carrying watch, note-book, cigars, etc. I purchased a pair of buckskin ball-catcher's gloves especially for this trip as an experiment, and with a pocket comb, etc., and upwards of \$10 in money, I considered myself amply supplied for a four days' trip.

The bundle at the head of my machine made a small roll, but a pound or two in weight, that would interfere in no way with riding.

At daylight Sunday morning (6:30) I made the start from my home in Alameda, breakfastless, as I preferred a ride of from ten to thirty miles and then breakfast with a good appetite, to the trouble of getting up in the darkness in order to prepare the meal, and then force it into a stomach not yet anxious to receive it. The morning promised to be beautiful, and I wheeled over the intervening six and one-half miles to the town of San Leandro in exactly one hour, which was much slower than usual, for the road had not, I found, had sufficient time to get well beaten down, and the spaces for riding, in the wheel tracks, were in places extremely narrow. I had determined upon having breakfast at Alvarado, and it looked, judging by the time taken for the first six and one-half miles, that it would be a late breakfast, for I feared that some of the road before reaching Alvarado would be even worse than the portion I had already traveled. From San Leandro to San Lorenzo, however, three and one-half miles, I found the road in excellent condition. I was now riding one side of the triangle on which the great twenty-five mile bicycle race was to take place three days later. I regretted the fact that I should not be there to see it, but all other considerations had to give way for the pleasure I had anticipated from "wheeling large" for four days on the stretch. The three and one-half miles to San Lorenzo took me twenty minutes, which, although five minutes longer than I sometimes take on the same piece of road, was fair enough time, and I did not feel like putting on any of my best speed this early in the day with a long ride ahead of me. The road, however, between San Leandro and San Lorenzo, is all that can be reasonably wished for. The grade is level and I have never yet seen it in poor condition for riding.

The pretty cottages and orchards, which line the entire distance, make a spin along here most enjoyable, especially in the fruit season, for then fruit is so plentiful that the wheelman can obtain as much as he wishes on almost any day, throughout the summer, without anyone making objection to his helping himself. Of course, in February, it was too early for fruit.

At San Lorenzo I turn to the right and take the road for Mount Eden. This was the piece that I anticipated would be poor riding, or part walking, but I was agreeably surprised to find that I only had to make one dismount in the four miles to Mount Eden, which only took me twenty minutes, and I was convinced that only one day more of fine weather would have placed this piece of road, which is usually as poor a piece as there is between Oakland and San Jose, forty miles, in good enough condition to spin over it

at a twelve-mile gait. The grade is level, and as nearly all the road was newly graveled last fall, I think this piece will be in fine condition all through the coming year.

From Mount Eden we approach the edge of the Marsh and there is about two miles of graveled road which this morning was in poor condition, and then there is a plank bridge of one mile in length which takes one nearly into the town of Alvarado. The plank bridge is uneven and affords rough and slow riding. Consideration for my machine induces me to thump along over it very slowly.

On the Marsh was a large flock of ducks, or I think mostly divers, which allowed me to ride past them within forty or fifty yards. At last I leave the bridge and roll along at a livelier rate, over a piece of tolerably smooth graveled road.

What a delicious sensation it is, after thumping along for a mile or two over a rough plank bridge, or bumping over the ties of a railroad, to at length emerge upon a smooth piece of road which offers no obstructions to a rapid spin. One feels by contrast as though he were swishing through the air with scarcely perceptible effort, in fact almost flying.

At 8:50 I circle around the corner of the Alverado Hotel, where I stop fifty-five minutes for breakfast, and a smoke afterwards. I am compelled to withdraw the partial recommendation which I gave on a former occasion, as furnishing a fair meal at the low price of twenty-five cents. The meal this morning was about as good as usual, but I presume for the late Sunday morning breakfast I had the misfortune to strike the table-cloth at its very worst, just before it was to be changed, and it was so dirty I could not enjoy my breakfast, and I doubt if I shall have the hardihood to try any more meals there, but shall try San Leandro next time, and keep on making trials till I have determined which is the best place to stay for breakfast, when making an early start from my house. The towns are close enough together in this vicinity to give a choice of three or four places.

I leave Alvarado at 9:45, and thence to Milpitas (sixteen miles through Centreville and Washington Corner), follow the road described in my article in the March number of the GAZETTE. The road is level the entire distance, all graveled, and this morning was in good condition. The differences existing between the trip this morning, and that previously described were all in my favor. The weather was simply beautiful, instead of unusually cold, and if there was any wind it was in my favor instead of against me. The sixteen miles afforded me an hour and a half of most enjoyable riding. At Milpitas I stopped as usual for a glass of home-made California wine. I have not yet found any other place where so large a glass of good wine is furnished for five cents as at Milpitas. After a few minutes rest I mount my machine again and spin along the delightful roads towards San Jose. It was, I thought, at its best this morning, just sufficiently well beaten down to afford smooth wheeling without the summer dust. Trees and bushes were just budding out; all the birds, and creation generally, seemed to be happy, and the bright sun was not too hot to make the exercise of wheeling altogether pleasant. The small streams were all flowing and sparkling in the sunlight, and it seemed a pity that later in the summer, when the hot weather had arrived, and a drink from them would have been most refreshing, that they would then be mostly dried up, and the fresh, invigorating atmosphere would be hot, dry and dusty. But every season has its advantages and disadvantages. After a careful comparison of the merits and demerits of each, it would perhaps be hard to say which season affords the most pleasure for the touring bicycler, spring, summer or autumn. In the spring the weather, though perhaps a little uncertain, is at its best, and probably the roads are then also generally at their best, but the long hours of daylight, which summer affords, are then lacking, as are the fruits of the later season.

At Willow Fountain I make another stop, for there is a way-side house embowered in trees, with a horse trough in front in which the water is always so beautifully clear that one thinks it must be a pleasure for an animal to drink therefrom, and for humanity a cool glass of excellent beer is furnished, by the very accommodating and agreeable proprietor, for five cents, and I think the thirsty wheelman will here get the value of his five cents in enjoyment, even if he only sits under the willow tree by the horse trough and take his drink therefrom, should he be too abstemious for beer. It is seldom

that I can resist the temptation of a ten minutes stay here, although San Jose and dinner are, by this time, less than four miles away. The four miles from Milpitas, I found, had taken me twenty minutes; it was now noon and I considered I could make San Jose in another twenty minutes, which would bring me there in good time for dinner. Fifteen minutes later I am wheeling through the streets of San Jose, a splendid, bustling town of probably twenty thousand inhabitants. This is nearly double what it was at the last census, but probably not estimated too high, and the average San Josean would perhaps place it at one-third more.

San Jose is called the Garden City, though I am inclined to think that Alameda, in proportion to her population, can discount San Jose in point of number of gardens and profusion of flowers. However Alameda has n't half the population of San Jose. Vast improvements are being made in the way of street grading and laying of cable car tracks, and I have some little difficulty in wheeling along San Jose's principal street, till I get under the immensely high electric light tower, where I turn off on a side street to the Pacific Hotel, which I reach at 12:20, and where I stop for dinner. Although I have been to San Jose a number of times, I have not yet felt it incumbent upon me to seek any other hotel than the first one I ever stopped at in the town and where I have always stopped since. A good dinner, well cooked and cleanly served, including wine, is furnished me here for twenty-five cents. How wheelmen fare at the League Hotel, the St. James, I can not say, never having tried it, but if they fare twice as well they fare elegantly, and I do not doubt but they do. The difference in price, however, will make itself felt in their pockets if they are in the habit of touring much.

I stop at San Jose an hour, when, after inquiries as to the proper road, for my journey was now to be over ground new to me, I resume my way to Gilroy over a well graveled, and apparently well traveled, road, which for some distance is lined on either side with tasty residences and fine orchards and gardens. At length I find myself in the open country and I can not help but congratulate myself on the good condition of the road, and as for wind what there was was in my favor.

About six miles out from San Jose my eye caught the glitter of something a mile or so ahead by the roadside, which reminded me of a bicycle, and sure enough, as I approached, I found a wheelman making some adjustment or other to his machine. It proved to be Mr. D. L. Thornton, the only San Jose wheelman that I can claim much acquaintance with. He is the agent of the machine I am riding, and I bought it of him. He was on a Light Champion to-day, and we sat on the fence discussing the merits of the respective machines for fifteen or twenty minutes. Mr. Thornton has been over most of the road towards Monterey, and so he gave me a few pointers as to the route. The road as far as Gilroy, he assured me, was as good or better than that I had already traveled, and twelve miles beyond to San Juan was good, then came mountains, and some creeks to ford, and a certain Salinas River to ford, which I might find it difficult to get across. I was hopeful, however, that I could get through. At any rate it was very encouraging to know that I was to have excellent road for the remainder of the first day. Then in examining my machine Thornton discovered, with his practiced touch, a loose spoke in the hind wheel, which he forthwith tightened, and after we had then each taken a short ride on each others wheels, we parted, he for San Jose and I for Gilroy. I learned, on my return, that Thornton was to ride in the twenty-five mile race three days later, but he said nothing about it at this time, merely saying he was jogging around a bit, I expect for the benefit of his muscles.

At the eleventh mile out from San Jose I came to the first slight ascent, caused by a spur from one of the hills which border the valley on the western side. At the foot of the hill was a river. The ascent was short and not too steep to ride, but I dismount here to take a copious draught from the sparkling stream, for the weather was now quite warm, and I had felt, in passing the eight mile house, somewhat like stopping for a drink. After surmounting the little hill I continued my way along the valley, which was, I guessed, from one to three miles wide, and certainly, at this season of the year, was very beautiful. It was, I imagined, almost entirely devoted to wheat farming. Studded with fine live-oak and buckeye trees, it presented a park-like appearance, and the road, which was

very wide and lay in magnificent straight stretches for miles at a time without a curve, was bordered on either side with fresh, young grass, which looked so smooth and velvety that at times I would leave the well graveled road to ride upon the grass, just for variety's sake. Occasionally I found a stretch where the natural road bed had never apparently received any top dressing of gravel, and in places I was induced to think that even a wheelman like Thornton might be apt to err in his description of a road, for it was not in these places, as a rule, nearly so good as where it had been artificially treated, but the surface was a natural sandy gravel which for the most part was good. I remember, just before reaching the eighteen mile house, a beautifully smooth piece occurred, and with wind in my favor, the way in which I passed one or two horses and buggies, and whisked past the eighteen mile house, where there were several teams and a number of people congregated, I fancied made them open their eyes a little. At about the twentieth mile, near a house, a pony attached to a cart, and apparently unattended, started to run at my approach, but a boy further along headed him off.

At about this time the warmth and continued exertion induced thirst again, and I began to hope for signs of some other stream, but could see none, and on two occasions I dismounted to examine some pools of water which the rains had left by the way-side, for I reflected that the water would probably be good, as it had only been there for a short time, but the numbers of small insects I could see therein deterred me from drinking, and a short time after I rejoiced that I had saved my thirst, for at the twenty-third mile I came to another beautiful stream, as clear as crystal, which ran across the road, and at this time was wide and deep enough to force me to cross by means of a railroad bridge near by. Refreshed at the stream I sped along and soon came into sight of Gilroy, three or four miles ahead, and these last three or four miles were over a magnificent, straight, well-rounded and graveled piece of roadway. At 5:15 I dismounted in front of the Williams House, which on inquiry I found was a League hotel, and there I stopped for the night.

The distance traveled for the day was seventy miles, and I felt that I had an easy and enjoyable ride of eight hours and twenty minutes actual riding time, and from start to finish by daylight. The whole seventy miles is almost entirely level, the roads are good for nearly the entire distance and might be ridden by an expert without a single dismount. Gilroy is a lively little town of probably 2,500 inhabitants, although the last census gives it but 1,621, enjoying a fine water works system, and also gas, with which the public streets are lighted. Immediately upon arrival I was shown to my room where my first care was to take a sponge bath, change my underclothes and hang up those worn that day to dry. The Williams House, at Gilroy, is certainly one instance in which the League has done good work in appointing an official hotel. I can recommend it as a delightfully clean and well appointed house, and had the proprietor charged me more than his customary rates I feel certain that I could not have been better treated. On the contrary he charged me League rates, which are a slight reduction from the ordinary charges to transient customers. The meals were excellent, the room large and well furnished and neatly papered, forming a pleasant contrast to the usual bare, white walls of country hotels. A place was found for my machine in a corner of the office, where I could at my leisure devote all the attention to it I pleased, in the way of cleaning, polishing and oiling, and here I found an opportunity for putting Karl Kron's philosophy to the test in regard to the bicycle and its owner when engaged in cleaning it, proving no restraint to the customary small talk of the loungers in the bar room or office of the country tavern. I certainly thought their conversation around the office fire was entirely unrestrained. The bicycle proved a ready means of introduction for myself, and instead of going to bed early, as I had intended, I found myself chatting about roads, etc., until after 10 o'clock. No really definite information as to the best route to be pursued could I obtain beyond the next town, San Juan. The opinions were so entirely in conflict with each other that I concluded the only way was to push on and inquire the best way from each place as I arrived there. There seemed, however, to be a unanimity of opinion that I might have difficulty in getting across the Salinas River, which when high was very dangerous on account of quicksands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

League Clubs.

WAY back in '79 and '80 there were clubs, and large, popular clubs too, in their time; whose chief requisite for membership was that its members should all ride nickel plated Columbia bicycles. Think of it. It appears ridiculous now, yet there are clubs to-day whose qualifications for membership would appear to us equally as ridiculous if we could only stand off and look at them.

"But the League is a good thing," you say. Yes, and so were these full-nickeled Columbias, they were good things, too, yet see how foolish it was for a club to shut itself up and debar all who did not see fit or were not able to ride the same wheel they did.

What clubs do we mean? Why League clubs, of course. It is something that takes a great deal of explanation to tell why a wheelman in order to join some local club of friends and associates should be compelled to join another body of national significance and for which he may not care a picaune.

First get your men in the clubs, then if you can convince them that the League is a good thing and that they ought to join it, why well and good. The experience of nearly everyone who has investigated the subject is that to the individual wheelman, the pleasure and good he gets out of the national organization is much; that from the state organization is more; that from the local organization most. Therefore get them into the club first.

A man in a town in New York State, who was a prominent clergyman a year ago, has left the pulpit and is now said to be the most profane man in the place. Ten to one he is learning to ride a bicycle.

The Bug and the Bicycle.



Enthusiastic Naturalist—"How fortunate! Here is an excellent specimen of that rare *malacoclemmys pseudogeographicus*. I must secure it for my cabinet."



E. N.—"Holy smoke! That shock was simply awful. I had no idea the *malacoclemmys pseudogeographicus* was so dangerous. I must make a note of it."



Down Westfield Pike.

Now that it 's come ridin' weather
 All the boys turn out in force
 Every Sunday, crowds 'll gather
 An' go scorchin' off, of course;
 Some of them ride country-wards,
 Some along the boulevards,
 Some in crowds an' some in pairs,—
 Seems you 'll find 'em everywherecs.

Sometimes I go join a run
 Out to some resort or other,
 An' the boys have lots o' fun
 Joke and chaffin' one another.
 Ridin' on mile after mile,
 Looks to me scarce with the while—
 Seems so sort o' lonesome like—
 Different lots from Westfield Pike.

No one 'pears to know the road,
 An' I take care not to tell 'em.
 How 'd it look, a great big crowd
 Ridin' long a whoop an' yellin'.
 Such things would n't suit, I know.
 Place might seem a little slow
 To some. But then they 're quiet like,
 Nice folks down on Westfield Pike.

Every time I ride that way—
 Don't mind tellin' you it's often—
 April days turn into May,
 August days to June days soften,
 Blue-birds sing beside the rills,
 Flowers blossom on the hills—
 Everything seems different like,
 Days I ride down Westfield Pike.

Different kinds o' flowers an' birds
 Seems as thought you'd find down thur,
 An' then—I ain't got the words
 Good enough to tell of hur.
 Seems us though it can't be true
 She should love me; but she do.
 That 's why life seems brighter like,
 Times I ride down Westfield Pike.

May.

Now comes the merry month of May;
 'T is very plain to see
 All nature 's getting green and gay,
 The flowers bloom on the leu.
 The maple tree in bright array
 Bring forth the green sque-gec,
 The robbins skip about all day
 As happy us can be.
 The chickens now begin to lay
 And hatch out poulterie,
 The ice-man goes again his way,
 Coldness no more is free;
 Ten cents does for the bock beer pay
 Enough for you and me.
 The wheelman rides about all day
 From here to Kankakee,
 This poet wheels the woodland way
 And revs his reverie,
 And calmly smokes his Henry Clay
 And does n't care a d—.
 In language simple let me say,
 I know you 'll all agree,
 For pleasure gay the month of May
 Takes the cake essentiallie.



Theorie vs. Practice.

Ye poet wrote unto his love
 "Come take a tandem ridde with me;
 The lonne is shining bright above
 The birde is linging in ye tree.
 'T is early spring
 And everi-thing
 Is juft as Iweet as Iweet can be."

Ye two they rode out on the lea
 And rushed ye hills adown.
 An lo they rode quite merrilee
 Far, far, away from town.
 And then in quiet
 Of needed reft
 On a bank they fat them down.

Next day, what care they for ye flowers,
 They hear no birdes ling.
 They fit and sneeze for hours on hours
 Their heddes they fairly ring.
 Thofe riders bold
 Caught fuch a cold
 On that bank in early spring.

Ye moral to ye tale is this:
 That poets often ling
 Of pleasures which when carried out
 Prove quite another thing.

The Hotel Clerk.

Oh, brilliant is your diamond's sheen!
 Enticing is your smile serene,—
 But that deceives me not.
 I know full well you will assign
 Me to sky-parlor, 99,
 And then remark with an air benign,
 "There 's always room at the top."

When e're upon your form I gaze,
 And face your diamond's dazzling blaze,
 This thought will come, sure pop:
 With all your air of high disdain,
 There is one thing that 's very plain,
 With most lamentable lack of brain—
 There's always room at your top.

—THE—
Cycling Season

Is now wide open, and for the proper enjoyment of it you should be mounted on the best machine to be found. What does this mean? Why, this means

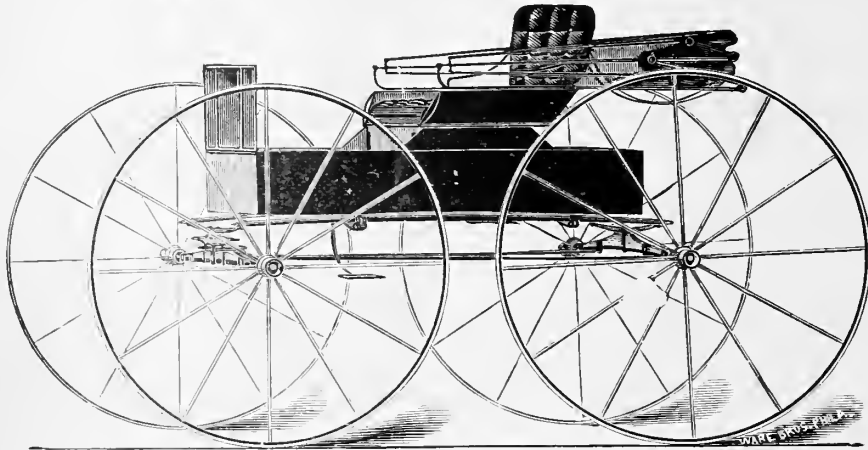


And if you are not prepared to believe it, we want to demonstrate it to you. We know it, and can prove it to you. Ask Victor riders how their machines run—how they coast—how they climb hills. They will talk testimonials to you. Send for descriptive catalog.

OVERMAN WHEEL Co.
BOSTON.

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES

Taken in Trade for



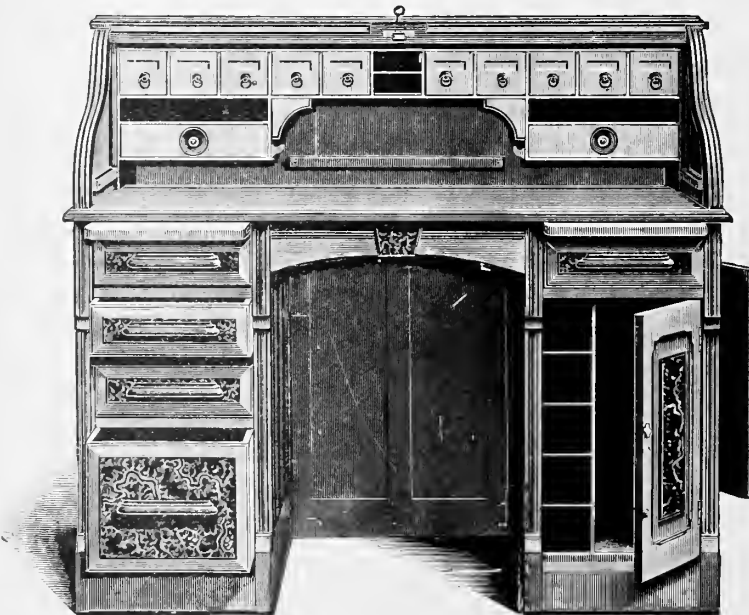
BUGGIES, PHAETONS or ROAD CARTS.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOG.

—DESCRIBE WHAT YOU HAVE FOR TRADE.—

SECOND HAND BICYCLES TAKEN IN TRADE FOR OUR

★ **Roll Curtain Office Desk.** ★



4 1-2 ft. High Top. Open View.

51 1/2 inches high, 33 1/2 inches deep; 2 slides; closed back; all drawers in both pedestals, or one with drawers and the other with closet, as may be ordered; 10 paper filing boxes, to order. In Walnut, Cherry or Oak.

PRICE, \$70.

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Spade Handles

—FOR—

ANY BICYCLE,

★ ★ **\$2.50** ★ ★

—MADE OF THE—

Best Material,

And not of Brass Casting, as are other Handles that sell for this price.

Indiana Bicycle Company,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

COW-HORN

HANDLE BARS

—MADE OF—

Best Machine Steel,
ALL COMPLETE WITH LEVER,

★ ★ **\$3.50** ★ ★

—OUR—

Nickle Plating,
IS ALL DONE
ON COPPER.

Indiana Bicycle Company.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

SAM'L :- T. :- CLARK :- & :- COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Having Secured the Sole United States Agency for the Celebrated

KING OF THE ROAD LAMPS,

Made by **JOS. LUCAS & SON**, Birmingham, Eng.

We are prepared to supply the Trade on Liberal Terms. **RIDERS** should insist on having the best, for a poor Lamp is worse than no Lamp, and there are none so good as the

"KING OF THE ROAD"

Send for 1888 Catalog of

 **NEW RAPIDS AND QUADRANT**  **S**

CONTAINING COMPLETE PRICE LIST OF LAMPS AND OTHER FIRST CLASS ACCESSORIES.

Mailed on Receipt of Name and Address.

THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

—SUCCESSORS TO—

SAM'L :- T. :- CLARK :- & :- COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Owing to the increased business of the above firm in the past two seasons, during which time the

New Rapid Bicycles and Quadrant Tricycles

have become so thoroughly and favorably known to riders throughout the country, it has been found necessary to increase our facilities for handling this growing trade, and for this purpose the above corporation has been formed.

And in making this announcement to the Cycling public, we consider it an opportune moment to ask them to

REMEMBER

That we were the first to introduce on the American Market, our now famous method of wheel construction, with **TRUE TANGENT SPOKES**, and that while every American Manufacturer of note has been forced to copy it, we still have in all our **NEW RAPID CYCLES** the **BEST** and **STRONGEST** cycle **WHEELS** ever made.

REMEMBER,

Too, that the **QUADRANT STEERING**, as applied to all our **QUADRANT TRICYCLES**, remains unequalled as a perfect steering device and anti-vibrator without the use of springs to the front wheel.

REMEMBER

First, last, and all the time, that we shall be in the field for **THE SEASON OF 1888**. with a line of Cycles of all kinds that cannot be surpassed in any respect.

Write for Catalog.

CLARK CYCLE CO.,

Baltimore, Md.



GOLDEN ERA MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED 1852.

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Devoted to the Literary and Industrial Progress of the West.

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Address,

THE GOLDEN ERA,
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San Diego is the Mecca of Invalids, the boon of Speculators and Investors, and the marvel of the Western World.



Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order. This department is only made for the convenience of wheelmen who can thus make their wants known at a trivial cost. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to sell or exchange his wheel, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The rate of one cent per word is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates which will be furnished on application.

FOR SALE, Victor Tricycle. See page No. 1 of advertisements.

PHOTOGRAPHS of noted wheelmen: send for particulars. FRANK H. ROBERTS, Collinsville, Ill.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Rates on application.

40-inch American safety, 1887 pattern, ball bearings, cobblestone saddle. Price \$75. F. C. KANTZ, Selinsgrove, Pa.

WANTED, Bicycle: 48 or 50-inch. Send description, make and lowest cash price. ERNEST R. OSTROM, Danbury, Iowa.

FOR SALE, 56-inch Bicycle. Ball bearings, cow-horn bars, Victor saddle, in perfect condition, \$65. E. E. DAVENPORT, Mt. Adams, Mass.

FOR SALE, Columbia Light Roadster, 55-inch, enamelled, first-class condition. Price \$110.00. Address, C. L. R., Care WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

NOW is the TIME to sell your Bicycles, Tricycles, etc. Best means of securing purchasers is by advertising in our SALE and EXCHANGE COLUMN.

TO EXCHANGE 44-inch 1887 Light Roadster Facile, in fine condition, for a 40 or 42 Special, '84 preferred and cash. ARTHUR MUNSON, Stamford, Ct.

FOR SALE, Over 20 second-hand and shop-worn bicycles at bargain prices. Send stamp for list and mention this paper. A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio.

"HINTS to Prospective Cycling Tourists in England and Wales." Particulars they most want to know; from start to finish. Price 25c. Stimson, Stamford, Conn.

WHEELMEN, how can you enjoy the wheel? By keeping fully posted, and subscribing for so excellent a journal as the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Only Fifty cents per year.

FOR SALE a brand new Springfield Roadster Bicycle, retail price \$75; will sell to the highest cash bidder. Address, N. Y. Z., care WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis, Ind.

FOR SALE, 52-inch Rudge Roadster in perfect condition; used last two months; ball pedals. Cost \$12.50, sell for \$85, or exchange for Bicycleette. WILLIAM CONVITH, Southampton, N. Y.

BARGAIN, 52-inch Victor Roadster Bicycle; balls all over; spade handles; Butcher hub cyclometer; absolutely perfect; warranted; want smaller wheel; write. LOCK BOX 14, Richfield Springs, N. Y.

TO EXCHANGE, 3 good Violins and Cases, and small lot of fine plated Jewelry (balance of stock) towards good Bicycle, Safety or Ordinary, or Remington or Hammond Type Writer. W. B. KERNAN, Hornellsville, N. Y.

DON'T BUY A BICYCLE until you have sent a stamp to A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio, for a list of over 250 second-hand and shop-worn bicycles. Mention this paper. Second hand guns and bicycles taken in exchange.

DO you want to change your mount this season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month, it will only cost you one cent per word.

Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle

Mailed for \$2. Bound in cloth, gilt top, photographic frontispiece, 41 chapters, 908 pages, 675,000 words 75 pp. of indexes with 10,468 titles and 22,806 references. A pamphlet of 140 pages, giving specimens of these indexes and other parts of the book, and a list of agencies where it may be bought, will be mailed on application by postal card to the publisher, KARL KRON, at the University Building, Washington Square, N. Y. City, D. The book and pamphlet may also be had on personal application to B. L. Darrow at the office of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis.

LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER Advertising, 45 to 49 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this paper on file and are authorized to make contracts with **ADVERTISERS.**

Overman Wheel Co. report that they are running two gangs of men continuously at present.

Turf, Field and Farm, the leading paper of its class, has removed its office from Park Row to 251 Broadway, New York City.

The King Wheel Co. have a new catalog and price list now ready for distribution. Intending purchasers should send for one.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. have opened a retail store in Chicago and send out a very pretty card in honor of the occasion.

Besides carrying the largest stock of second-hand wheels in this country, Messrs. A. W. Gump & Co. are agents for every American wheel made.

The Press, of New York City, is a very strong advocate of road improvements, and we think they will advance the cause a great deal. More of the large dailies and weeklies should follow in their wake.

A. W. Gump & Co., of Dayton, Ohio, have issued a very complete catalog of the cycles, guns, etc., that they handle. It consists of sixteen pages and cover, size of the GAZETTE, and every wheelman should send for a copy.

Chicago should be congratulated on having such a paper as America, a new literary weekly that has appeared in that city. It is first-class in all departments, and is very neatly gotten up. Intending subscribers should send for a sample copy to the America Publishing Co., Chicago.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO MINNESOTA, DAKOTA, IOWA, NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

The popular Monon Route (L., N. A. & C. Ry.) will sell excursion tickets to all points in the above named states at half-fare. Tickets will be on sale March 20, April 3 and 24, May 8 and 22, June 5 and 19, 1888. Tickets are good 30 days. Stop over privileges allowed at intermediate points going. For tickets and further information apply to any agent of this company.

I. D. BALDWIN, D. P. A.
E. O. McCORMICK, G. P. A. 26 S. Illinois St. Chicago, Ills.

THE GREAT MODJESKA

Eloquently indorses a principle important to all, in the beauty and preservation of the teeth.

My Dear Sir: New York, Feb. 4, 1888.

I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kansas, several boxes of your Felt Tablets (Ideal Tooth Polishers) for the teeth, and have been using them ever since. I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their value, and believe them to be an invention that will in time almost supersede the brush of bristles. I am only afraid that at some time I may run out of the Tablets in a place where none are procurable.

Yours truly,
HELENA MODJESKA.

HALF FARE EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST.

The Vandalia Line will sell excursion tickets to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Texas and other western and north-western states, April 3 and 24, May 8 and 22, June 5 and 19, 1888 at half fare or one fare for the round trip, good to return for 30 days from date of sale. The superior accommodations afforded by this great passenger route are so well known to the traveling public, that it is scarcely worth while to mention them, and the close and sure connections incident to a journey over the Vandalia, is one of the satisfactory features which go to make the route so deservedly popular. For particular information about rates, time of trains, etc., call upon or address

H. R. DERING,
Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt. Vandalia Line,
Indianapolis.

BARGAINS IN SECOND-HAND CYCLES AND SUNDRIES.

Send Stamp for list of Faciles.

ARTHUR MUNSON, AGENT,
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

IN THE FUTURE THE

Wheelmen's Gazette

WILL BE KEPT ON SALE AS FOLLOWS:

- ATLANTA, GA.— J. M. Miller.
- BALTIMORE, MD.— Eisenbrandt Bros., Clark Cycle Co.
- BOSTON, MASS.— Springfield Roadster Bicycle Co., Pope Mfg. Co.
- BROOKLYN, N. Y.— Andrew Graff.
- BRADFORD, PA.— M. A. Woodbury.
- CHICAGO, ILL.— John Wilkinson Co. W. B. Sizer, Brentanos.
- COLLINSVILLE, ILL.— F. H. Roberts.
- CINCINNATI, O.— Chas. Hanauer, Cincinnati News Co. B. Kittridge Arms Co.
- CLEVELAND, O.— Cleveland News Co.
- DAYTON, O.— A. W. Gump & Co.
- DENVER, COLO.— S. B. Wright.
- FLATONIA, TEXAS— C. A. Eidlebach.
- GRAYVILLE, ILL.— T. J. Mathews.
- INDIANAPOLIS, IND.— Harry Hearsey.
- LOUISVILLE, KY.— Kraft & Adams.
- LOS ANGELES, CAL.— Osborn & Alexander.
- LE ROY, N. Y.— W. C. Boak.
- MILWAUKEE, WIS.— Julius Andrae.
- MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.— Heath & Kimball.
- MILTON, PA.— Bert Galbraith.
- NEW YORK CITY— Brentanos, American News Co. Pedersen & Buckingham. King Wheel Co.
- NEWARK, N. J.— W. L. Fish & Co.
- PHILADELPHIA, PA.— Hart Cycle Co., John Wanamaker.
- PEORIA, ILL.— George W. Rouse.
- PLANTSVILLE, CONN.— L. J. Doolittle.
- PALMER, MASS.— W. H. Kellogg & Co.
- ROCHESTER, N. Y.— Chas. S. Vick.
- READING, PA.— W. I. Wilhelm.
- RUSSELLVILLE, IND.— Nicholson & Cossand.
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.— Bauer & Brady, Osborn & Alexander. Edward Mohrig.
- SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH— H. Pembroke.
- ST. LOUIS, MO.— E. C. Meacham Arms Co., St. Louis Wheel Co.
- ST. PAUL, MINN.— E. H. Milham.
- SPRINGFIELD, MASS.— American Bicycle Co.
- SYRACUSE, N. Y.— Rueben Woods' Sons.
- TERRE HAUTE, IND.— Louis D. Smith.
- WASHINGTON, C. H., O.— Hilderbrand & Young.
- WORCESTER, MASS.— Lincoln Holland.

TO BE SURE

EVERY WHEELMAN IN THE COUNTRY DOES N'T RIDE A VICTOR, NEITHER DOES EVERY MAN IN THE COUNTRY WEAR GOOD CLOTHES, BUT IF YOU WILL NOTICE WHAT THE BEST RIDERS ARE USING, YOU WILL SEE THAT

VICTOR CYCLES

ARE AWAY UP AT THE FRONT. WHEN YOU WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT WHEELS ARE MOST USED, LOOK OVER WHEEL CENTERS LIKE BOSTON, NEW YORK, ST. LOUIS, CINCINNATI, BUFFALO, ETC. VICTORS ARE PREFERRED BECAUSE THEY HAVE BOWN'S ÆOLUS BALL BEARINGS ALL ROUND, COMPRESSED TIRES, GUARANTEED TO STAY IN, TRUE TANGENT SPOKES, WARWICK HOLLOW RIMS, SQUARE RUBBER PEDALS, ETC. IN SHORT BECAUSE THEY

ARE BUILT TO RIDE

SEND FOR CATALOG.

★

OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Makers,
BOSTON, MASS.

OUR FAMOUS AND PATENTED RAMS-HORN BAR.

ORIGINAL AS IS OUR ENTIRE BICYCLE.

PORT HURON, Mich, April 14, 1888.
I much prefer the Rams-horn bar to the Spade handles. The Spades admit of but one attitude for the hand.
S. A. WOOD.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., April 17, 1888.
In regard to the relative merits of the Spade handles, and Rams-horn Bar, I would say: that for hill climbing there is no comparison, the latter being far superior to the former, but for ordinary level road riding, one is perhaps as good as the other, and both are far better than any other form.
J. E. SEARLES.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. V., April 18, 1888.
I have used the Rams-horn bar for over a year, and think it the finest handle-bar out. For hill climbing, road riding and general hard work on a wheel, it beats them all.
R. M. PRANGEN.

PROVIDENCE, April 14, 1888.
In answer to your inquiry about Rams-horn and Spade Bars, we think the former preferable and better liked this way.
E. G. BILLINGS.

ELMHRA, N. Y., April 16, 1888.
I have used the Rams-horn handle-bar for one season, and have tested it thoroughly in road riding and hill climbing. I consider it the easiest bar made. It allows a person's arms to rest in their natural position by the side, and in continuous riding one can rest their body a great deal by allowing their weight to fall on the bar, which they cannot do on the Spade handle or Cow-horn Bar. As to hill climbing, it is very evident that the closer a person's arms are to the body, the more strength they have in them; consequently the Rams-horn handle has the advantage over the other makes in this respect. As to looks, it has been acknowledged by all with whom I have met to be the most graceful bar made.
C. M. JONES.

FLINT, Michigan, April 15, 1888.
They are more natural to reach than the Cow-horn bar and the Spade handle, and I also think that they are a very desirable handle-bar in coasting and hill climbing.
HARRY BRIDGMAN.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minnesota, April 16, 1888.
I have used the Rams-horn handle bar on my Light Champion since May 1887, and am highly pleased with it. I think that those who have given this bar a thorough trial will agree with me, when I say that it is one of the best bars on the market. Wishing you and the Rams-horn bar success.
H. J. PUTMAN.

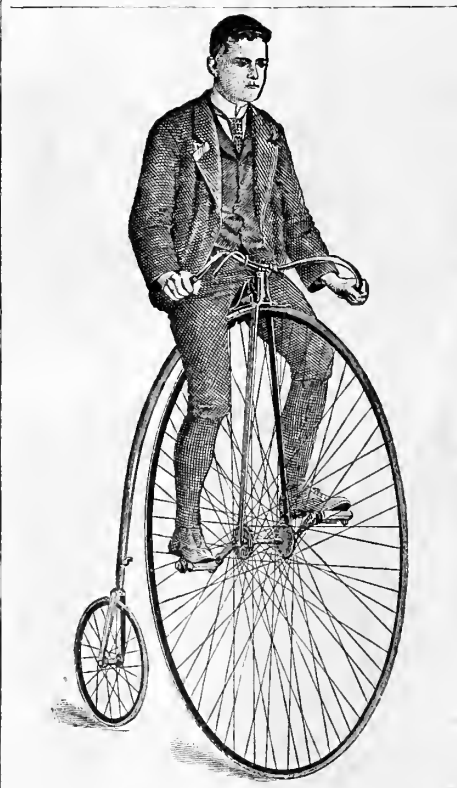
BAY CITY, April 13, 1888.
You ask my opinion of the Rams-horn bars as compared with Spade handles. In reply I would say that while I have not used Spade handles very much yet I would prefer the Rams-horn handles as far as my experience goes. The mode of fastening the bar to the head which you use, gives a range of the whole circle in adjustments and permits of positions which the Spade does not allow. The Rams-horn bars, too, never hurt the fingers in stiff pulls at hill-climbing by slipping down and pinching in the angle of the handle. For speed, too, the Rams-horn bars by their capacity for low, forward adjustment are better than the Spade. For a good hill up a hill give me the Rams-horn every time. Then in mounting, whether by the step in the rear, the pedal mount, the side vault or the vault from the rear, the Rams-horn bars are superior by a great deal to the spades. These are some of the considerations which incline me to favor the Rams-horn bars, especially since you have secured the handles on.
BURR ESTES HOWARD.

LYONS, KANSAS, April 12, 1888.
We think that the Rams-horn is far and away the best bar ever invented. It is stout and gives a greater leverage than any other style of bar. All of our customers who have tried this prefer it. Timid riders, many of them, object to it on the ground that in the case of an involuntary forward

dismount, they are more apt to retain the rider in their fell embrace. We think that this is an error and that there is no more danger than with C. H. bars.
J. H. ERNEST.

WARREN, PA., April 12, 1888.
Concerning the Rams-horn handles, they are the finest handles ever seen in this town, or ever put on a wheel.
C. F. L. KINNEOR.

LOUISVILLE, KY, April 11, 1888.
In regard to our opinion of the Rams-horn bars, according to all of the riders, we think it a much better handle-bar than the spade. All the machines we sold so far this season, they have taken the Rams-horn bars in preference to the Spade, and all riders that are using them say that they are the best handle-bars they have ever used.
KRAFT & ADAMS.



DAYTON, OHIO, April 10, 1888.
Replying to your letter of April 9th regarding the Rams-horn handle bars, will state that we think they will become very popular after riders once get used to them. We find our customers are a little dubious at first, but, after they have tried them, they invariably like them the best. Only one of our customers has ever gone back to the Cow-horn and plain handles after trying the Rams-horn.
A. W. GUMP & Co.

PEORIA, ILL., April 11, 1888.
We are enthusiastic indeed over the Rams-horn bar as you will see by the send off we give it on page 6 of our catalogue. It is certainly far ahead of the Spade in every respect.
GEO. W. ROUSE & SON.

I have sold over fifty machines with the Rams-horn bars, and I have yet to see one broken or badly bent, or a rider who is in any way dissatisfied with them.
J. H. ISHAM.

I have ridden with both the Rams-horn and Spade handles, and I have never found anything equal to the Rams-horn in strength and comfort.
B. F. SPIRE.

I have ridden the Champion one season with Rams-horn bars. They are the strongest and most durable bar I ever handled; would prefer them to all others.
T. M. LYMAN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 17, 1888.
I wish to express my satisfaction with the Rams-horn handle bars. I find them much more comfortable and stronger than any other that I have ridden with.
D. FRANK.

Let me add my testimony in favor of the Rams-horn bars. I have ridden all kinds including Spades, and find that the Rams-horn fitted with your perfect fit handles, suits me perfectly.
E. A. WODE.

Yours noted. Would say am well pleased with Rams-horn handles and think they are daisies.
C. A. DICKHART.

CINCINNATI, April 18, 1888.
We find the Rams-horn bars almost a necessity on a bicycle now.
B. KITTREDGE ARMS CO.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, April 11, 1888.
In your letter of the 9th you ask my opinion of the Rams-horn bar. It is positively the best bar ever put on a bicycle, to my knowledge, and if you can make them to fit any wheel I can sell a dozen here at once.
C. H. SMITH.

CHICAGO, April 17, 1888.
Having used Spade handles on my machine for a season, I was thoroughly convinced they were never to be superseded by any superior, but being persuaded to make a trial of Gormully & Jeffery's Rams-horn handle-bar, I was surprised to see the superiority of them over the Spade handles. Hereafter I shall use only the Gormully & Jeffery's Rams-horn handle-bar for my machine.
S. T. KIMBELL.

FLINT, MICHIGAN, April 15, 1888.
About one year ago I ordered a 56-inch American Light Champion with Rams-horn bars. I have ridden this same machine 3109 miles, having used it in my Eastern tour. I now want to give you my opinion of what I consider one of the greatest inventions ever gotten out for a bicycle, viz: The Rams-horn bar. I have found it far superior to the Spade, although I thought, after using the latter nearly two seasons that they had no equal, and only tried your famous bar as an experiment, a happy one it was too. Its advantages over the Spade as I have found them, are, viz: Less liable to break when falling sideways. Easier to mount, by step, pedal, or vault, as they are within easy reach. Do not spread one's arms so far from the body as to tire the shoulders, when long in the saddle, convenient to get "legs over" when coasting, or taking a fall. Never chafe the hands at thumb-joints. Better purchase and consequently greater power in hill-climbing. And many others that can only be appreciated by using them. During the time I used Spades it cost me \$5.00 or \$6.00 for repairs on them. I have not paid a cent for these. While I was touring many Wheelmen tried my machine, and the universal expression was, "Ain't those bars slick?" "Rest I ever saw" etc. As for myself I would not go back to the Spades under any consideration, providing I could get Rams-horn.
J. ELMER PRATT.

P. S.—Think your perfect fit handles are going to be a great success—like them very much.
J. P.

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GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 6.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JUNE, 1888.

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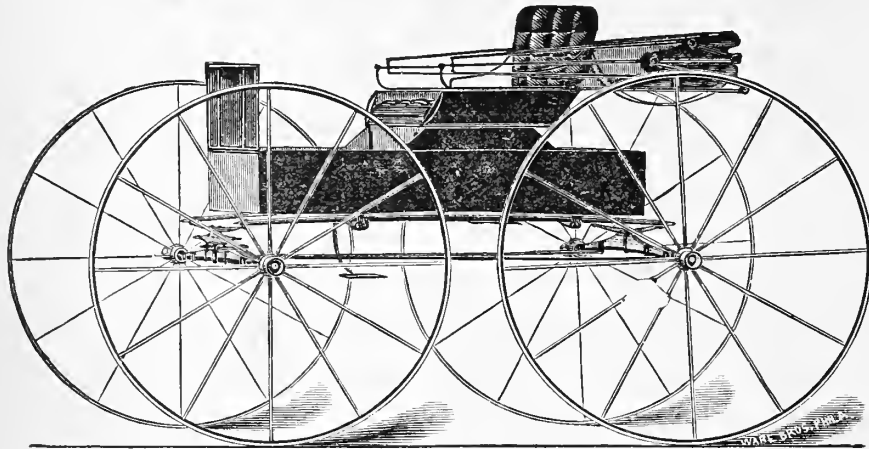
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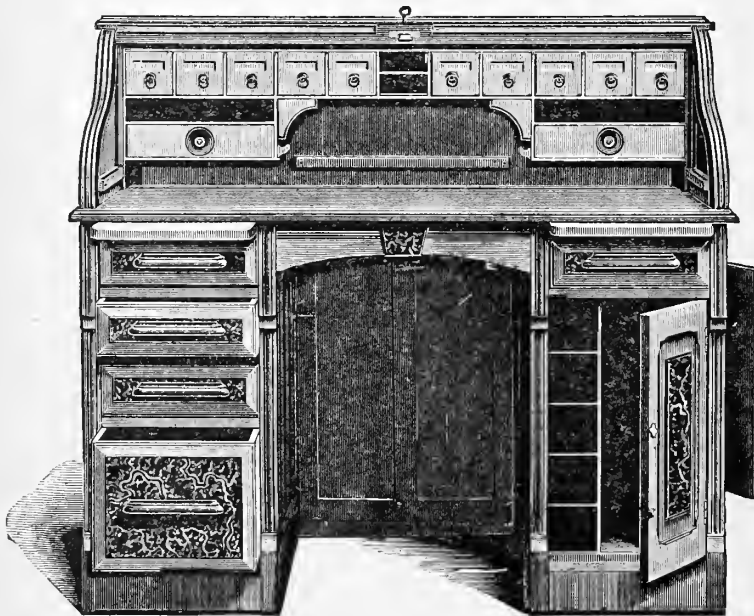
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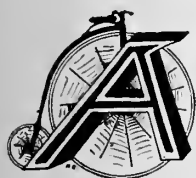
— THE — WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JUNE, 1888.

No. 6.

Some Ancient History.



AMERICA has always been a social nation, even from the first, when one night in the summer of 1775 she held the original five o'clock tea party, down to the present day.

As soon as any number of persons throughout the country hold the same views on any subject, or have any interests in common, just so soon do those persons get together occasionally, hire a hall and hold a meeting.

How truthfully this is expressed by the poet when he said of the American people:

"I am happiest when I'm talking,
I am saddest when I sing."

Can it be any wonder that two out of every three men you meet on the street are delegates to some convention and that the other one is an active candidate for that honor? So it is we have Methodist conferences, women suffrage conventions, free trade gatherings and League Meets.

The wheelmen's meet is traditional. Long, long ago—years before the light roadster, the tandem, or the home-trainer were dreamed of, it came amongst us.

When the first bicycle came to this country it was easy for its happy owner to see that a wheelmen's meet was out of the question. In fact, he did not know to a positive certainty that there ever would be another wheelman on this side of the pond for him to meet.

But the next wheel came, and some time thereafter wheelman no. 1 met wheelman no. 2 pedalling along one of Boston's classic boulevards. Naturally each became frustrated. Wheelman no. 1 tried to steer to the right and could n't. Wheelman no. 2 tried to do likewise and failed also. Thus they met. And although the meeting was not largely attended it was warm and enthusiastic. Among other things a resolution was unanimously carried to levy a general assessment to defray surgical expenses, also for cost of cablegram and miscellaneous repairs, including one backbone and two handle bars.

Since then meets have been of frequent occurrence, and gradually the primeval simplicity of the first affair has given place to the most studied and elaborate elegance.

It was in the spring of 1880 that, in response to a general invitation to all the wheelmen in the country, a few score of cyclers met

at Newport, R. I. It was at this particular time, May 31, that the League of American Wheelmen took occasion to come into existence, and we may state that up to the time of going to press it has never regretted the step then taken. The affair was celebrated by 133 wheelmen parading the principal streets of the town.

Such *haut ton* and *eclat* did this display of manly beauty lend to the town that Newport at once took a front place among fashionable summer resorts, which place she has ever since succeeded in fairly well holding. Waukesha, Wisconsin, being at present her only formidable rival.

It has always been a large sized regret with us that we were not present at this first annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen. Every summer, when we retire to our Queen Anne villa in the breezy but *haut ton* suburbs of Newport, R. I., we can not help but turn from the giddy pleasures of the german, and heave a deep sigh for the primeval, though simple grandeur, that must have attended the first annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen.

By next summer the League had all it wanted of fashion and resolved to give culture a show, so it went to Boston. Its membership at this time was 1,654, with several out districts to hear from. So said the secretary in his report to the annual business meeting. After congratulating the League on its phenomenal success in corraling members, he moved that he be made a salaried officer, and sat down feeling that all had not been in vain.

The parade next day, May 30, numbered about 750 souls, including one man on a Star. This was the Star's first appearance in public, and it is said that its rider went hopelessly insane after answering the question: "Do you like this better than the other kind?" 12,364 times.

The police arrangements on this occasion were very insufficient. The mild-mannered longshoresmen from

Atlantic Avenue got it into their heads that the wheelmen's parade was a sort of an anti-Penian demonstration, and they were not at all backward in expressing their disapprobation with clubs and loose bricks. That there were not enough police on hand to convince them of the error of their ways is to be deplored. The head marshal told me years afterward that it has been the regret of his life that he did not have John L. Sullivan to lead the parade on that occasion.

In the year of grace 1882 the League met in Chicago, a thriving village at the lower left-hand corner of Lake Michigan. Some 294



bicycles were in line and the police regulations were excellent. Whether the police turned out to watch the bicyclers or to watch the roughs, Burley Ayres says, is a matter of conjecture. As it was the wheelmen had the best time of any meet then held. They now had 2,100 members and had begun to save up money for a rainy day.

Next year the League yielded to the inducements held out by the wheelmen of the metropolis and went to New York. Seven hundred and twenty-three men paraded and they did it so well that the temporary privileges extended them on that occasion led to their restricted use of Central Park thereafter.

Mr. Dan Canary gave a very creditable display of trick riding during the parade. He afterwards said that the only thing that kept him from riding up one side of Cleopatra's needle was his fear of jeopardizing the wheelmen's privileges forever after.

The League now had 3,598 members with several applications yet to be acted upon.

The broad, handsome asphalt streets of Washington attracted the wheelmen for the meet of '84. Six hundred were in the parade and there would have been 601 had Karl Kron arrived a day earlier. As it was he missed the fifth annual parade by a few hours. He had been a conspicuous figure in the four previous ones, and his absence on this occasion cast a dampness over the affair that even the cheering presence of Belva Lockwood on her tricycle could not dissipate.

By the time July 3d of the next year rolled round the League was ready for another meet. This time they went to Buffalo, from which place the Big Four tour started two days later. We wish we had more time to tell you of this meet and the tour that followed, but press day approaches and the compositor calls for copy.

Next year Boston, the home of the bicycle and baked bean, asked the privilege of again entertaining the League. This she did in great style, as the hundreds of wheelmen who were there will make affidavit to before a J. P.

The Boston meet was remarkable in several ways. It drew a larger crowd than any of its predecessors, besides starting on foot the Aaron investigation, the details of which are probably still fresh in the minds of most of our readers. It was here also that the professional element was definitely rooted out of the League. Three wheelmen also rode their machines further to reach the Boston meet than any had done previously. To say that nothing was too good for the New Orleans to Boston tourists, during their stay in the latter place, is to put it extremely mild.

This brings us down to 1887. Last year the League followed the late H. Greely's advice, and went west. For the first time in its career the League met west of the Mississippi. The wheelmen of St. Louis seemed to have taken pointers from the long list of meets that had preceded theirs, and the result was a combination of all their good points with none of their bad ones. Wheelmen were at St. Louis from all over the country. Tom Stevens, who had hurried through China purposely to take in the show, was also there.

It stands in the nature of League meets that the last should always be best. If this rule holds good, and there is no reason why it should n't, we may expect from Baltimore the most bang-up and altogether gorgeous entertainment of the decade. Baltimore has long held an enviable reputation for its fair women and good looking oysters. Its oysters are good only in months with an "r," but the former are at their best all the year round.

We wish we could go on and recount all the circumstances and details of the coming meet, but our prophet refuses to prophesy for less than \$2.25 per prophecy. Refusing to concede to his unreasonable demands a boycott and lockout at once followed. If an arbitration is reached before press day we may work in a prophecy or two towards the back of the number. If not, farewell until we meet in Baltimore or some where else.

A SMALL BOY recently taught his dog to catch a soft rubber ball in his mouth. The other day the boy, for a joke, called the dog out, and showed him a regular base-ball, which he pretended to spit upon to excite the dog to enthusiasm. When the poor dog was on the verge of lunacy to get the ball, the boy threw it to him on a line, at the same time saying:

"Catch it in your teeth, Leo."

Leo did catch it in his teeth; but the next time he catches it, he will catch it in his gums.

THE TALE OF A STAR.

CONCLUDED.

"THAT evening, while I was having my shoes blacked at the hotel, I heard some one come in the office and call my name, and presently a porter appeared at the door and said a gentleman wanted to see me. I went down and was confronted by a person whom I instantly knew was a detective, so I was not surprised when he poked a card at me on which was printed *Silas G. Stevenson, Detective*. He was a great big two hundred-pounder, and had sort of a pompous air about him, that was rather out of place in connection with the well-worn clothes across his back. About the first thing he said was that he had seen better days, and I believed him.

"The business I wanted to see you on,' he continued, 'is a little too private for the office, perhaps we had better retire?'

"So we went up to my room.

"I hear you have lost some valuable property,' he said, seating himself in the best chair and placing his feet on the edge of the mantle, and there 's a reward out for it.'

"I told him that was a fact, and asked him how he came by his information.

"That, my young friend, is something we detectives never divulge. The facts are as I have stated them. Now to business.'

"In the first place, if you ever want to see your wheel again, you must choose some other course than that taken by the detectives you now employ. They are on the wrong scent altogether, any fool would know that. As little as I have investigated the matter, it is clear to see that they have made a mistake from the word go.'

"As I understand it, the janitor of the club house disappeared simultaneously with the missing property. Am I not right?'

"I said 'Yes.'

"Well, then, if he did n't take it, who did?'

"I told him I did n't know, that I had quit guessing.

"Good joke,' he replied, with a laugh, 'but I have a clue that clearly proves that Rapp is the man we are looking for.'

"This is confidential between us,' he went on, as he pulled out a package from his overcoat pocket and held something up to the light, 'what does that look like?'

"That,' I replied, 'looks a great deal like a pie with a bite out of it.'

"So it is,' he said, 'yet it is more than that, it is a clue by which I will bring the fugitive to justice. Last night Mr. Henderson McCloskey's residence was entered, and the greater part of his valuable plate stolen. This pie was left on the pantry shelf; to the unsuspecting eye it means nothing, but see this bite, see this notch in the upper corner? There 's where Mike Rapp had his front tooth knocked out last St. Patrick's Day. I know, for I was there when it happened. And another thing,' he added, in almost a whisper, as he drew near, 'last night, about ten o'clock, County Commissioner Spotts, who lives out on the Three Notch Road, was awakened by the loud barking of his dog. That dog,' he went on, growing almost tragic, 'never barks at anything but banana peddlers and bicycles. It could scarcely have been a banana peddler going along there at that time of night; it must have been a bicycle, and what 's more, Rapp, with McCloskey's silver along with it.'

"Now you see what I have to work with. Put your case in my hands and I can have your wheel back inside of two weeks. But it is a case fraught with danger at every hand; it will take unlimited nerve to bring this veteran villain to justice. The reward must be increased.'

"I told him it was now three times as much the wheel was worth.

"That is not the point,' he replied. 'It is not merely the recovery of the property you should be interested in, but in the punishment of the thief. How is our property to be protected, if thieves are allowed to carry it off with impunity?'

"No, I don't want a description of the man,' he said, rising to go, 'I have got him down fine already. I know Mike like a book, and, between me and you, he is one of the most desperate characters in Clark County. I have been studying him up, and I learn that, only two winters ago, he stole a stove out of the Knickerbocker Club room when the temperature was so low that some of the members actually froze before a fire could be rebuilt.'

"This man, with his stock of information, was undoubtedly valuable. I engaged him at once, raised the reward to \$500, and gave him a check for fifty dollars more to meet current expenses.

"After he was gone I heaved a sigh of relief, and went down to the supper room in the sweet belief that I should see that wheel again before another day.

"The next morning, early, I called on Mr. Noall.

"Mr. Noall met me as smiling as ever, but said he had n't heard from Pounce yet, as it was scarcely time.

"Detective Hibben, at Clark Street Wharf, had heard a peculiar noise during the night, which he took to be the missing bicycle, but which proved, on investigation, to be the cook of the *John Boswick* preparing the coffee for breakfast.

"He then went to his desk and picked up one of the circulars which he handed me.

"That will fetch them!' he cried, exultingly. 'When we have the fugitives down to such a fine point as this is, something is bound to happen.'

"I told him I had no doubt of it, but that I scarcely liked the way he had the reward made out. In the words of his circular, it looked as though the reward was to go to detectives only.

"Certainly, that is the only way to fix it. You can't expect us detectives to put our time and talent into a job of this kind only to be beat out of it by some disinterested party, hit or miss.'

"But,' said I, 'what if some other detective finds the property?'

"Ah, in that case we always divide the reward.'

"Just then a messenger boy stumbled in and handed a telegram to Mr. Noall.

"It is from Pounce,' he said, as he opened and read:

ENGLEWOOD, ILL.

Struck a wabby track just outside of town, have followed it for two miles and am close on the scent. Please forward particulars as to what the thing drinks.

POUNCE, Detective.'

"That's just like Pounce,' he said, 'always forgetting something.'

"He had no more than finished reading the telegram, when the telephone bell rang. This is the message he received:

"Suspicious-looking party getting aboard the boat this morning with a bicycle. Looks as though he was trying to dodge somebody. Did n't get near enough to examine the wheel. Shall I follow?'

"Yes, by all means,' answered Mr. Noall.

"Then turning to me, 'that's from Hibben, who is at the foot of Clark Street. He's one of the best men on the force, and he'll catch him sure. It is strange though,' he said, as he resumed his seat, 'how he can get about the country so fast. Here's Pounce trundling down toward Englewood, and at the same time he appears to be boarding a steamer at Clark Street.'

"By this time I was considerably excited over the recent developments, and went back to the hotel, as I thought it would be best to stop Stevenson as the others were so close on the trail. Here I found a telegram from him. It ran thus:

WAUKESHA, WIS.

Have traced Mike this far; saw a man who talked with him; said Mike seemed to be drunk; believe him to be a confederate. No bike visible on Mike's person, but believe it to be concealed in his hand-bag, which he carries with him constantly.

STEVENSON, Detective.'

"Of course this was sheer nonsense, so I telegraphed him to give up the search, and I rushed back to Noall's office. He had another telegram from Pounce, he said. He handed it to me:

ENGLEWOOD, ILL.

Followed track two miles out of town; caught up with an Irishman and a wheelbarrow; questioned him without any satisfactory result; shall order his arrest as an accomplice.

POUNCE, Detective.'

"This grows interesting,' said Mr. Noall, rubbing his hands. 'It reminds me of a case I had back in '58.' But I never heard what that case was. Just then a telegraph messenger came in with another telegram:

KANKAKEE, ILL.

I have struck a new clue; sure this time. Man went by on a star while I was eating dinner. Ordered a buggy at once and started after him. He runs as he catches sight of his followers, which is another sign he's the right man. Send man to Monon to head him off.

POUNCE, Detective.'

"If we only had Scanlan now,' said Mr. Noall. 'He'd be just the man. As it is I am afraid I will have to detail some less experienced person.'

"You don't mean to say that this man will ride his bicycle from Kankakee to Monon, do you? Why, man, there is fifty miles of swamp between those two places.'

"Ah, my young friend,' said Mr. Noall, pityingly, 'you are little posted in the ways of these desperate fellows. Swamps account for nothing with them. When driven to desperation they will do anything.'

"Here another telegram came in. He read it:

WAUKESHA, WIS.

Party been shadowing got off here. Appears to be a cross-continent tourist. On close inspection find his wheel fails to answer your description in several vital particulars. Where shall I go next? HIBBEN, Detective.'

"This was kind of a disappointment to me, but Mr. Noall said he'd call Hibben back to assist Pounce. With this I went back to the hotel, and waited there anxiously to hear from Mr. Stevenson. Presently it came. I paid the boy \$4.85 delivery charges, and read the following:

WAUKESHA, WIS.

Have Mike spotted where he can't get away; also suspicious looking party who came in on the boat. Seems to be watching for somebody. Presently a wheelman with a different kind of wheel appears, and they talk long and earnestly together. Believe I have struck an organized gang.

STEVENSON, Detective.'

"By this time it was getting late and I retired for the night, after telegraphing home for some cash to meet current expenses.

"Next morning finds me at Noall's office before him. I had n't waited long when a messenger rushed in with a telegram worded like this:

KANKAKEE, ILL.

Foundered a horse while trying to keep in sight of wheelman. Think from his gait this must be near on to the twenty-mile man. Send some one here to watch, while I take a train and catch up.

POUNCE, Detective.'

"I stuck the telegram under the door, so Noall would follow its instructions, and went back to the hotel for breakfast. There another telegram awaited me. This read:

WAUKESHA, WIS.

Mike struck a job at a livery stable. Have shadowed him, and will arrest him on first sight of bike. Board is high in this town; send me a check.

STEVENSON, Detective.'

"I just passed out of the dining-room, when I was aware of the clerk pointing me out to a man at the counter. He presently approached and handed me his card, on which was printed *Sylvester Y. Gibbs*.

"Without asking him his business I told him I had all the detective talent on my hands necessary at present.

"Ah, sir,' he replied, 'you mistake my calling: I am no detective. I am manager of Gibb's Gigantic Aggregation of Refined Variety Artists, now performing at the Palace Theatre. You see, we have an artist in our troop who does the fancy bicycle act, and my scheme is to have you to put one of your detectives on his trail.'

"You don't mean to say he's the thief?' I asked, expectantly.

"No,' he replied. 'That is not the point. You see what an immense advertisement it would be to have one of our troop constantly shadowed by a detective. Remember, it will cost you nothing, we will employ the detective, and, besides that, give you ten per cent. of the additional door receipts. All we want you to do, is to eard the papers and say you believe he's your man, and that you intend to have him watched till it can be proven. Yes sir, that would draw immensely. It beats the 'stolen jewel' racket every time.'

"I told him his proposal was utterly out of the question, and wanted to know how he got his information about me and my misfortune.

"He said: 'It's all in the papers, every last item of it, and I might as well profit by your notoriety,'

"This was startling. I had expected Noall to be as good as his word and keep it out of print. If the affair had got out I was ruined at home as well as in the eyes of Livingston McNeely. In my anxiety of the last two days I had n't looked at the papers, but I now picked one up and read the startling headlines, while my spirit dropped clear down into my boots. There it was in all the gorgeous details that I was aware of, and some that I did n't even know myself. But there was one speck of hope in all this. The papers, with their usual metropolitan correctness, had spelled both the names of McNeely and myself wrong in three places. Perhaps my folks at home might not recognize my distorted name, and it might

be that McNeely would n't recognize himself in the way his name was fixed up.

"I then walked sadly down to the detective's office, hoping to hear something from Pounce, but they had had no word from him since late the day before. I waited all day, and long toward evening the following came:

'LAFAYETTE, IND.
Our man passed through here early this morning; took lunch at hotel; description tallies exactly. Have Hibben meet me at Marion.

POUNCE, Detective.'

"Ah, I knew he would finally spot him, Pounce is so sagacious," said Mr. Noall.

"That was all for that day, so I went back to the hotel, but no word had come from Stevenson.

"Next day was a bitter disappointment all round. No word from any of the detectives, but I got a telegram from home in which the folks anxiously inquired why I did not return.

"Next day was the same. I was growing sick at heart. I felt in momentary dread of being confronted by McNeely. I could not expect him to do without his wheel much longer. Of course I could not leave town as long as I was so anxious as to the operations of the detectives, so I had to stay and face the music.

"Three days after our last telegram the following appeared:

'FT. WAYNE, IND.
Followed him to here, but have lost ground within the last day. Shall leave Hibben here, and take train to Sandusky so as to overtake him.

POUNCE, Detective.'

"Another day of anxious waiting, and late in the evening this telegram came in:

'SANDUSKY, OHIO.
Have not discovered our man so far. Think I must have passed him on the road. Will take a wagon and go back.

POUNCE, Detective.'

"At the hotel that night, the bell-boy handed me this telegram:

'WAUKESHA, WIS.
Mike appears to be getting ready to leave. Shall I order his arrest?

STEVENSON, Detective.'

"I was in a dilemma, but to be on the safe side I answered 'yes.'

"The next morning, while on my way to the detective's office, I met Mr. Noall going down. 'You want to cheer up, my young friend,' he said. 'Your case is not so hopeless as you seem to believe. Something tells me we shall have that bicycle before long, although, to you, such a thing seems improbable. With us detectives, hope is never dead; for very often we follow clews weeks at a time, clews not half so promising as yours, before they develop into anything.'

"Just then something coming down street attracted my attention, which made me weak in the knees. I looked twice before I could believe my eyes, but it was no use doubting them, for there, coming down the middle of the street, pedalling away as hard as he could, was the man of all men I wished to avoid—McNeely.

"I grasped Noall's arm and hastily explained to him the situation. 'Let him come on,' he said. 'We must face the music like men, and if worse comes to worse we must explain the whole thing to him.'

"McNeely stopped when he saw me, although I would have given worlds if he had ridden straight on. He talked to me about something or other, but for the life of me I can't repeat a word of what he said, and I know from the answers I gave him he thought I was either drunk or crazy.

"By this time Noall had been edging around toward the machine, and something in his manner attracted my attention from McNeely to himself. After walking around the bicycle several times, eyeing it like a cat would a mouse, he finally produced one of the circulars from his pocket and read it over hastily. Then, clapping his hand on the saddle with a sickening thud, called out, in a triumphant voice, 'I claim the reward!'

"For the next ten minutes I knew nothing of what was going on. My joy at seeing the old Star again, was so great that even now I don't see how I stood it. But I have a faint recollection of Livingston McNeely telling me how he had gone around to the club house, the evening after our run, and taking his Star without more ado.

"I have a little clearer recollection of going back to the office and giving Pounce a check for \$716, \$500 being the reward, for it seems as though Pounce was somehow aware of my transactions with Stevenson.

"I knew we would find her,' said Noall, joyfully, as I handed

him the amount of my bill, 'although it was one of the most complicated cases that ever came under my observation, and the disadvantages under which we had to work were such as seldom hamper us.'

"I think you will bear me out in saying that we recovered your bicycle inside of six weeks, which was the time I promised, and without the owner's knowing it was stolen, which was one of the restrictions thrown about us.'

"Just then we were interrupted by a messenger boy, who came on a rush. The message is marked important. It ran as follows:

'CLEVELAND, OHIO.
I followed our man to here. He still persists in going eastward. Shall I arrest him, or track him further?

POUNCE, Detective.'

"Noall wrote out the answer with a smile. He said:

'Property recovered. Come home and share reward.'

"I made straight for the depot, for I was anxious to get home, of course. But I stopped to speak with my old friend who had taken me out to McNeely's house, and who was the innocent cause of all my misfortune.

"Of course he was over-joyed at hearing of the recovery of the bicycle, and as we were parting, he said, 'That's all right about Mike, too. Here's a letter the secretary got from him, yesterday, and he handed it to me:

'mister secretary please send me what pal is comin to me I will never lve agin in chicago as my old woman swears shell kill me fer mashin her nu bonnet the nite of the emerald ball I leave tonite fer minnesotie address me care of Barney Ryan Tremont Hotel Saint Paul.
Mike Rapp.'

The story-teller stopped, looked up and saw the threatening glance of the landlord, as he stood in the hall door-way. One glance was enough, and our entertainer disappeared as suddenly as he came.

* * * * *

That was last fall. Two weeks ago I was at Pullman again, and took occasion to inquire after our old waiter.

"You mean Crazy Joe," said the clerk, "He's gone long ago. He never stays any place very long."

"Well, is it true," I said, "all that rigamarole about a bicycle he lost and had such a time finding again?"

"Well, there is about this much of it true," said the clerk: "He used to be well fixed, wealthy in fact, but he got to dabbling in margins, and one day he was cleaned out. This kind o' unsettled his mind, and he never gets done telling folks how he lost his wealth. The funny part of it is that he always adjusts his story to suit the taste of his hearers. I suppose, last fall, he had been reading so much in the papers about detectives in connection with the anarchists, then you bicycle boys put in your appearance, he naturally combined the two, and the result was the story as you got it."

SOME of the more energetic wheelmen of Huntingdon, Pa., have several times made the effort to consolidate the interests of riders throughout the county of that name, but in each instance they have met with signal failure. The apathetic spirit that has dominated the boys of their vicinity has obtained the ascendancy, and the pioneers of organization have had to take a back seat. Things seem to be brightening up a little in that latitude now, for we have just received intelligence of the formation of the Juniata Wheelmen, which has been constituted with C. Herbert Miller, Captain; D. S. Drake, Secretary-Treasurer and W. M. Tehan, President, while other officers have been nominated and merely await confirmation by a majority vote of the committee. These wheelmen are possessed of the vim and push necessary to make a success in any undertaking. Their motto is: "Nothing succeeds like success," and they will make things hum this season, and, like a wise statesman, will create, rather than wait for the moulding of public opinion. Several tours and meets are in prospect, and a colony of this little band purpose riding cross country to Baltimore, to attend the L. A. W. meet in June. We wish them hearty success. If their influence merely extends toward having a few of the valleys in Pennsylvania filled in, and some of the ruts or kinks in Pennsylvania roads rubbed down, they will earn the gratitude of tourists on the wheel, the fame of posterity, and, maybe, a shop-worn epitaph from the pen of our inimitable poet whose contributions illumine these pages from time to time.

THE POOL for the drinks is the wayside spring. If you don't believe this, just ask the Chinaman why he chalks his cue.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
 BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
 25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

Chicago's Decoration Day Road Race.

TO SAY that there was a crowd assembled at the Leland Hotel on Decoration Day morning is to put it extremely mild. The occasion was the starting of the great event of the year in Chicago cycling circles, the Pullman road race. The sixty-six starters were in themselves quite a crowd, but besides them it seemed as though every wheelman in Chicago was there besides.

The event had been worked up some time before. Every effort was made to have this year's Pullman race eclipse that of last year, which was run on a grand scale. Eighty-seven entries and twenty prizes was not a bad showing for a fourteen-mile handicap. It is doubtful if the same has ever been duplicated in this country. Besides the twenty prizes, liberally donated by Chicago dealers and makers and some of the eastern houses, there was an elaborate seventy-five-dollar medal, purchased with the entrance fees, to be given to the rider making the fastest time.

The handicap was arranged by a committee representing each of the various clubs, and what little kicking there was on the result of their decisions was too insignificant to be noticed. The difficulty of satisfying eighty-seven men, three-fourths of whom did not even have a road record, can be imagined.

Promptly at 10:10 the five limit men were started off. After them, at intervals of one or one and one-half minutes, the starter's whistle sounded and more men were on their way to Pullman. Winship, who won last year's medal, started out in great shape, with a minute and a half start. After him came Van Sicklen, scratch man.

Still the crowd held together, for it was given out that W. A. Rhodes, on his Springfield Roadster, would attempt to break the Pullman record, and every one was anxious to see how the new wheel worked. Rhodes started four minutes after Van Sicklen, and the way he shot down the boulevard made every one believe the record was bound to drop.

Then the break for the cars. What a rush that was! And then, only think of it, the cars let the wheelmen beat them into Pullman! The spectators arrived at the grounds just as the contestants were coming in at a lively rate. Six or eight a minute they came in at first. So thick that the scorers found trouble in taking all the times.

Lumsden, of the Fort Dearborn Club, was the first man in. He had eleven minutes start, but finished with the third fastest time, 54 m. 47 s. Winship and Van Sicklen only beating his time. To the former was awarded the gold medal, the most valuable prize contested for. Lumsden also achieved the distinction of being the only man to ride the sand hill, all the others dismounting at that notoriously bad piece of road.

After Lumsden came the following: J. Sage, Fort Dearborn Club, 13 m. 30 s. handicap; H. F. Lovejoy, Illinois Club, 9 m. handicap; H. E. Sauer, Lincoln Club, 7 m. handicap; F. E. Spooner, Lincoln Club, 7 m. 30 s. handicap; W. B. Greenleaf, Fort Dearborn Club, 8 m. 30 s. handicap.

After the first twenty, who finished pretty well bunched, the contestants came stringing in for the next fifteen or twenty minutes. Rhodes did not succeed in breaking the record, although he made

better time than any of the racers beating Van Sicklen by a minute and a half.

Then to dinner and after that a stroll around the lovely grounds of Pullman. We are back home now, and the Pullman race is over, but when they run that race again may we be there to see it.

"Well, I Guess."

"A Celebrated Circler" is the title of a quaint biographical sketch which will cover more than a page of the July GAZETTE; and we are sure that no one who reads it can afterwards venture to deny the justice of its title. Among the readers of the wheel world there is no other personage more widely celebrated, or more generally popular, if "unsolicited testimonials" prove anything. Yet so few of these readers are likely to guess his name in advance, that we will offer to every who will do so, a year's subscription to the GAZETTE in extension of the term now paid for. Every other reader who makes the correct guess shall be allowed a year's subscription on payment of half-price. Each guesser may mention three names for the possible "celebrated" one, provided all three be inscribed upon the same postal card; and all such cards must reach us not later than July 4. We choose that "celebrated" date merely for convenience in announcing the result, and not because of its fame as the third anniversary of the enrollment of the three-thousandth subscription for "NM Miles on a Bi."

Hence we say in advance that the "celebrity," whose story is to shine in our next number, is not Karl Kron; neither is it Thomas Stevens, nor yet H. E. Ducker, nor even G. L. Hillier. We have given plenty of free advertisements to all four of these characters, and shall not begrudge doing so on suitable occasions hereafter; but the "little joker" we are now running is craftily planned to serve as an advertisement of the GAZETTE itself. Who is shrewd enough to name him? How many subscribers shall we catalog next month as having got their papers "for nothin'?" Let each "smart Aleck" put on his thinking-cap; for the chance is odd enough to "make his hair curl!"

The Terre Haute Races.

MAY 30, the day of the Terre Haute race meet, was as fine as could be wished. All of the events were spirited and well contested. The results in each case were as follows:

- First—One-mile novice, Ernest Meiskel, time 3:4 $\frac{3}{4}$.
- Second—Half-mile 1:40 class, A. M. Griswold, 1:30.
- Third—One-mile club championship, W. Ridenour, 3:15.
- Fourth—Half-mile hurdle, J. Fred Probst, 2:47 $\frac{3}{4}$.
- Fifth—Half-mile state championship, E. Hulman, 1:28 $\frac{1}{2}$.
- Sixth—One-mile 3:30 class, W. Ridenour, 3:8 $\frac{1}{2}$.
- Seventh—Quarter-mile dash, Anton Hulman, 0:37 $\frac{1}{2}$.
- Eighth—One-mile amateur, Ed Hulman, 3:7 $\frac{3}{4}$.
- Ninth—One-mile Star, H. D. Gilkey, 3:15.
- Tenth—Eighth-mile banana, F. E. Eastlack, 0:41 $\frac{1}{2}$.
- Eleventh—One-mile road wheels, W. Ridenour, 3:10.
- Twelfth—Two-mile state championship, A. J. Lee, 6:11.

Riders from Crawfordsville won three races and those from Terre Haute took the balance.

The Indiana Tour.

THE fifth annual tour of the Indiana Division, L. A. W., will begin at Indianapolis, July 8 at 9 A. M., running through Morristown, Rushville, Connersville, Brookville, Harrison to Cincinnati, arriving there at 1 P. M., July 10. After a wait of a little over a day in which to visit the exposition, the party will leave by boat for Maysville, Ky., where the tour will be continued a-wheel through Blue Lick Springs, Paris and Lexington, over the famous Lexington Pike, sixty-six miles long. From this point the route lies through Nicholasville, Pleasant Hill and numerous other small Kentucky villages, arriving at Louisville July 15 at 2 P. M. J. Fred Probst, Chief Consul estimates that expenses will not exceed twenty dollars for each member.

The Veloce Club, of Bordeaux, France, will hold an exhibition of cycles and accessories to last one week, from May 26 to June 4. We believe this is the first thing of the kind ever attempted in France.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM MAY 15 TO JUNE 15.

California. Bay City Wheelmen and Olympic Athletic Club joint meet at Oakland, Cal. May 30. Los Angeles Wheelmen's race, May 30.

Colorado. The Colorado Springs Wheelmen held a race meet May 19 and 20. W. L. Van Horn's twenty-five-mile road race took place Sunday, May 20, Robert Gerwing, the scratch-man, winning in 1 h. 30 m. and 40 s.

Connecticut. The Waterbury Wheel Club have disbanded, the franchise being purchased by the Ramblers, who occupy new and elegant quarters in the Citizens' Bank building. New Haven Club's one-fifth-mile road race. East Hartford Wheel Club tournament.

Delaware. At the Warren Athletic Club games, held at Wilmington on May 17, H. B. Schwartz, Reading, Pa., defeated E. I. Halsted, Harlem Wheelmen, in the one-mile bicycle race; time, 3:6½.

Illinois. The officers of the Englewood Cycle Club are as follows: President, M. F. Holmes; Vice-President, R. O. Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, S. C. McKnight; Captain, W. B. Greenleaf; Lieutenant, Geo. Denison; Committee: R. O. Smith, E. C. McKnight, W. Pickley, M. S. Andrews and W. H. Hill. The Illinois Cycling Club held an informal reception on May 24. The Capital City Cycling Club held their first annual dinner on May 17. The Chicago Cycle Clubs held their Pullman handicap road race on May 30, A. Lunsden winning in 54m. 47s.

Indiana. Samuel P. Hollingsworth, the long-distance bicyclist, was married to Miss Lottie Haun, at Russiaville, where both reside, on May 2. The Fort Wayne Bicycle Club held their third annual excursion and picnic June 13. Terre Haute Bicycle Club race meet at the Vigo County Fair Grounds May 30.

Iowa. Annual spring meet of Cedar Falls Wheelmen May 29, 30.

Maryland. R. H. Patchett appointed Local Consul at Easton.

Massachusetts. The Jamaica Cycle Club, of Jamaica Plain, called runs for the month of May as follows: Sunday, May 6, social run to Waltham; Sunday, May 13, to reservoir; Sunday, May 20, to pumping station; Tuesday, May 22, moonlight run to Dedham; Friday, May 15, to Waltham. Massachusetts Division meet at Cottage City May 30.

Nebraska. Joel Eaton, Consul at Chapman, has resigned, and has been appointed Local Consul at Grand Island.

New Jersey. The Orange Wanderers held their five-mile handicap on June 7. Orange Wanderers run to Staten Island, via Elizabethport, May 16. New York and New Jersey Road Racing Association team road race over the Irvington-Milbourne course. Orange Wanderers run to Pine Brook, Morristown and Milbourne, returning via Irvington.

New York. The Ridgefield Athletic Club, of Albany, gave a spring meeting June 2; among the events was an open-to-all-amateurs two-mile bicycle race. The Columbia College two-mile bicycle race, held at the M. A. C. grounds, New York City, May 17, was won by E. I. Halsted; time, 7m. 8½s. A bicycle club to be known as the Fort Dayton Wheelmen was organized at Herkimer, Thursday evening, May 17, with twenty members; the following officers were elected: President, Robert E. Steele; Secretary, J. E. Searles; Treasurer, Fred S. Munger; Captain, Geo. W. Nellis, Jr.; First Lieutenant, B. C. Helmer; Second, W. I. Taber. Inter-collegiate games at the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds, New York City May 26.

Pennsylvania. At the annual meeting of the Kingston Bicycle Club, of Wilkesbarre, held a few days ago, the following officers were chosen: President, Geo. H. Flanagan; First Vice-President, G. R. Morgan; Second, R. A. Hutchison; Secretary-Treasurer, H. G. Roat; Captain, F. T. Kunkle; First Lieutenant, N. D. Safford; Second, Frank Helme, Jr. The Columbia Wheelmen had a road race May 30 over the route from Columbia to Mountville and return. The route of the annual League tour, which begins at the Pennsylvania Club house, Philadelphia, June 11, is by way of Paolia to Coatesville, to Lancaster, to Columbia, to York, to Gettysburg, to Waynesboro, to Hagerstown, to Boonsboro, to Frederick, to Ellicott City, to Baltimore, arriving Sunday, June 17; distance about 240 miles. The Lancaster Bicycle Club will hold a race meet Saturday, June 9. At the games of the Y. M. C. A., held at Philadelphia, on May 12, E. I. Halsted won the two-mile bicycle race.

FOREIGN.

Canada. The Napanee (Ont.) Bicycle Club held their annual election a few days ago, with the following result: President, A. R. Boyes; Secretary-Treasurer, F. A. Roe; Captain, W. J. Normil; First Lieutenant, W. Pringle; Second, Robert White. The Woodstock (Ont.) Bicycle Club held their annual meeting and elected the following officers a few days ago: President, W. A. Karn; Vice-President, W. S. Hurst; Secretary, Geo. McDonald; Captain, S. G. McKay; First Lieutenant, James Schofield; Second, Harry Gordon; Third, J. Lee. The Bradford (Ont.) Bicycle Club recently elected these officers: President, D. Glass; Vice-Presidents, J. Hale and W. J. Knowles; Secretary, Wm. Paterson; Treasurer, H. E. Howell; Captain, C. R. Fitch; Lieutenants, Charles Duncan, Jr., and W. G. Kilmaster. Fifth annual meet of the Woodstock (Ont.) Amateur Association May 24.

England. A. H. Robb, of England, beat W. W. Woodside in a one-mile race at Leicester, England, May 5. At Coventry, May 12, F. W. Allard succeeded in lowering the one-mile Safety record, his time being 2:37½; previous record, 2:39. At Birmingham, May 23, Rowe won the one-mile championship in 2 m. 45 s., and Temple won the one-mile handicap in 2 m. 44 s. The ten-mile bicycle race at Birmingham, May 21, was won by Wood, with Temple second and Knapp third; there were ten contestants; the distance was covered in 31 m. A ten-mile bicycle race was contested at North Shields, May 21, between Wood, of England, and Temple, of America; Temple shot away on the last lap and won the race easily; time, 30m. 1½s.

COMING EVENTS.

June 16—Orange Wanderers century run to Trenton, Philadelphia Fairmount Park and Lancaster Pike.

June 17—Second grand annual run of the Illinois Division to Pullman.

June 18-20—L. A. W. annual meet at Baltimore, Md.

June 23—Spring race meet of the Kings County Wheelmen.

June 30—Greenwood-Wells hill-climbing contest on Kimswick Hill, St. Louis, Mo.

July 1—Canadian Wheelmen's Association annual meet at Belleville, Ont.

July 3—Twenty-five-mile road race at Belleville, Ont.

July 4—California Division L. A. W. Meet.

July 4—Newcastle (Pa.) Bicycle Club race meet.

July 17—The annual tour of the Iowa Division will be from Des Moines to Spirit Lake, leaving Des Moines on Tuesday, July 17, and arriving at Spirit Lake Saturday, July 21.

July 28—Greenwood-Wells contest on Eagle Rock Hill, Orange, N. J.

September 4, 6 and 8—Tournament at Buffalo, N. Y.

"CONSPICUOUS by his absence" is the only charge that can be made against Karl Kron, as regards seeking prominence by aid of the League meet at Baltimore. To relieve the curiosity of those who are wont to express surprise at never seeing him at such public gatherings, we reprint the following paragraph from one of the arguments of the "gift book" (150 pages), which he will soon be mailing to all applicants, as an advertisement of "XM Miles:":

"The collection of \$60,000 through any such long period as twenty or thirty years, on sales of a book at less than half its natural price, clearly offers but slight reward; yet no other compensation can come to me, for those vanities which are usually classed among the 'rewards of authorship' are sedulously shunned by myself. I indulge in none of the things which are supposed to cheer the existence of people who are known as 'cycling celebrities.' Though advertising with tireless persistency the personal trade-mark under which I must needs push the scheme along, my own name and face are studiously concealed. From the day when my book's prospectus was issued, I have never once shown myself at any wheelmen's meet or parade or banquet or celebration of any sort. I have competed not at all for the pleasures of notoriety and leadership enjoyed on such occasions by other men, but have maintained to the utmost my personal modesty and reserve, and I shall adhere to this policy of non-interference so long as any of the 30,000 books remain unsold."

The Kentucky Division will hold their annual meet on July 4.

The Baltimore League Meet.



WHEN you arrive at the depot you will be seized upon by some of the reception committee. They will smile upon you as all reception committees do. They will say sweet things to you, and, though they may not offer to "set 'em up," they will treat you otherwise

as tenderly as infants. They will escort you to headquarters, decorate you with a large and beautiful badge that will be your "open sesame" to free lunches, excursions, races, picnics and to the hearts of Baltimore wheelmen. They will bring you before Mr. Chism: with his hat off, you would probably take him for a bank president. You need not on that account, however, be awed by his venerable appearance. Joe is younger than he looks, and a jolly good fellow to boot. Then to your hotel, after which you will be prepared for the next event, whatever that may chance to be.

Before going further let me say that all wheelmen, League members or not, will be given a warm reception. Bring your wheels with you, you will want to kick yourself if you don't, and lastly, to League members, don't forget your tickets.

The 18th, the first day, will be devoted to the business meeting, and in view of the important legislation to come up, every member should be on hand and let his voice be heard. For those that have, however, no taste for law-making, there will be impromptu runs from the various club houses, and in addition there are plenty of points in and about the city that should not be missed.

I speak of the 18th as the first day, but those that arrive on Sunday will have an opportunity of hearing one of our best known divines deliver his sermon upon "Living Wheels." Runs will be made from the club houses to church and the reverend gentleman will probably take the opportunity of "getting in his work" on the wicked Sunday rider.

At 9:30 A. M., of the 19th, the parade will form on Boundary Avenue, thence down Charles Street to the Washington Monument, around it and back up Charles Street to Madison Street, to Madison Avenue, to Robert Street, to Eutaw Place, to Eutaw Place extended, to the Park, where the League Photograph will then be taken. The route is about two and one-half miles long, and almost an unbroken level. The surface is of asphalt and fine Belgian block, and the line of march lies through the finest parts of Baltimore's residence section—a section to which the deadly sprinkling-cart has happily never yet found its way. This route was especially selected in view of the ladies that will take part in the parade, quite a number of the riders of the Ladies' Bicycle having signified their intention of being present.

There is only one favor that Baltimore asks of her visitors—that is that they come with their wheels, and that they take part in her parade. We look to this as a means of promoting wheeling and the League in Baltimore, and we ask your assistance to that extent. Captains of clubs and Division Officers are particularly requested to bring their club and division colors.

The line will be headed by the bicycle corps of the 5th regiment, twelve in number, besides which some of the clubs are organizing corps of their own, and there will undoubtedly be no lack of noise. With these attractions and the further promise of a panorama of pretty girls (for they grow right on this route) the martyrdom is materially diminished, and when I whisper the magic word "Lunch" the last shadow of resistance must speedily melt away.

After the taking of the photo the line of march will be again taken up for Arlington, which is about three miles out, and there the races will be held. Before reaching there, however, a stop will be made at one of the groves on the way and a lunch will be served. At 3:30 sharp the races will begin. The events are as follows:

One-mile L. A. W. championship, bicycle; one-mile L. A. W. championship, tricycle; half-mile dash, novices; two-mile handicap, safety bicycle; one-mile handicap, tandem tricycle; three-mile handicap, bicycle; three-mile lap, bicycle; steeplechase race, about three-quarter mile, any kind of wheel; two-mile handicap, tricycle; consolation race, any kind of wheel.

The prizes are, in each event, gold medal to first and silver to second, except in the tandem race, for which there will be two gold medals for the winning team and no second prize. The track is a

fast one and the indications point to an unusually attractive meeting.

The races will be finished in ample time to return to the city, spruce up and prepare for the smoker. The committee having the latter in charge have gone to great pains to make this feature thoroughly enjoyable, the Concordia Opera House, the largest hall in the city, having been secured for the purpose. Our leading musical organization will play for us and the music will be of a high order. In addition, there will be a number of amusements, comic and otherwise, upon the stage. No one will be allowed to make speeches or dance on the tables, and the affair will be conducted in an otherwise orderly manner.

The morning of the 20th has been assigned to the various runs, and let me say right here that there are no more attractive ones than those around Baltimore. The Reisterstown Pike, reached via Druid Hill Park, is probably the principal and most used pike on account of its accessibility, the fine condition in which its surface is always kept, its gently rolling character and magnificent coasts.

At the extreme eastern end of Baltimore, and reached either by striking through the center of the city or by Boundary Avenue on the north, lies the net-work of roads known generally as the "shell road," under the care of Centaur Cycle Club and kept in a high state of polish by the continual passing and repassing of their wheels. These roads, running as they do through a section bordering immediately upon the Bay and its various inlets and creeks, is naturally nearly level. It is not entirely so, however, and the coasts in many places are very fine. Soft crabs, beer, oysters, fish just out of the water, the salt breeze blowing in upon the verandah, a stretch of bay reaching to the horizon, and the soothing swash of the water on the beach. These are the things that are indissolubly linked with my memories of the shell road. This road I have never known to have fresh shells upon it. Whether the shells are ground before being put on, or whether they just grow there, I do not pretend to explain. I only know that the surface is always like a floor. There are no stones, no ruts, no breakers, none in fact of the apparently indispensable concomitants of the ordinary pike.

One of the runs has been planned to take in this road with Steelton as the objective point. There has been located the plant of an immense steel works and the place is already assuming the proportions of a small town. The participants in this run will be taken up en route by the steamer *Columbia*, which has been chartered for the League excursion.

This excursion has been made the chief event of the meet, and the greatest attention has been given to make it in every detail an enjoyable affair. About 2 o'clock P. M. on the afternoon of the third day, the above steamer, whose carrying capacity is about 3,500, will leave her wharf, in Baltimore, and after taking up the shell road tourists, will proceed to Steelton and thence to Annapolis, Maryland's ancient capital, where they will inspect the naval academy and grounds and the fossil remains of a prehistoric town. From this point the steamer will proceed to Bay Ridge, a beautiful park upon the shores of the bay and but a short distance from Annapolis. The grounds will be exclusively our own on this occasion, and by the time the cyclist arrives there he will be hungry enough to put in some good work on the supper that the committee have provided.

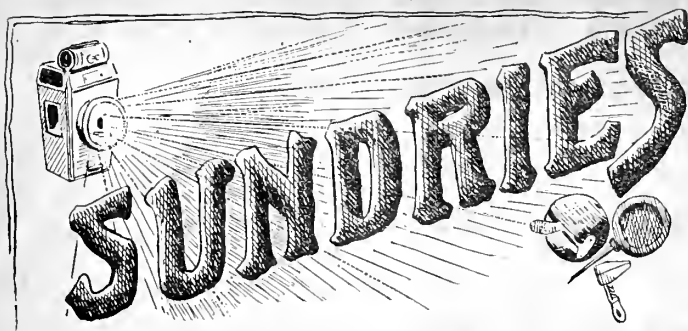
After this there will be a hop at the hotel. Both a brass and a string orchestra have been provided and there will be no dearth of music, either on the boat or grounds. At 11 o'clock we again board the steamer and the return is made by moonlight. Not a few will find this part of the programme by no means the least interesting. On the way up there will be a display of fireworks, and at 1 A. M. the steamer will draw up to her wharf and the League meet of 1888 will have passed into history.

CARLOS.

Rowe Badly Injured.

AT Jarrow, England, last Saturday, Rowe succeeded in defeating W. Wood, but immediately after crossing the tape took a bad header, breaking his collar-bone and sustaining serious internal injuries. An intimate friend of his informs us that in his opinion Rowe will never race again. Rowe sailed for America May 29.—*Wheeling*.

The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Bicycle Club held their third annual excursion and picnic at Eagle Lake, Wednesday, June 13.



Do you want to change your mount this season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word.

A hollow mockery—a solid back bone.

The polo-player's favorite pony—Cognac.

Harry Corey is to be married very shortly.

Van Sicklen and Munger broke the Pullman record by $\frac{1}{8}$ s. June 2.

Now it is that "Bill" and "Skinny"
Spend the day in playing shinney.

Wm. Rhodes recently made a quarter-mile in 32s. on a Springfield Roadster.

A. Kennedy Childe very recently married a lady living in Hartford, Conn.

A company backed with \$1,000,000 is to produce steel tubing at Findley, Ohio.

A sail for a young man calling on his Sunday-evening girl—a stay-sail, of course.

Australian racing men ride with loose jockey jackets made of their favorite colors.

It seems to be the bent of a pin to make a man win the high-leaping championship.

What is a "touch down," Leander? We can't tell you, having always slept on a boarding-house bed.

Volume II, of Stevens' "Around the World on a Bicycle," will not be issued until August or September.

A paper dollar, say treasury officials, will last about five years. A paper dollar never lasted us five years.

Even an athlete never knows what the home-stretch is until he reclines in the hammock or steamer-chair.

Major Knox Holmes and Mr. Joseph Pennell were elected members of the Ripley Road Club, in England.

The Crescent City Cycling Club, of Evansville, Ind., has been reorganized and the old officers re-elected.

Philadelphia wheelmen rejoice over the news that a new Telford road is to be built between Philadelphia and Media.

No, my son, a polo "ball" is not a whisky-cocktail. You are wrong in that. A polo bawl is the yell a player gives when he gets a whack on his shins.

It is very difficult to sit on a bicycle the first time you try, because it is not easy to strike a balance. But this is not the reason it is so difficult to sit on a bent pin or a hornet's nest.

Young wheelman, don't be discouraged,
When first you mount your saddle,
Because the first day you straddle your tire
You are likely to tire your saddle.

Father Time ought to be represented as a man clad in white flannels and carrying a cricket-bat. Some people, however, would consider that a better personification of eternity.

What are the dog-days, Eugene? Why, it is the season set aside during the summer for dog-fights. During this period people can fight their dogs without becoming amenable to the law.

The small boy who devours dime-novels with a reverential appetite stands by in open-mouthed wonder when looking at a lacrosse match in which one side is composed entirely of real live Indians.

Messrs. G. L. Hillier and T. H. S. Walker will shortly issue a book on "The Art of Training for Cycle Racing," which will be presented to the English and Continental public in several languages.

Madame Tassaud's famous wax works show is to be enriched by the addition of figures of Messrs. Sturmy, Golder, Rowe, Woodside, Temple, Morgan, Hillier, Furnivall, Illston, Osmond, Bower and Howell.

The Linden Bicycle Club is the latest addition to wheeling clubs in Baltimore. It is a riding club and numbers fifteen members. George R. Kelso is President; W. D. McKenney, Secretary, and T. Morris, Captain.

A knowledge of rough-and-tumble fighting helps a lacrosse player when it comes to close work, or, in other words, when it comes to doing the rolling and tumbling, which might be appropriately termed a rushing business.

Oh, yes, polo is the game in which a lot of dudes get on ponies and try to hammer the immortal soul out of a little wooden ball with long mallets. What do they do it for? Because they have n't any immortal souls themselves, poor things.

There is no better exercise than swinging Indian-clubs before breakfast. The usual length of time spent in this exercise should be about fifteen minutes; although you can get enough of it in less, if the club happens to take you on top of the head.

Fred Wood, the crack English professional rider, arrived at home April 21, after a long and not very pleasant sojourn in Australia. He should have his hands full this season, and if he retains his old speed there is good reason to expect that he will be able to place himself once more upon a solid financial basis.

Harry Sherman climbed Fords Hill, in Philadelphia, on a Springfield Roadster, seven times with ease, and would have climbed it more but was prevented by darkness. The same man climbed Eagle Rock Hill three times in succession in the presence of fifteen witnesses. Time of trips and return: first, 17 m.; second, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.; third, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.

We heard a bicycle rider remark proudly to another the other day:

"This blue jersey is a new jersey."

Perhaps it would have sounded better had he said:

"This jersey new is a jersey blue."

Although neither would have been correct, for it was orange.



After all the tramp is the long-distance champion. But his walking never yields him a pile, unless it is a wood-pile. The tramp would rather see wood than saw it, any day. That is one reason why the tramp is not a saw buck. The tramp that adorns this paragraph is a photo-engraving; you can't make a tramp in the shape of a wood-cut. The tramp is a great athlete, but only a theoretic one. He would rather split his trousers sitting on wayside rocks than split wood for a dinner.

Did the Romans ride cycles? We do not know whether they did or not. This is not an American university with an elective course of seventy-five studies, all of which you may avoid taking, but still get a diploma certifying that you are a free-born youth of spotless morals, well-filled with education. This is a plain, old-fashioned North American place, where you have to work, and where the editor does not go out to take a Turkish bath and a ride at noon. You don't see anything funny in this? Well, neither do we.



THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER LEADS THEM ALL!

THE BEST WHEEL EVER MADE FOR ALL AROUND ROAD RIDING. THE BEST HILL CLIMBER AND THE SAFEST COASTER.

Can They Beat These Records?

Cory Hill, Boston, Mass., 4 times without a dismount.

Eagle Rock Hill, Orange, N. J., 3 times without a dismount. First round trip in 17 minutes. Second, in 13½ minutes. Third, in 12½ minutes. Average, 14½ minutes. Time taken by J. H. Sutherland and Frank Brock. Witnesses by J. A. Sutherland, N. Y. Bicycle Club; C. A. Silver, of Concord, N. H.; Frank Brock, Newark, N. J.; W. W. Waters, Orange Wanderers, Orange, N. J.; and P. M. Harris, N. Y. Bicycle Club, N. Y.

Fords Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. 7 times without a dismount, beating all previous records. Done by Harry Sherman, of Lynn, Mass.

Walnut Street Hill, Worcester, Mass., by J. Fred. Midgley.

Third Street Hill, Wilmington, Del., 10 times without a dismount, by Victor R. Pyle.

Clark Street Hill, Portland, Maine, by J. Winton Worden. The first time this hill has ever been ridden.

SPEEDY, SAFE AND MODERATE IN PRICE. Send for Catalog.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. COMPANY, 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

— THE —

“ROVER”

— FOR —

1888

Lord Bury writes:

“I have much pleasure in saying that your ‘Rover’ is a very perfect machine.

STARLEY & SUTTON,
“METEOR” WORKS,

WEST ORCHARD, = = = = COVENTRY

To Subscribers of the
Wheelmen's Gazette:

WE HAVE SPECIAL RATES OF PREMIUM FOR BICYCLISTS.

INSURE IN THE

Equitable Accident Insurance
COMPANY



OF CINCINNATI, OHIO,

Which Has Paid Over \$200,000 to Sufferers by Accident.

The advantages of this Company over any other are:

- 1—Fifty-two weeks indemnity.
- 2—Proportionate benefits for loss of hand, feet and eyes.
- 3—All losses settled from our office promptly upon receipt of satisfactory proof of injury.
- 4—No assessments or scaling of policies.

ADDRESS

COONS & GRAHAM,
GENERAL AGENTS,

14 Hubbard Block,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A TRICYCLE?

See advertisement of that Victor Light Roadster on Page III of this issue.

SECOND-HAND WHEELS

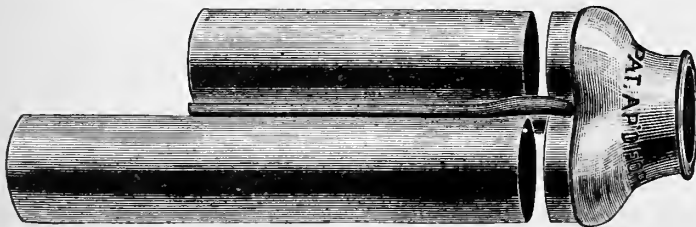
Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Send for Second-hand List and our large illustrated catalog of Wheels and Accessories with full particulars of our terms of easy payments. Of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Liberal discounts to agents on second-hand wheels. Prices on all wheels guaranteed as low as the lowest.



BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

Victor, Springfield Roadster, New Rapid, American Champion, Star, Rival, Otto and other bicycles and tricycles sold on easy payments with no extra charge except 8 per cent. interest. Low rates by fast freight or express. Bargains in juvenile wheels of best makers, at from \$6.40 up. Large line of accessories. REPAIRING and NICKEL PLATING.

GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 9 G Street, Peoria, Ill.



Duplex Whistle. Price, 50 Cents.

Tone loud and clear, with none of the harsh, grating sound usual to whistles designed for this purpose. Riders who have used the old Duplex Whistle have found it to be very inconvenient on account of the great amount of force required to produce the sound necessary to be heard at a distance. This is entirely overcome in these new whistles, as the very slightest effort is all that is required to blow them. Address all orders to

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE

Springfield Roadster Whistles

AND

Yost's Air-Drying Enamel.

The Best Ever Offered.

50 Cents per Bottle.



Single Tube Whistle. Price, 40 Cents.

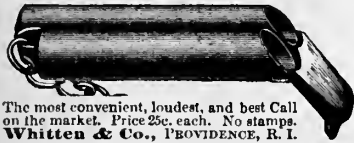
Springfield Bicycle Mfg. Co., 9 Cornhill, Boston.

THE BEST BICYCLE LOCK.



No chain; can not be piked or pulled open; neatest thing out. Price, \$1.00.

The BEST BICYCLE WHISTLE.



The most convenient, loudest, and best Call on the market. Price 25c. each. No stamps. Whitten & Co., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BICYCLE AND ATHLETIC GOODS.

The Kingston Knitting Co.,
Of Boston, Mass.
Office, 27 Kingston St.,

Are manufacturing the most beautiful line of Bicycle and Athletic Garments in the country, from the finest *Worsted Jersey Stock*. Made in *Jerseys, Tennis Coats, Sweaters, Knee Tights, Knickerbockers, Full Body Tights* and *Pants*, tastefully trimmed and elegant fitting with trunks and hosiery to match the color of the garments, and all selling at very reasonable prices. References to hundreds of the best clubs throughout the country who recommend our garments as unequaled for comfort, durability and good taste. Send for our catalog of prices and styles.

Kingston Knitting Co.
27 Kingston St., BOSTON, MASS.

THE VANDALIA LINE.

Is the direct and short route from Indianapolis to St. Louis and points in Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Colorado, California and other States and Territories. It affords magnificent train service and superior facilities for the transportation of all classes of passengers. The physical condition of its property is fully up to the standard, which insures to its patrons safety, speed and comfort. Prompt and sure connections are made with western lines at St. Louis and other Junction points. Trains for the West leave Indianapolis 7:30 A. M., 11:55 A. M., 11:00 P. M. Arrive at St. Louis 5:00 P. M.; 7:30 P. M., 7:00 A. M., respectively. In considering the many advantages offered by this popular route you will find it is materially to your advantage to ask for, and see that you get tickets over the Vandalia Line. Rates are always as low as by less important routes. Baggage checked through from starting point to destination. For detailed and particular information regarding rates, etc., call upon or address,

H. R. DERING,

Ass's Gen'l Pass. Agent Vandalia Line.

48 W. Washington St. Indianapolis, Ind.

Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of *one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order*. This department is only made for the convenience of wheelmen who can thus make their wants known at a trivial cost. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to sell or exchange his wheel, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The rate of one cent per word is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates which will be furnished on application.

DONT BUY A BICYCLE until you have sent a stamp to A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio, for a list of over 250 second-hand and shop-worn bicycles. Mention this paper. Second hand guns and bicycles taken in exchange.

FOR SALE. Over 250 second-hand and shop-worn bicycles at bargain prices. Send stamp for list and mention this paper. A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio.

About a column of our Sale and Exchange advertisements were unavoidably crowded out of this issue, but they will all appear in July.

There are no Flies

On the Monon Route. Note its important change of time, as follows:

Chicago Express, 7:10 a. m. daily; arrive in Chicago, 1:55 p. m.

Chicago & Michigan City Express, 12:01 noon daily, except Sunday; arrive in Chicago 6:35 p. m.

Chicago Night Express, 11:15 p. m. daily; arrive in Chicago, 6:35 a. m.

Monon Accomodotion, 6:00 p. m. daily.

Trains leave Chicago returning as follows:

8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday; arrive Indianapolis, 3:35 p. m.

8:30 p. m. daily; arrive in Indianapolis, 3:35 a. m.

11:40 p. m. daily; arrive in Indianapolis, 8:10 a. m.

Remember that the Monon Route has come to the front, and is now the leading Chicago line for the reasons that no other Chicago line makes as quick time or runs three trains each way between Indianapolis and Chicago. Pullman Palace Buffet, Sleeping and Chair cars on all night trains. Pullman Buffet Parlor cars on day trains. Elegant coaches on all trains. No other line runs a daily morning train to Chicago, returning the same day. Ticket offices: 26 South Illinois Street, Union Depot, Massachusetts Avenue Depot.

WE WANT EVERY

BICYCLE AGENT AND NEWSDEALER

In the country to keep the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE on sale at their office. Our terms are very liberal and will be sent to you on application.

IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO YOU,

IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO THE SPORT.

IT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO US.

The list of agents we have already secured will be found in another column.

NEW FORM.



Copper Cycle Saddlery,

433 Pearl Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

John F. Stratton's

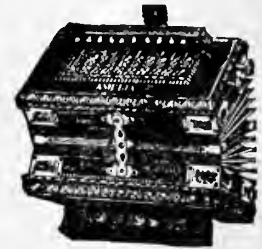
CELEBRATED PATENT

(June 7, 1887.)

Sublime Harmonic "Silver Reed,"

SOLO

ACCORDEONS.



Regular Size.

2 SETS REEDS

- | | |
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| IN DUETT, | UNISON. |
| "Jennie" | "Henrietta" |
| "Anna" | "Christine" |
| "Almee" | "Grace" |
| "Lucca" | |
| "Patti" | |

Miniature Size.

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| IN DUETT, | UNISON. |
| "Adelma" | "Charlotte" |
| "Amelia" | "Rosa" |

Piccolo Size.

- | | |
|-----------|----------|
| IN DUETT. | UNISON. |
| "Josie" | "Nellie" |

3 SETS REEDS.

MELODY OCTAVE AND DUETT.

MINATURE.

"Marie"

LARGE SIZE.

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| "Brignoli" | "Nicolini" |
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Artist Solo Accordeon.

4 SETS REEDS.

2 ROWS KEYS.

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| DUETTE, | UNISON. |
| "Rossini" | "Meyerbeer" |

John F. Stratton's

Mouth Harmonicas.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| "Capt. Jenks" | "Pinafore" |
| "Mascot" | "Tony Pastor" |



"SILVER REED."

John F. Stratton's

Royal Harmonicas.

The Finest Mouth Harmonicas Possible to Make.

- | | | |
|--------------|-----------|-----------|
| "Duchess" | "Konigin" | "Empress" |
| "Prinzessin" | "Sultana" | "Golden" |

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

Harmonicas and General

Musical Merchandise,

49 MAIDEN LANE, New York.



HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

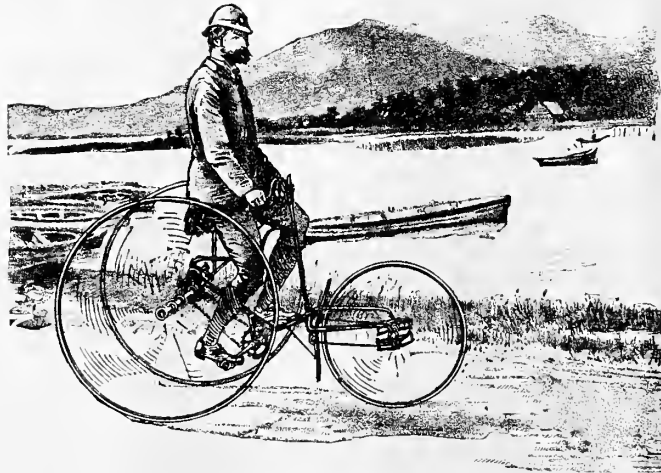
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

QUADRANT

What's in a name? Possibly, nothing; but if it is applied to **TRICYCLES**, and that name is **QUADRANT**, then there is indeed much.

It tells you at once of a machine "not only distinct, but distinctly superior to others;" of one that has set the fashion in such important features as a *large steering wheel*, an *extended bridge over the main axle*, the use of more than two bearings over this axle, and a perfectly rigid frame without a joint in it. It is a name that for years past has carried with it a guarantee of perfect workmanship and honest materials—consequently, satisfactory Tricycles.

Quadrant Tricycle
No. 8.
For Gentlemen
Only.



"Air—I want air and sunshine and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my cheek
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops,
Then I am free and strong."

Has made a mile
on the road in 2
min., 38 sec.

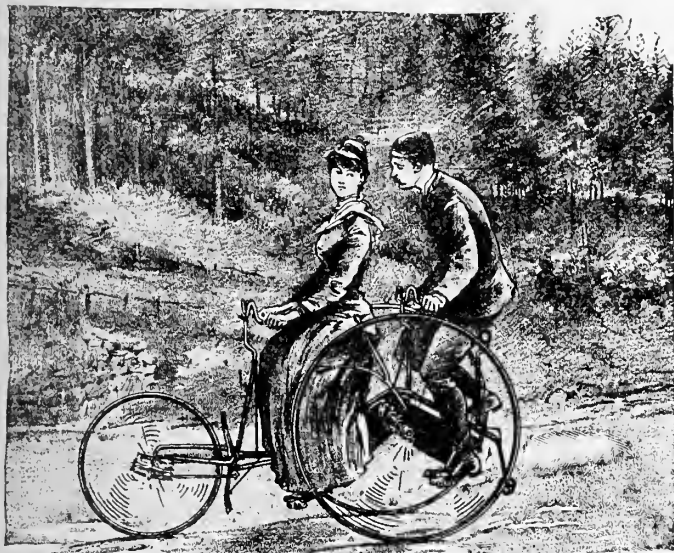
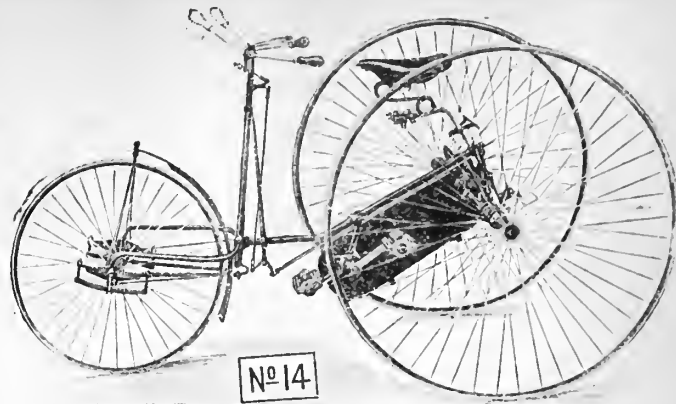
While nearly every important hill-climbing contest held in England for the past two years and many championship and path records have been won on **QUADRANT TRICYCLES**, we count this as but little compared with the fact that it is the mount of the majority of those who use Tricycles for health, utility or pleasure, and whose main object in getting a machine is to get the best for such purposes, and we believe the facts in the case prove the **QUADRANTS** to be the machines.

We refer you to any one who rides a **QUADRANT**.

Lack of space prevents our going into further details, but you will find them in our catalog. Send for a copy.

LADIES' QUADRANT No. 14.

MADE LIGHTER THROUGHOUT, AND ESPECIALLY
ADAPTED FOR LADIES' USE.
HOLDS ONE HUNDRED-MILE ROAD RECORD.



QUADRANT TANDEM No. 15.

FOR LADY OR GENTLEMEN, TWO LADIES OR TWO
GENTLEMEN.
THE FASTEST AND BEST HILL-CLIMBING TANDEM
EVER BUILT.

"It is the hour when from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard.
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word."

THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

2 and 4 Hanover St.,

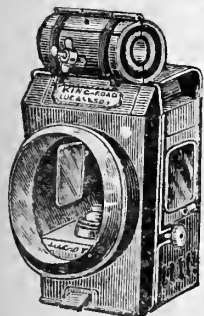
BALTIMORE, MD.

Washington Branch, 908 Pennsylvania Ave.

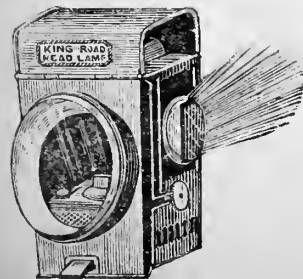
KING OF THE ROAD LAMPS.

RIDERS SHOULD INSIST UPON THEIR DEALERS GIVING THEM THE KING OF THE ROAD, AND TAKE NO OTHER. SEE THAT YOU GET ONE WITH THE 1888 IMPROVEMENTS. IF HE CAN NOT SUPPLY YOU SEND DIRECT TO US.

ALL PATTERNS, HEAD LAMPS AND HUB LAMPS, IN NICKEL AND JAPAN, FULLY DESCRIBED IN OUR CATALOG.



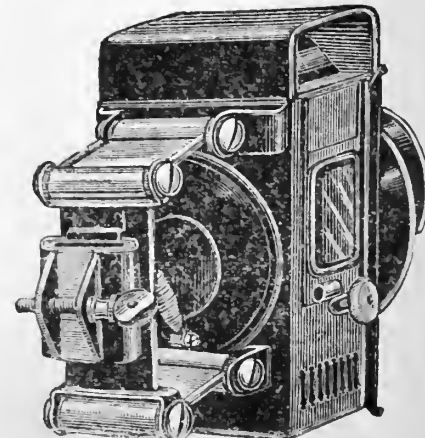
Hub Lamp No. 130.



Head Lamp No. 127.

CONTAINING:

- IMPROVED DETACHABLE REFLECTOR,
- RUBY SIDE PRISMS,
- IMPROVED VENTILATION,
- THEY DO NOT LEAK,
- THEY DO NOT JAR OUT.



Head Lamp No. 145. Non-Vibrator.



A. W. GUMP & CO.,

23 West Second Street, - - - - -

DAYTON, OHIO.

LIST OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

NOTICE.—Orders for second-hand bicycles can seldom be duplicated, and in ordering please give second choice in case first choice is sold. *No discount from these prices.*

All second-hand bicycles are put in running order before leaving our shop, general wear excepted. **TERMS.** Net cash with order. Or we will send C. O. D. on receipt of sufficient to guarantee express charges, and balance can be paid on receipt of bicycle. For a great distance we would advise customers to order by freight, as charges will be less than if sent by express. We make no charge for crating.

Don't delay by more correspondence than really necessary, as the bicycles are liable to be sold at any time, so order at once. These are special Bargains.

If you do not find what you want on this list, state what make of bicycle you prefer, and what price you are willing to pay, and as we are daily receiving second-hand bicycles, can in all probability supply you, provided you are willing to pay a reasonable price.

No.	Size.	Any New Bicycle in the Market Furnished at Lowest Prices.	Price.	No.	Size.	Any New Bicycle in the Market Furnished at Lowest Prices.	Price.
1	30	Ideal, good running order all over	\$13 00	67	50	Victor, ball bearings all over, nickeled and enameled finish, tires show wear, but balance of machine in good condition	73 00
2	38	Apollo, nickeled and enameled finish, new but soiled	25 00	68	50	Standard Columbia, plain bearings, good running order outside of wear on tires	38 00
3	40	Steel Tire Bicycle, good running order	7 50	69	50	Ideal, tires show wear, but balance of machine in good cond'n	35 00
4	42	Steel Tire Bicycle, good running order	13 00	70	50	Otto, all nickeled but wheels, cow-horn bars, spade handles new	48 00
5	42	Otto, old pattern, good running order	17 00	71	50	Harvard, ball bearings, all nickeled but the wheels, in number one running order	60 00
6	42	Otto, good running order	19 00	72	50	Standard Columbia, nickeled and enameled finish, ball bearings, in good condition	55 00
7	44	Acme, new	25 00	73	50	Expert, ball bearings, good condition, part nickeled	75 00
8	44	Ideal, new but soiled by standing in the store	35 00	74	50	Expert, cow-horn bars, new tires, all nickeled but the wheels Kirkpatrick saddle, almost like new	90 00
9	44	Ideal, nickeled and enameled, cow-horn handle-bars, just like new	37 00	75	50	American Challenge, ball bearings on both wheels, will pass for new	70 00
10	44	Otto, tires worn but balance of machine in good running order	22 00	76	50	Otto Special, 1888 pattern, new, cost \$55 00	35 00
11	46	Otto, new 1887 pattern, cost \$45 00	30 00	77	51	Columbia Light Roadster, almost new	110 00
12	46	Rival, cow-horn handle-bars, late pattern, just like new	50 00	78	51	Special Star, late pattern, ball bearing to front wheel, silent ratchets, cow-horn handle-bars, all late improvements, new but used a few times on a home-trainer, cost \$120 00	100 00
13	46	Ideal, good running order	30 00	79	52	Standard Columbia, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings, in good condition	55 00
14	46	Acme, rubber tires and entire wheel in good shape	24 00	80	52	Premier, cow-horn handle-bars, ball bearings to both wheels, tires show very little wear	55 00
15	46	Otto, tires somewhat worn but balance of wheel in good condition	24 00	81	52	English Bicycle, built like Standard Columbia, new tires and every thing in fine condition	50 00
16	46	English, built like Premier, all nickeled but wheels, a new wheel	37 00	82	52	Royal Mail, ball bearings, ball pedals, Kirkpatrick saddle, cow-horn handle-bars	85 00
17	48	Centaur, spade handles, nickeled and enameled finish, cow-horn handle-bars, just like new	45 00	83	52	American Champion, all nickeled but rims, ball bearings all over, spade handles, good running order	75 00
18	48	Ideal, nickeled and enameled finish, new but soiled by standing in the store	45 00	84	52	Light Champion, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings all over, number one order	80 00
19	48	Standard Columbia, plain bearings, good running order	35 00	85	52	Rival, cow-horn handle-bars, part nickeled, will pass for new	53 00
20	48	Ideal, part nickeled, in good running order	33 00	86	52	Singer Apollo, ball bearings to both wheels, Kirkpatrick saddle all nickeled but wheels, cow-horn bars, good running order	75 00
21	48	Acme, almost new	32 00	87	52	Singer Apollo, new tires, all nickeled but wheels, Kirkpatrick saddle, cow-horn bars, fine condition	85 00
22	48	Special Columbia, ball bearings, all nickeled but wheels, with King of the Road lantern, good condition	48 00	88	52	Rudge Light Roadster, cow-horn handle-bars, nickeled and enameled finish, good condition	75 00
23	48	Singer Challenge, ball bearings, cow-horn bars, fine order	65 00	89	52	Rudge Light Roadster, ball bearings, cow-horn bars, new tires elegant condition	85 00
24	48	Expert, nickeled and enameled, cow-horn bars, spade handles, fine condition	85 00	90	52	Harvard, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings, fine condition	75 00
25	48	Acme, rubber tires show wear, but the balance of the machine in good order	19 00	91	52	American Challenge, part nickeled, ball bearings to both wheels, Lillibridge saddle, good condition	55 00
26	48	Acme, rubber tires in good condition, balance of machine in good order	25 00	92	52	Expert, all nickeled but wheels, Lillibridge saddle, cow-horn bars, spade handles, good shape except tires show wear	80 00
27	48	American Champion, ball bearings, cow-horn bars, almost new	80 00	93	52	American Champion, special built, new tires on both wheels, ball bearings all over, all nickeled but rims, Lillibridge saddle	80 00
28	48	Ideal, all nickeled but wheels, a little soiled	50 00	94	52	American Rudge, ball bearings, cow-horn handle-bars, good condition except wear on tires	55 00
29	48	Ideal, new but soiled	47 00	95	52	American Rudge, part nickeled, ball bearings, new tires, fine condition	70 00
30	48	Columbia sent Roadster, new, ball bearings	63 00	96	52	Standard Columbia, plain bearings, good condition except wear on tires, Lillibridge saddle	45 00
31	48	Ideal, nickeled and enameled finish, almost like new except a little wear on the tires	40 00	97	52	Standard Columbia, plain bearings, Lillibridge saddle, new tires to both wheels, fine order	55 00
32	48	Otto, new rubber tires, cow-horn handle-bars, just like new	29 00	98	52	Standard Columbia, all nickeled but wheels, good running order	50 00
33	48	English Bicycle, built like the Premier, cow-horn handle-bars, enamel finish, new tires, fine wheel	38 00	99	52	American Challenge, will pass for new	60 00
34	48	Otto, rented out a few times, in good condition	25 00	100	52	Sanspareil, ball bearings, good condition except wear on tires	55 00
35	48	English Bicycle, built like the Premier, cow-horn handle-bars, all nickeled but the wheels, a new wheel, never used	45 00	101	52	Sanspareil, ball bearings, part nickeled, bran new tires on both wheels, elegant order	65 00
36	48	Standard Columbia, plain bearings, enameled all over, tire worn but will last quite while, balance of machine good condition	35 00	102	52	Light Champion, ball bearings all over, almost new	85 00
37	48	Acme, dropped handle-bars, good running order	23 00	103	52	American Light Champion, used as a sample a few times, ball bearings all over, elegant condition	85 00
38	48	Otto, all nickeled but wheels, cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles	45 00	104	52	Centaur, cow-horn handle-bars, good running order	38 00
39	48	Special Columbia, ball bearings, good running order	37 00	105	52	Sanspareil, cow-horn handle-bars, nickeled and enameled finish, ball bearings, fine wheel	65 00
40	48	Otto Special, 1887 pattern, new, cost \$50 00	33 00	106	52	American Challenge, enamel finish, good running order	53 00
41	48	American Star, almost new	67 00	107	52	Otto Special, late pattern, just like new	42 00
42	50	Ideal, only used a couple of times, too small for the owner	45 00	108	52	Rudge Light Roadster, ball bearing all over, in elegant condition, cow-horn handle-bars	90 00
43	50	Standard Columbia, ball bearings, new tires, late pattern	65 00	109	52	Imperial, ball bearings, cow-horn bars, excellent condition	55 00
44	50	Premier, cow-horn bars, new tires, ball bearings, no. 1 order	55 00	110	52	Expert, full nickel, cow-horn handle-bars, Lillibridge saddle, number one condition	80 00
45	50	Standard Columbia, ball bearings, number one condition	55 00	111	52	Expert, full nickel, cow-horn handle-bars, Kirkpatrick saddle, ball bearings all over, new tires	95 00
46	50	American Light Champion, standard finish, ball bearings all over, in fine order	75 00	112	52	Harvard, all nickeled but the rims, ball bearings to both wheels, in good condition outside of wear on tires	55 00
47	50	Light Champion, ball bearings all over, fine order	75 00	113	52	Harvard, ball bearings to both wheels, all nickeled but wheels, new tires, fine looking wheel, dropped bars	75 00
48	50	Harvard, part nickeled, ball bearings, tires and every thing in good running order	55 00	114	52	Standard Columbia, latest pattern, never used, ball bearings	80 00
49	50	Springfield Roadster, almost new, scarcely shows wear	63 00	115	52	Standard Columbia, all nickeled but wheels, new tires, ball bearings, cow-horn bars, Lillibridge saddle, just like new	75 00
50	50	American Challenge, part nickeled, almost new	60 00	116	52	Premier, hollow forks, ball bearings to both wheels, tires show wear, cow-horn handle-bars	55 00
51	50	American Rudge, all nickeled but the wheels, ball bearings, cow-horn handle-bars, good condition	75 00	117	52	Expert, ball bearings, good condition outside of wear on tires	75 00
52	50	Singer Apollo, ball bearings, cow horn bars, Lillibridge saddle, number one condition	75 00	118	52	Expert, 1887 pattern, will pass for new	112 00
53	50	American Champion, part nickeled, ball bearings, number one order all over	78 00	119	52	Expert, only used a few times as a sample, spade handles	105 00
54	50	Springfield Roadster, new but soiled	68 00				
55	50	American Champion, spade handles, ball bearings, almost new	90 00				
56	50	Expert, will pass for new, ball bearings all over	105 00				
57	50	Ideal, will pass for new	50 00				
58	50	Mustang Columbia, tires show wear, but balance of machine in good running order, cost \$67 00	33 00				
59	50	Ideal, part nickeled, new but soiled by standing in store	45 00				
60	50	Centaur, tires show wear a very little, balance of the machine in good condition, cow-horn handle-bars	40 00				
61	50	Ideal, in good running order	33 00				
62	50	Premier, ball bearings, nickeled and enameled finish, good condition	65 00				
63	50	Victor, nickeled and enameled finish, new tires on both wheels spade handles, in number one condition	85 00				
64	50	Expert, nickeled and enameled finish, cow-horn handle-bars, Kirkpatrick saddle, ball bearings, in good condition	75 00				
65	50	Expert, all nickeled but the wheels, ball bearings all over, in fine condition	85 00				
66	50	Rival, cow-horn handle-bars, nickeled and enameled finish, will pass for new	50 00				

No. Size.	Any New Bicycle in the Market Furnished at Lowest Prices.	Price.
120 52	Expert, 1887 pattern, ball bearings all over, new but slightly cracked by standing in the store	100 00
121 52	American Champion, ball bearings, rams-horn handle-bars, part nickeled, used one week as a sample	80 00
122 52	American Challenge, will pass for new	63 00
123 52	American Champion, all nickeled but wheels, new but soiled	95 00
124 52	Rival, spade handles, ball bearings, part nickeled, will pass for new	65 00
125 52	American Champion, ball bearings all round, Lillibridge saddle, fine order	80 00
126 52	Champion, full nickeled, ball bearings, shows very little wear	90 00
127 52	Expert, all nickeled but wheels, good running order, Kirk saddle	80 00
128 53	Rudge Light Roadster, cow-horn handle-bars, ball bearings, good condition except wear on the tires	65 00
129 53	Rudge Light Roadster, Lillibridge saddle, cow-horn handle-bars, ball bearings, new tires, fine condition	80 00
130 53	American Light Champion, shows very little wear, ball bearings all over, part nickeled	75 00
131 53	American Light Champion, ball bearings all over, fine condition	85 00
132 54	Rival, part nickeled, cow-horn bars, will pass for new	55 00
133 54	American Light Champion, ball bearings all over, new but soiled by standing in store	100 00
134 54	American Light Champion, ball bearings all over, shows very little wear, spade handles, cow-horn handle-bars	85 00
135 54	Singer Challenge, ball bearings, cow-horn handle-bars, Lillibridge saddle, fine condition	80 00
136 54	Royal Mail, nickeled and enameled finish, cow-horn handle-bars, tires almost new, balance in elegant condition	90 00
137 54	Expert, all nickeled but wheels, new tires, cow-horn handle-bars, Kirk saddle, ball bearings, ball pedals, almost like new	95 00
138 54	Expert, nickel and enamel finish, ball bearings, good condition	75 00
139 54	Cornell, ball bearings, cow-horn handle-bars, nickeled and enameled finish, number one condition	65 00
140 54	Expert, all nickeled but the wheels, spade handles, Lillibridge saddle, ball bearings, ball pedals, new tires, fine condition	90 00
141 54	Yale, ball bearings, cow-horn handle-bars, enameled finish, number one condition	65 00
142 54	American Challenge, part nickeled, dropped bars, good condition	45 00
143 54	Yale, ball bearings to both wheels, cow-horn handle-bars, cradle spring, built with direct spokes, good condition	65 00
144 54	Yale, built with direct spokes, cow-horn handle-bars, Lillibridge saddle, new tires, fine order	70 00
145 54	Standard Columbia, ball bearings, cow-horn handle-bars, number one condition	65 00
146 54	Champion, ball bearings, new but soiled	95 00
147 54	English, built like standard Columbia, cow-horn bars, in good running order, except wear on the tires	35 00
148 54	Harvard, new tires, ball bearings, fine order	70 00
149 54	Expert, late pattern, part nickeled, will pass for new	112 00
150 54	Victor Roadster, new, spade handles	100 00
151 54	Premier, ball bearings to both wheels, part nickeled, new tires	75 00
152 54	American Challenge, all parts nickeled but the wheels, ball bearings all over, splendid condition	70 00
153 54	American Challenge, part nickeled, almost like new	65 00
154 54	Club Racer, number one condition, ball bearings	55 00
155 51	Spalding, ball bearings, tangent spokes, cow-horn handle-bars, good running order	65 00
156 54	Yale Racer, all nickeled but wheels, cow-horn handle-bars, in fine condition, ball bearings to both wheels	45 00
157 54	Sanspareil, ball bearings to both wheels, new tires, enameled	55 00
158 54	Expert, ball bearings to both wheels, nickeled handle bars, balance enameled, in good condition	65 00
159 54	Expert, nickeled and enameled finish, ball bearings to both wheels, cow-horn handle-bars, Kirk saddle	75 00
160 54	American Challenge, dropped handle bars, enamel finish, in good running order	53 00
161 54	Expert, nickel and enamel finish, good running order, ball bearings	75 00
162 54	Yale, ball bearings to both wheels, cow-horn handle-bars, good running order	65 00
163 54	Premier, ball bearings to both wheels, cow-horn handle-bars, good running order	65 00
164 54	American Rudge, ball bearings, new tires on both wheels, cow-horn handle-bars, part nickeled, fine condition	83 00
165 54	Rival, spade handles, ball bearings, almost new	65 00
166 54	American Champion, spade handles, new but soiled	95 00
167 54	Expert, 1887 pattern, new but tires slightly cracked by standing in the store	115 00
168 54	Expert, almost new, very thing, fine condition, part nickeled	90 00
169 54	American Champion, all nickeled, ball bearings, fine condition	85 00
170 54	Expert, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings, fine condition	85 00
171 54	Rapid, ball bearings, tangent spokes, number one condition	85 00
172 54	Harvard, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings, fine condition	60 00
173 54	American Champion, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings, fine order	85 00
174 54	American Light Champion, Cobblestone saddle, ball bearings all over, part nickeled, fine condition	85 00
175 55	American Light Champion, part nickeled, ball bearings all over, scarcely shows wear	95 00
176 56	Light Champion, just used a very little, rams-horn bars, ball bearings all over	85 00
177 56	Light Champion, only used once as a sample, rams-horn handle-bars, Cobblestone saddle, ball bearings all over, nickeled and enameled	100 00
178 56	American Challenge, ball bearings, part nickeled, fine order	65 00
179 56	American Challenge, ball bearings and ball pedals, good condition, part nickeled	68 00
180 56	Rudge Racer, good order	50 00
181 56	Expert, nickeled and enameled finish, Kirk saddle, ball bearings, ball pedals, good running order	85 00
182 56	American Challenge, cow-horn handle-bars, number one running order	60 00
183 56	American Champion, latest pattern, only used as a sample a couple of times, almost like new, rams-horn handle-bars	95 00
184 56	American Champion, all nickeled but wheels, Cobblestone saddle, rams-horn handle-bars, only used a few times	95 00

No. Size.	Any New Bicycle in the Market Furnished at Lowest Prices.	Price.
185 56	Royal Mail, ball bearings all over number one condition	95 00
186 56	American Champion, ball bearings all nickeled but wheels, cow-horn bars, Cobblestone saddle, elegant condition	85 00
187 56	Expert, all nickeled but wheels, good condition	85 00
188 56	Expert, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings all over, new tires, Kirk saddle, fine order	95 00
189 56	Rudge Light Roadster, all nickeled but wheels, cow-horn bars, Lillibridge saddle, ball bearings all over, elegant condition	90 00
190 56	National, part nickeled, ball bearings, ball pedals, cow-horn bars, spade handles, will pass for new	95 00
191 56	Standard Columbia, ball bearings, all nickeled but wheels, good order except tires show wear, cow-horn bars, Kirk saddle	55 00
192 56	Standard Columbia, new tires, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings, cow-horn bars, fine order	65 00
193 56	Standard Columbia, plain bearings, fair condition	35 00
194 56	Harvard, ball bearings, part nickeled, good running order	70 00
195 56	American Sanspareil, ball bearings to both wheels, part nickeled, in fine order, with King of Road Lamp	65 00
196 56	Victor, all nickeled but wheels, cow-horn bars, ball bearings all over, good running order	85 00
197 56	Standard Columbia, very latest pattern, new, ball bearings	73 00
198 56	Runge Light Roadster, ball bearings all over, Kirk saddle, in good condition except wear on tires	75 00
199 56	Rudge Light Roadster, ball bearings all over, Kirk saddle, new tires on both wheels, fine machine	85 00
200 56	Victor Roadster, new, spade handles	100 00
201 56	Expert, D finish, 1888 pattern, used one week by careful rider	105 00
202 57	American Star, dropped handle-bars, nickel steering, balance in good condition	35 00
203 57	Columbia Light Roadster, new tires, part nickeled, fine condition, ball bearings all over	95 00
204 57	Columbia Light Roadster, balls all over, fine condition	90 00
205 58	Royal Mail, ball bearings all over, cow-horn bars, Kirkpatrick saddle, fine condition	90 00
206 58	American Light Champion, ball bearings all over, cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, scarcely shows wear	90 00
207 58	Expert, ball bearings to both wheels, ball pedals, enamel finish, tires show wear, but balance of machine in good running order	65 00
208 58	Expert, ball bearings all over, new tires on both wheels, nickeled handle-bars, balance enameled, Kirkpatrick saddle	85 00
209 60	Yale, built with direct spokes so front wheel, cow-horn bars, ball bearings, ball pedals, all nickeled but wheel, like new	90 00
210 36	Kangaroo, ball bearings, ball pedals, corrugated rubber tires, in fine condition	65 00
211 36	Invincible Safety, built like Kangaroo and Columbia Safety, hollow rims, tangent spokes, ball bearings, cow-horn bars, nickel and enamel finish, fine condition	65 00
212 36	Kangaroo, tires show very little wear, balance in fine order, nickel and enamel finish, ball bearings	65 00
213 42	American Light Safety, ball bearings all over, used few times	95 00
214 42	Facile, ball bearings, Lillibridge saddle, part nickeled, good condition	65 00
215 42	American Safety, part nickeled, number one condition	55 00
216 42	American Safety, ball bearings to both wheels, only used a few weeks, cow-horn bars, elegant condition	70 00
217 42	Facile, ball bearings, enameled all over, good running order	50 00
218 44	American Safety, ball bearings to both wheels, new but soiled	75 00
219 44	American Light Safety, new but slightly soiled	100 00
220 44	American Safety, part nickeled, will pass for new	70 00
221 44	American Safety, nickel and enamel finish, tires show wear but balance of machine in good running order	55 00
222 44	American Safety, nickeled and enameled, number one condition	65 00
223 44	Facile Safety, Lillibridge saddle, nickel and enamel finish, ball bearings, in fine condition	75 00
224 46	American Safety, ball bearings, part nickeled, fine condition	70 00
225 46	Victor Safety, late pattern, used as a sample	120 00
226 46	Columbia Veloce, only used a few times	120 00
227 48	Facile, ball bearings, enamel finish, in good condition outside of wear on the tires	65 00
228 48	American Safety, nickeled and enameled finish, ball bearings to both wheels, number one condition	67 00
229 48	American Star, new tires, tangent spokes, good running order	50 00
230 50	Standard Columbia, good running order	40 00
231 50	American Rudge, part nickeled, cow-horn bars, ball bearings, good order	75 00
232 52	National, ball bearings, spade handles, like new	83 00
233 54	Universal Club, only rented a few times, ball bearings, cow-horn bars, fine machine	67 00
234 54	Club Light Roadster, part nickel, cow-horn bars, ball bearings rented out a few times	73 00
235 54	National, ball bearings, spade handles, like new	85 00
236 54	American Rudge, part nickeled, cow-horn bars, ball bearings, good order	75 00
237 54	Special Columbia, all nickeled but rims, good condition except wear on tires, ball bearings	60 00
238 56	Club Light Roadster, part nickeled, cow-horn bars, ball bearings, new but slightly soiled	75 00

TRICYCLES.

Columbia Three Track Tricycle, ball bearings, good condition	\$ 75 00
Otto, 48 in. Tricycle, about as good as new	45 00
Columbia Two Track Tricycle, ball bearing, fine order, with Cyclometer, Luggage Carrier and Bell	110 00
Rudge Tandem Tricycle, for two riders, ball bearings, two track, good condition	135 00
Columbia Two Track Tricycle, ball bearings, splendid condition	100 00
Columbia Three Track Tricycle, with hill climbing attachments, ball bearings, in number one condition	85 00
Victor Three Track Tricycle, ball bearings, fine condition	85 00
Marlboro Track Tricycle, ball bearings, cost \$180, as good as new	135 00
Ideal Two Track Tricycle, 34 in. wheels, new but soiled	40 00
Ideal Two Track Tricycle, 30 in. wheels, new but soiled	35 00
Otto, girl's tricycle, with 28 in. rubber tire wheels, good running order	15 00
Otto Tricycle, 48 in. wheels, just like new	65 00

Any second-hand bicycle not satisfactory on receipt can be exchanged. We have had the good fortune to obtain the large lot of shop worn and second-hand wheels named above, and many of them will pass for new. Order at once, as the prices can not be duplicated. Good second-hand Guns and Revolvers taken in exchange.

Be sure and mention the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE in ordering or writing about any of these wheels.

A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton Ohio.

THERE ARE AS MANY

As a whole lot of riders all over the country who know they can "down any thing of their inches" in all the country roundabout, and at about this season of the year they begin to make races.

Within the next few months there will be Road Racess till you can't rest, and, as in past seasons, the great majority of them will be won on



Why? Well, for lots of reasons, mostly because

THEY GET THERE!

Send for catalog if you need it.

OVERMAN WHEEL Co.
BOSTON.

Suicide on Wheels.



SMITH?—Yes; it was a very melancholy affair, indeed, though Smith in reality had very much less to do with cycling than has been commonly represented. It is my own private belief, that he took, late in life, to riding only with the ulterior view that it might be of use to him in the carrying out of a design of self destruction, which was probably even then hovering about in his brain awaiting development. But while in no sense peculiarly interesting to cyclists, his case possesses many features stamping it as almost unique among the many recorded cases of suicide; with the details of it I am chiefly intimate for the reason that Smith would at the last suffer my friendship while he resolutely refused intercourse with every one else.

It is barely a year ago since Smith, who even at that time generally regarded as eccentric, bought himself a tricycle, to the surprise of all the town. He had long before shown himself to be incapable of business, and once was induced by his friends to try a lengthened change of scene. He went away for a time and returned apparently better; but the improvement, which I doubt was more than superficial, soon disappeared, and he came to evince an unchangeable desire for solitude. He spent his time thereafter, when not occupied in day dreaming, in roaming promiscuously about the country-side—his purpose, it was supposed, being nothing more than the gratification of a liking for natural objects and curiosities. No obstacle was ever put in the way of this latter pursuit, as any form of employment was judged to be of advantage to him. But it presently became known that, towards whichever point of the compass Smith set out, he generally contrived that his ramble should bring him to High Rock Cove, a wild, deserted little indentation some eight miles away along the shore. On the edge of the dangerous cliff there he has been known to sit for an hour at a time, lost apparently in contemplation of the lonely grandeur of the aspect as the sea rolled angrily in on the broken rocky ground nigh upon three hundred feet beneath.

The cove takes its name from an almost perpendicular cliff, which rises, at the point farthest from the water's edge, to a height considerably above that of the adjacent coast-line. The spot is forbidding and cheerless enough at all times, but is often visited in periods of rough weather on account of the remarkable perturbation of water which is generally observable in its neighborhood; and it is peculiarly easy of access, inasmuch as the main road there passes within a hundred yards or so of the cliff, a level sweep of turf filling the intervening space.

Now, I have no doubt myself, that even in those comparatively far-off days Smith—in whose family, by the way, insanity is known to be hereditary—had a vague idea of the horrible fitness of the place to be the scene of a suicide's last moments of life; and that in the course of the gradual change he underwent from eccentricity to madness (for their is little question he was virtually mad six weeks before his death) he was pondering more or less consciously the best means to the violent end which I believe his brain had already conceived. Not, of course, that he openly disclosed any such fell intention; but a close consideration of his actions has convinced me, after the event, that his plan of self-destruction was formed, not immediately preceeding his death, but long before, and was carried into effect after very mature reflection.

When Smith abandoned his excursions by foot and resorted to the use of a tricycle, the fact was everywhere regarded as a hopeful sign, as indicating his future complete return to health. I shared in this feeling myself, and was glad that a mutual liking for wheeling enabled me more often to be with him. Now, however, I am certain that he chose to have a tricycle only for the reason that he foresaw it would afford him increased facility to achieve, in a sufficiently dramatic fashion, an early-born desire of suicide. Indeed, a suspicion of this nature was awakened in my mind some weeks before it was my unfortunate fate to see him rush to destruction while utterly powerless to turn him from his purpose. For this reason I strove always to accompany Smith on his afternoon rides, and was greatly relieved when he consented, apparently with pleasure, to an arrangement for our daily meeting at a certain fixed hour. This held good for a fortnight; and I was not without hope of being able gradually

to win my companion back from his aversion to society, and so to a better condition of mind.

One day, however, on reaching his house at the appointed time, his anxious-hearted sister, who often before confided to me fears for his safety, met me with the news that Smith had ridden off on his tricycle half-an-hour earlier, saying we had determined previously we should do so in order that we might start from another point on our ride. Alarmed at the invention which Smith had used to quiet his sister's fears, and and certain in my own mind of his destination, I started in full speed along the road to High Rock Cove. Smith, to be sure, had more than thirty minutes advantage, which, had he been riding a bicycle, like myself, would obviously have made my task a vain one. But I knew he was by no means a speedy traveler, and I hoped that in the seven or eight miles between the town and the Cove I would just be able to make up the distance between us. Calculating Smith's pace at eight miles, or thereabouts, in the hour, he would still, I reflected, occupy half an hour in reaching the cliff; so that by traveling at a rate double his own, I might yet overtake him in the thirty minutes still left to me.

Fortunately the road traversed a fairly level piece of country, and I drove my machine along at a furious speed. The first six milestones, one by one, were left behind, my hopes of success up to that point momentarily increasing. But when I reached the seventh and still had not sighted Smith, despair succeeded hope; although, as the road, a quarter of a mile further on turned abruptly round, so that the remaining three-quarter mile stretch to the coast was concealed from my view, I felt there was yet a possibility of catching him. Striving my utmost, I shot around the bend at a speed which would ordinarily have seemed reckless in the extreme—only to realize, with a sickening sense of disappointment, that my exertions had been altogether in vain. For, barely a hundred paces from the edge of the cliff, Smith was riding swiftly forward to his death on the rocks beyond. That this was his intention I might instinctively have guessed had I been ignorant of every preadmonition to the act—so suggestive of it was the resolution evinced in his steadfast course and his unslackened speed.

It was hopeless to attempt then to overtake him, so I lessened my pace and hallooed wildly to Smith to stop. For a moment he faltered in his career and turned his head. But his only response to my appeal was a mocking wave of the arm; then he rode rapidly on up to, and across, the footworn slip of turf, and, as I came myself within a couple of hundred yards of the cliff, plunged headlong over, and was lost to sight. A moment later I saw Smith and the machine, confusedly intermingled, a mangled mass on the foam-washed rocks below.

The affair naturally created a profound sensation; and wonderment was rife among the crowds which subsequently thronged to High Rock Cove, that the suicide should so suddenly and without warning have been prompted to this dreadful act of self-destruction. To me every circumstance attending his awful end bears convincing proof, like his behavior beforehand, of my theory of long premeditation—by which alone, I hold, can be explained the curious coincidence seen in the fact that his arrival at the cliff's edge was so timed that the tide had reached its greatest altitude and the scene attained its grandest aspect just at the moment of his fall from rock to water. As I said before, horrible as the case is in every respect, there is in reality nothing, though the opposite has been affirmed, which commends it to the particular attention of cyclists. For there can be little doubt, I maintain, that Smith rode over the cliff on a tricycle in preference to throwing himself down—as, in other places, thousands of others have done before him—only because this method was more in accordance with his distorted idea of what was a fitting death. And this idea, it is my belief, was in the course of development in his brain so far back as the day when he purchased his machine.

Poor Smith!—may no cyclist unwittingly expose himself to the risk of a similar end. Surely, none ever made so strange a choice of death!—*T. L., in Sewing Machine and Cycle News.*

It seems strange that a young man should train himself for weeks, and while so doing deny himself all the luxuries of life, and then ride for all he is worth five or ten miles in the scorching sun, just to win a medal worth at the outside two dollars.

Choice of Machine.

ORDINARY, SAFETY OR TRICYCLE.



THE choice of the type of machine is a serious question, and again and again inquirers write us to know if we would recommend ordinary bicycle, tricycle or safety. So many side issues influence the choice of a machine, that such queries are almost as hard to answer as if a sick man should write to a doctor and ask for a remedy without specifying the nature of the disease. The quality of the roads over which the machine is to be used, the characteristics of the rider, his weight, age and strength, and various other matters must all be taken into account. Taking the ordinary bicycle first, there is little doubt but that it requires less muscular exertion to drive than any other machine. It is graceful in appearance, and the construction is simplicity itself; and no type of machine is so little liable to get out of order. It is easily stored and easily conveyed. It makes but one track and so can find good going where a tricycle would be in difficulties; and is considerable faster than the three-wheeler, and on rough and muddy roads is faster than the safety. Looking at its disadvantages, we find that the rider is much more liable to headers; that a fall off an ordinary bicycle is often very severe; that it will not stand alone or run very slowly with any degree of comfort; that the difficulty and labor entailed in mounting and dismounting, especially in wet weather, is considerable; that the vibration from the small hind wheel is often excessive; that there are no foot rests for coasting; and that it is a bad luggage-carrying machine.

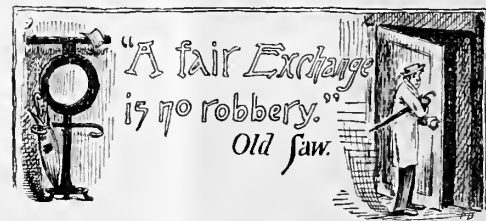
The three-wheeler occupies the other extreme. It is eminently comfortable and safe, and the rider is in the best position to utilize his entire strength. He may regulate his pace as he likes, and can carry an ample supply of luggage. With fair treatment it will stand as much work as a bicycle; and the absence of vibration and anxiety of mind contrast favorably, and will often cause the rider to be less fatigued than his companion on the two-wheeler. The position and pull on the handles enables one to use one's whole strength, and this and the fact that there is no difficulty in steering when going slow, makes it possible to ascend very steep hills, and down hill it is the perfection of comfort and safety. It has, however, some serious drawbacks. It is awkward to store or to convey by train or boat. It makes three tracks, and must, consequently, often plough through stones, where a bicycle would have smooth running. It is heavy, and, consequently, though hills can be ascended well, it is at a great expenditure of muscular power, and when they follow each other in rapid succession this tells severely, and on muddy or very dusty roads the difficulty is greatly increased; and, taking it altogether, it requires considerably more muscular strength to drive than the bicycle, and is, on an average, at least two miles an hour slower. The rear-driving safety occupies a middle position. It is almost as safe as the tricycle and on smooth, dry roads faster than the bicycle. It is a splendid hill-climber, and, when fitted with a good reliable brake, is much superior to the ordinary for coasting; and the vibration is slight, except in the case of the arms. Mounting or dismounting are easy, plenty of luggage can be carried, and it can be stored and conveyed as easily as the ordinary. It is, however, more apt than either the ordinary or tricycle to get out of repair, in consequence of the stresses being greater and not being so well provided for, and also because riders frequently urge it at a rapid pace over rough roads. The balls in the bearings of the driving wheel are apt to wear quickly, on account of the friction being unequal. In appearance it is extremely ugly, and in weight exceeds the ordinary. The vibration to the arms is considerable, the mud-guards often rattle loose, and, in wet weather, the chain gets covered with mud.

Briefly, then, the ordinary will be found best for light, active young men with plenty of nerve, who can appreciate the free, swinging motion and lofty position. For smooth, level roads it is especially suitable. Through mud it goes easier than any other machine, though ruts, of course, are dangerous. On gridiron roads it can nearly always find a way. It runs through patches of metal better than the safety when skillfully ridden. On rough surface it

runs faster than the safety, though more dangerous, and on the track the frequent turns and circumscribed space render it faster.

The great point about the rear-driving safety is its safety. It is not that falls do not often occur, but the rider is so low and so well situated that he can nearly always escape. It is most suitable for strong, powerful riders, and especially for those who are short of stature. It is a better hill-climber than the ordinary, and, on a road with good surface, faster. It is a much better luggage carrier, easy to mount and dismount, and a much better machine for night riding. Muscle is, proportionately with the ordinary, more important than skill or nerve.

The tricycle is safer than either ordinary or safety. It is the most comfortable; for town use it is the best, as it does not slip on greasy spots; it is the best luggage carrier; it causes least vibration; it is stronger than the safety; it has better brake power; it is more manageable amongst traffic; and, for elderly or middle aged riders, and those who set more store by comfort and safety than speed, and are content with a moderate pace, it will be found the most suitable machine, and, perhaps, even less tiring than the easier driven two-wheeler.



Every wheelman with the interest of the sport at heart will respect a signal from the driver of a "skittish" horse, but never yet has a rudely spoken demand brought the desired response from a cyclist.—*Louisville Commercial*.

Women in Washington are giving up tricycle riding and adopting the bicycle. Keep your seats, gentlemen—nothing startling. The bicycle in question only has two wheels, to be sure, but the fair creatures who ride them do it so gracefully and modestly that very little attention is attracted.—*Peck's Sun*.

A couple of Britishers thus discoursed: "Yes," said No. 1, "we have lots of cycle papers, but I am afeared there is no cycle literature of any value." Then No. 2 got in his work, and said, "I'm not so sure of that, I've 'eard my father say the cyclo-pedia is one of the most valuable works published."—*Bicycling World*.

The last copy of the *American Athlete* to hand and not a single editorial on the coming Wells-Greenwood hill-climbing contest!! We sincerely hope that paternal joys and sorrows have not made Mr. Wells forgetful. The *Athlete* without its Hill-Climbing editorial is indeed Hamlet without the melancholy Dane.—*Bicycling World*.

Wheeling states that a new machine—if it may so be called—is about to make its appearance. It consists of one wheel and will be called the "Unicycle." It is a safety one-wheeler and will stand alone when at rest or when the rider mounts it. It will be shortly in the hands of the best cycle makers, with a view to supplying the great demands expected for it.

A lot of copy and capital was made out of an unfortunate legless tricyclist some time ago, and subscriptions were raised, and the poor man used as a sort of "boom." When interest flagged in him he was apparently forgotten, as no one seems to have looked after the legs ordered for him, and for many months he has been without what the public subscribed for him. Charity, which is not practically carried to an issue, is only half charity.—*Wheeling*.

The details of the bicycle hill-climbing match between John A. Wells, of Philadelphia, and Hal Greenwood, of St. Louis, are arranged. There will be two contests, the first on Kimswick Hill, near St. Louis, on June 30, and a second contest four weeks later on Eagle Rock Hill, in the Oranges, New Jersey. In case the race is a draw, a third contest will take place on Corey Hill, Boston. The prize will be a medal costing \$100. The loser is to pay all railroad and hotel bills.—*Clipper*.

Biographies of R. Philip Gormully and Thomas B. Jeffery.

Perhaps there are no gentlemen interested in the manufacture of cycles who personally are so little known to wheelmen generally, and whose names at the same time are so thoroughly familiar to every knight of the wheel, as the Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery of the manufacturing company of that name, whose portraits we take great pleasure in publishing.

We believe we have the honor of being the first cycling periodical favored with a likeness of Mr. Gormully and the following facts obtained from Mr. Oliver at an interview in Chicago:



R. PHILIP GORMULLY.

R. Philip Gormully was born in Plymouth, England, in 1847, and is therefore the youngest of the presidents of American cycling corporations. He received a thorough English education, but at an early age developed a decided aptitude for business, and his ambition led him to seek his fortune in the United States in 1868. He was well acquainted with the then existing business methods of England, which knowledge was his only capital. As soon as possible he became a naturalized citizen, and has since become so identified with America and its ways that it would take a cute observer to discover in him other than the typical successful American. His business career from the start has been a series of successes, and when he joined hands with his old schoolmate, Mr. Jeffery, some years since, he was a comparatively wealthy man, and that, too, without ever having touched speculation in any form. In fact his strict ideas of business morality and integrity are substantially evidenced by his never having figured as a defendant, excepting in the cases of the Pope Mfg. Co., when his position on every point at issue was sustained by the full and complete decisions of Judges Gresham and Blodgett. Mr. Gormully is well proportioned, of a rather dark complexion and of a quiet demeanor. He is modest to a degree that avoids personal notoriety. He has attended but few of the League meets, Chicago and St. Louis being the only ones, so it is not surprising that, outside of the trade, so little is known of him.



THOMAS B. JEFFERY.

Thomas B. Jeffery was also born in Plymouth, England, but in 1845. He came to this country early in life and has long been known to the mechanical world as a mechanical expert of no mean abilities. The following sketch, published in the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, in March, 1886, covers his cycling connection, and is well worth reprinting:

"Mr. Thomas B. Jeffery, of Chicago, is one of the pioneers of the bicycle industry in this country, and has been constantly identified with it as far back as 1878.

His attention was first called

to the bicycle on a visit to England during the year mentioned, and its adaptability to the wants of the American public was so apparent to him that he at once began to investigate the details of its construction. He consulted experts and the manufacturers of material, purchased a quantity of steel for rims, rubber tires, tubing for backbones and other supplies which could not be obtained in the United

States. His return was hastened by his desire to be the first one to commence the new industry. But delay occurring in shipment, and the manufacture of special machinery for the work, prevented the appearance of his bicycle until 1879. The announcement of their appearance on the market was met with opposition by the Pope Mfg. Co., at that time but recently organized, and armed with the Lallement patent, a royalty was demanded and paid for the machines then completed, which found a ready sale, as they were furnished with Rudge ball bearings, closed head and hollow forks, in marked contrast to the cone bearing and solid-forked Standard Columbia, and as a natural consequence their further manufacture was prohibited. Wishing to retain his identity with the business, Mr. Jeffery turned his attention to the manufacture of smaller machines, this being the only manufacture permitted by the corporation then controlling the sale of bicycles in the United States, and also to repairing machines of other makes. It was about this time that he made the first pair of wheels for the Overman tricycle. The confinement to the smaller grade of machines was gradually made more and more unnecessary, and, as an advantageous association with Mr. R. Philip Gormully largely augmented the finances and the business reputation of the concern, higher and higher grade machines were successfully produced. Mr. Jeffery has invented many improvements both on the parts of bicycles and the machinery used in their manufacture. He superintends the mechanical departments of the Gormully & Jeffery factories, and thousands of riders of the American Cycles will bear testimony that it is efficiently done. By the above it will be seen that Mr. Jeffery was the first maker in this country of high grade machines, the claims of others to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Rams-Horn Bars are a Success.

The rams-horn bars are a success.

NOVELTY WORKS, Springfield, Vermont.

I use your rams-horn handle-bar and prefer it to all others.

ROBERT GERWING, Capt. Denver Ramblers.

We consider the rams-horn bars so far ahead of spade that there is no comparison.

BROWNING BROS., Ogden, Utah.

We like the rams-horn bar better than the spade as we use it more and believe it superior.

H. A. SMITH & Co., Newark, N. J.

I consider your rams-horn handle-bar the best for hill-climbing purposes, both in shape and position, of any bar that I have ever tried.

JNO. A. WELLS, Philadelphia.

Louis Hill, the well-known racing man of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, has ordered a pair of G. & J. rams-horn bars to be fitted to his New Rapid racer.

A rider taking a header from a machine having rams-horn bars will usually land on his feet without knowing just how he does it, as these bars confine the rider less than any other style.

W. E. CRIST, Champion Amateur of America.

Regarding the rams-horn bar we consider it superior to anything on the market, it having a number of advantages which are, unusual strength, a better grip for not having any frame in the road of hand.

W. L. VAN HORN, Denver.

After five years experience with every kind of handle-bar, have at last found in the G. & J. rams-horn perfection. It combines perfect control of machine, best position for hill-climbing and safety. Will guarantee that any man who uses the rams-horn one season will never change.

J. L. MISNER, 1st Lieut. Peoria (Ill.) B. C.

In the minds of riders who have ever given the rams-horn bars a thorough trial, I can not believe there is a question as to their superiority over all others in hill-climbing or wherever power is needed. The body can be straightened out with all the force there is in one, while the arms are in line with the points of resistance, the pedals. Although my companions upon a tour through southern Ohio last fall, were somewhat loath to acknowledge the general superiority of my new Light Champion, their praises were unstinted for the rams-horn bar.

LESLEY C. TURLEY, Portsmouth, Ohio. *

Loose Spokes.

Harry Corey was one of the judges in the Pullman race.

A first-class line of belts are manufactured by the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. *

Ah, that in this little life we might all be like the wrestler, who falls to rise again.

Wear the Gormully & Jeffery shoes, in either canvas or kangaroo. Best value obtainable. *

You may wager your last cent it is spring when you hear the croak of the leap-frog.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. will shortly place a first-class home-trainer on the market. *

Jersey breeches of the very best quality are manufactured by the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. *

You can always tell a milkman in a game of billiards by the inordinate amount of chalk he uses.

Always remember that the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. are the largest manufacturers of all kinds of sundries. *

It makes a small boy sick to be debarred from a game of mumbel-peg on account of having lost his first front teeth.

Tool bags. The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. make seven and are prepared to quote close figures in any style of bag in quantities. *

Unlike other makers, the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. are always willing to discount to any recognized dealer on parts and sundries. *

The *Bicycling News*, under date of May 19, issues a cartoon of W. A. Rowe, consisting of his portrait and also view of him on his racer.

All the leather goods used by the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. are made by them and on the premises. Naturally they are head-quarters. *

It is considered a bad thing for a man to have "three sheets in the wind," and yet women have a great many more than that on wash-day.

The American Champion, Challenge and Ideal lamps are the best and cheapest. Dealers should write the Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. for discounts. *

The new Racing Board has awarded the half-mile national championship to the Newcastle (Pa.) Club to be decided at their race meeting on July 4.

Bells, bells, bells. The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. get there with five of their own manufacture. Discounts to any recognized repairer or dealer. *

Emma Abbott has been elected a member of the Star Bicycle Club, of Detroit, and wears an elegant club badge, presented to her at a recent reception.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. are the largest American importers of the celebrated London Cements and hold the exclusive western agency for these excellent articles. *

Two rows of balls on each of its bearings, cow-horn shaped handle-bars, spade handles, single spring, Fish adjustable saddle, nickel trimmings, all for the moderate price of \$100. Our motto—ride and let ride the Springfield Roadster for 1888. *

The Crawfordsville Ramblers will hold a tournament July 4, with the following races: One-mile novice, two-mile handicap, one-mile 3:30 class, one-mile open, half-mile flying start, one-mile state championship, two-mile lap race, one-mile 3:15 class, one-mile handicap, consolation race.

All within your reach—a Springfield Roadster and a Fish adjustable saddle with tool bag equipped, for \$75. Safe against headers,

thus making coasting a pleasure, hills easily climbed, long distances without fatigue, in fact more for your money than ever offered by any one; investigate for yourself. *

The greatest hill climbing event yet recorded by the cycling press took place in Bangor, Maine, lately. Mr. J. M. Worden, on a Springfield Roadster, rode a grade 580 feet long three consecutive times, with a grade of one foot in six. The accuracy of these figures is placed beyond doubt, as a survey was lately made by U. S. engineers in locating their water works.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. manufacture four distinctly different saddles, as follows: The Cobblestone, used on the Champion and Ideal bicycles; the Wonder, used on the American Light Champion bicycle and the American Challenge tricycle; the Lillibridge, used on the American Challenge bicycle; and the Duryea, for racing purposes. Dealers wishing to handle these goods should correspond with them and obtain discounts. *

The Yale College Bicycle Club held a meeting last week, and decided to offer a challenge cup of the value of fifty dollars, to be competed for in the two-mile race at the annual spring games of the club. It is open to competition by any member of the university, two contestants being required to make a race, and the man who wins the trophy at one meeting has his name inscribed on it, and will hold it for one year; three victories being necessary before it becomes the personal property of a contestant.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., April 30, 1888.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.,

Chicago, Ill.:

GENTLEMEN:—

After considerable delay the four Light Champions arrived all O. K. (four beauties). The customers are delighted. The two 50-inch machines were severely tested yesterday over thirty-three miles of the roughest roads imaginable; they were simply fearful. One continuous bump from the time we left our paved streets until we arrived on the paved streets of Springfield, our destination point. However, not a spoke, screw or nut became loose during the entire journey.

Yours Truly,

(Signed)

MCDONALD BROS. *

A Remarkable Bicycle Trip.

MR. LESTER E. HIKOK, a traveling salesman of Birmingham, Conn., has completed 6,000 miles on his bicycle, attending to the regular duties of his business. One of his most remarkable trips was from Newport, N. H., to Amesbury, Mass., stopping at twelve towns and making twenty-one business calls, requiring a riding distance of 125 miles, all of which was accomplished between 7 A. M. Wednesday and 4 P. M. Friday.

The following is a list of towns and cities through which the proposed path from New Haven to New York is to pass: Milford, Stratford, Bridgeport, Fairfield, Southport, Sangatuck, Norwalk, South Norwalk, Darien, Stamford, Riverside, Cos Cob and Greenwich, in Connecticut; Portchester, Rye, New Rochelle, Westchester and Morrisana, in New York. A special appeal is made to the wheelmen of New York City, Harlem and Brooklyn, as it affects them in particular, and its success depends greatly on their aid.

THE L. A. W. meet at Stockton, Cal., July 4, will have the following races: Three-mile handicap, half-mile obstruction, twenty-mile L. A. W. state championship, one-mile L. A. W. state championship, five-mile national championship, one-mile handicap, one mile novice, quarter-mile dash, half-mile dash, one-mile safety, two-mile handicap.

Mr. Wells, the amateur bicyclist of the Quaker City, on May 14, succeeded in climbing Ford Hill, in Fairmount Park, half a dozen times without a dismount, and as the surface was in poor condition this performance must be classed as the best recorded.

Mr. Bassett is not satisfied with the *World*—he wants the earth.—
L. A. W. Pointer.

A WHEEL AROUND THE BAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND OF MONTEREY.

BY JOSEPH J. BLISS.

In Four Parts.

SECOND DAY.

At six o'clock the next morning I arose, and, after strapping my bundle to the head of my machine, partook of a very good breakfast, and then settled my bill, which, for supper, bed and breakfast, amounted to the sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents, which I considered very small, considering the quality of accommodations furnished. I was ready for a start at seven o'clock.

Notwithstanding the fact that a better breakfast may perhaps be procured before-hand, I think I would recommend, when an early-morning start is to be made, a ride of from ten to twenty miles before breakfast, by which time a rider will be able to eat a supply ample to last him till noon. I find that I am unable, early in the morning, to eat sufficient to last me till noon, or possibly one or two o'clock in the afternoon, if I am in active exercise in the meantime. My appetite is not good at the unusual hour in the morning, and before noon I am ravenous as a wolf. I think, therefore, that in making the trip again I should make early start, breakfastless from Gilroy and take my chances on a meal at the next town, San Juan, twelve miles distant.

The first few miles from Gilroy is over a good road with a slightly upward grade. The sun was just rising as I started, but was obscured a little by fog, and ahead of me I could see a line of fog which I thought indicated a stream, and two or three miles out there was one, which was not at all strange except that I considered I had been traveling up grade all the time. Just beyond the bridge was a very fine looking dairy farm, and beyond this the road was slightly rolling, affording one or two coasts on the down grade, the first that had offered since the start yesterday morning. The fog had now all lifted from the valley and was crawling up the sides of the mountains, which I was gradually getting nearer to. The mountains, with their green slopes sparsely covered with trees and bushes, presented a very pleasant appearance, and numerous crows noisily circling around in the heavens, reminded me strongly of the old English rookery. The road continued good for four or five miles, then there was a rough piece which demanded a short walk, but I soon found opportunity to ride again over a fair piece of road, and along here some frightened horses kept in advance of me till a bridge across the wide bottom of San Benito Creek was reached, from which San Juan was visible a couple of miles distant. These two miles were pleasant wheeling, past gardens and orchards where I noticed the first fruit trees in bloom, and the old-fashioned town of San Juan (population about 500) was reached at nine o'clock, after a stiffish little pull up a short hill. Later in the season, when the roads become well beaten down, the ride from Gilroy should be made comfortably in an hour and a half. The roads will then, I think, be good the entire distance, and there is not a hill that will require a dismount.

Wheeling up to the Plaza Hotel, an old-fashioned, Mexican-looking structure, I dismounted for a glass of wine and to make inquiries as to the best route to take toward Monterey. On one side of the square, opposite the hotel, was an ancient-looking structure that would delight any artist, and even to my untutored eye looked very interesting, and had I the materials I would have been tempted to attempt a sketch of it. No doubt it has been sketched hundreds of times, and it is a worthy looking subject. This building, I was informed, was an old mission church, built over a hundred years ago.

There seemed to be only one opinion as to the best road to take, namely, the direct road over the mountains (the Gavilan) to Natividad. To branch off to Pajaro would be entirely out of my way, though I understand the stiffer mountains might thus be avoided at the expense of double the distance. After a pause of a few minutes I started on the direct road, and a mile or so out of the town commence the climb of the mountains, which, for about three miles,

are quite steep. Pausing to look back after reaching the first summit, San Juan is seen nestled, apparently, just beneath me. There was, however, more climbing over very rough road until the real summit was reached, from which a fine view in the opposite direction from San Juan to Gilroy was offered, extending to the Bay of Monterey, some forty miles distant. Then there was a mile or two of steep, down-grade walking, and the road then again became ridable at intervals. Here and there a clear, sparkling creek affords opportunity for a pleasant drink. One creek crosses the road at the bottom of the mountains and offered some little difficulty to crossing dry shod. Later in the summer, probably, the complaint would be that there was too little water in it. Along here a young heifer persisted in racing in front of me for three or four miles, which was a little unusual as the bovine tribe usually regard the bicycle very placidly.

I reached Natividad at 11:55, distance twelve miles from San Juan, of which about eight miles are walking. This is a very small place of a score or so of not very imposing-looking houses. Compared with the average western town there seemed to be a remarkable absence of new paint about the place. The population in the last census is stated at 500. I don't know where they can be. I fancy the town must have retrograded since then, instead of growing, as is customary with most California towns. I would certainly, from its appearance, not judge the population to be one-half or more than one-third that of San Juan, which is by comparison a very decent looking town, and is credited with only 500 population. I did not notice a store or a hotel worthy the name in this place. Other California towns along the route I had traveled, of half the population, can discount Natividad in business appearance.

The road from Natividad towards Salinas afforded fair to poor riding, though quite sandy. By mid-summer it will probably be unridable on this account, though the grade is just pleasantly undulating. Soon the town of Salinas appears in view and I have hopes that I shall reach there before one o'clock, in good season for dinner, for by this time, having ate nothing since early breakfast at Gilroy, on which I had done sixteen miles of mixed kind of riding and eight miles of mountain walking, I was quite hungry. My hopes were not, however, to be quite realized, for the approaches to Salinas (which is on adobe ground) I found in the most villainous condition. In wet weather, and immediately after, the streets and approaches from the Natividad side must be simply impassable. Now the adobe was so rough and hard, for about two miles of my way, that it was slow and laborious traveling. Here, for the purpose of improving the road, they were earthing sand. Thus, what injures one road will improve another.

At one o'clock, however, I reached the Abbott House, which appeared to be the best looking hotel in the city, and here I stopped for dinner. Placing my machine in the hall-way it was soon surrounded by an admiring crowd, while I sought the wash-room, and later the dining-room. I certainly did justice to my fifty-cent dinner, which was a very good one. The house seems to be of a good class, but the help might, I thought, be improved upon.

At 2:10 I start on my way again and am agreeably surprised to find an excellent graveled road, probably a little down grade, and with a favorable wind I spin over the next four miles in a half an hour or less, and then I am brought to a stand-still, for I have reached the Salinas River, a broad, muddy, sluggish stream, with a very wide sandy bottom. The roadway led directly down to the stream, which apparently was crossed daily by numerous teams, but the water, even at the edge, was apparently three or four feet deep. The bottom could not be seen, and there was nothing handy with which to sound the depths. With the fear of quicksands in my mind, I was in a quandary. On the opposite side of the stream was a ferry-boat, large enough for the conveyance of teams, and an overhead cable was apparently used for propelling it across, when the river was high enough. Now there was a sand-bar out towards the middle of the stream, towards which the boat could not be brought. With no ferry and no bridge, I began to think my only chance was to strip and attempt the passage with my bicycle overhead, but this was not a pleasant prospect in February weather, and after the tales of quicksands I had been listening to the past two days. I had noticed an old boat drawn up on the sand, some distance down my side the river, and on approaching it I found it was provided with

oars and rowlocks, and, although heavy, I thought I might succeed in launching it, and down here there was no intervening sand-bar. If I could get my machine across, I could then strip and return with the boat, and the passage back, unencumbered with clothes or machine, would be a comparatively simple matter. With this idea in view, I had placed my machine aboard and was preparing for the launch, when I see a team approaching the opposite shore. The driver gesticulates to me to go higher up stream. So I return with my wheel a short distance above the ferry crossing, where I meet the team which had now forded the river. As it crossed I noticed that nowhere was the water over three feet deep, but one unaccustomed to the ford might have found much deeper water. The driver assured me that lower down there was risk of being bogged, but here a comparatively solid bottom had been tramped by passing teams. He offered to drive me over, and I told him I that should be glad to give him half-a-dollar for his trouble, if he would. And so this difficulty was fortunately settled with only about half-an-hour's delay at the Salinas River.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Odds and Ends.

The sail for a bad boy—a spanker.

* * *

A scratch man should never be without carbolic salve.

* * *

The bonds of matrimony should have coupons attached.

* * *

You may say what you please, but the Tam O'Shanter is a handy cap.

* * *

Yes, it is unquestionably true that a yacht's rudder is a stern reality.

* * *

There is one good thing about a tack aboard ship. A man never gets up in the night and runs it into his foot while hunting for a match.

* * *

When a young man buys a row-boat, and names it after a girl, along in June or July, it is safe for the gossips to begin to get in their work.

* * *

A good cheap form of exercise is banging at mosquitoes in the dark. Before beginning, remove the furniture, or else put on boxing gloves.

* * *

As soon as the hot weather sets in, the proprietors of some laggard patent-medicine get up purses, and invite all the crack oarsmen to enter the regatta.

* * *

Pay-day is a snow-white dove
With notes our hearts to thaw,
Rent-day is a dreary crow
With a rasping woful caw.

* * *

Rowing is said to be splendid because it brings every muscle into action. That is just the reason we do not think it splendid or even elegant. What we horny-handed sons of rest want is something that does n't touch the muscles or come within a mile of them. We like to row best with a sail up.

* * *

Base-ball was considered dead six or eight years ago, but now it is booming and more popular than ever before. The little country town that has n't a police force, a fire department or a gas-house boasts its base-ball club that every resident believes in his heart to be as good as any in the League.

* * *

There were many funny features about the national game as it was played before the days of professionalism that are unknown today. It used to be fun to see a line ball hit a goat in the center-field, and the owner of the same come out and threaten to have all hands arrested. It was also amusing, when a ball was knocked into a potato-patch, to see an Irish woman run in the house with the ball under her apron, and refuse to give it up until paid for a pane of glass broken the week before by some one else. It was also a source of innocent amusement to see the game suspended while a cow was being clubbed out of the infield; and the best part of the game, next to massacring the umpire for an alleged unfair decision, was the free fight that would the game up. As played now, it doesn't seem at all like the dear old game of our boyhood.

Australian Letter.

Special to the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.



THE principal item of wheeling interest inaugurating the year of 1888 was the championship meeting held at Adelaide in South Australia, on January 2d last, in the presence of upwards of 5,000 people, including His Excellency the Governor. In connection therewith it was decided to hold a one mile amateur championship of Australia, under the auspices of the South Australia Cyclists' Union. The sister colonies were represented as follows: Victoria, I. A. Busst, W. J. Elliot and A. E. Browne; New South Wales, T. P. Jenkins; South Australia, R. Davis, H. Black and W. Kiehorce, each of whom held championships in their respective colonies for distances varying from one to twenty-five miles. A time limit of 2:50 was fixed. The event was run off in three heats and a final. In the first heat only three started, viz: Davis, Black and Jenkins. T. Busst, who came first in the second heat, declined to start. The race was a very interesting one and was won by Davis, with Black second. Amongst other events was a five mile championship of South Australia, in which the champions took part, was won by I. A. Busst, R. Davis second and T. Busst third, in 15:42½. Altogether the meeting was a great success and the Victorian visitors showed up well in the various races in which they took part.

Con Dwyer, ex-amateur champion, who forfeited his amateur status by competing with Wood and James, the English professionals, has been very ill with typhoid fever for several months. He has got around again, however, and appeared on the track at Warrnaebool on Easter Monday in a two-mile bicycle race. Con has not yet recovered his erstwhile form, for he retired after going about a mile. For the bicycle trick riding he took first prize.

The Victoria Wheelmen's Association has gone under, after a short and uneventful career, and the Victoria Cyclists' Union is again master of the situation. Most of the clubs which formed the defunct Association have rejoined the V. C. U., while a much better feeling has been established among the principal metropolitan clubs, all of which helps the sport along on a sound basis.

Fred Wood, styled the "Champion Cyclist," after a checkered career in the Australian Colonies, has returned to England in company with W. Brown. R. James left his confiding friends lamenting some months ago. After the disgrace he got himself into in Melbourne, Wood left for New Zealand, where he was well received and pecuniarily successful. A subscription was raised for him in England to bring him back to his native land.

Another visitor from England, an amateur cyclist of considerable repute, came out to Melbourne a couple of years back and settled in a sort of way. He became a member of the Melbourne Bicycle Club and eventually was elected a club delegate to the Cyclists' Union. A seat in the Executive Council of the Union becoming vacant the newcomer was appointed. When F. Wood went to New Zealand the "visitor," "Executive Officer," etc., went with him, at the same time writing to the Union for "permission" to compete with F. Wood in certain "test" races, professionals and amateurs in New Zealand. The V. C. U. declined to grant permission, as in the case of Con Dwyer, but our "visitor," etc., competed all the same. On his return to Melbourne he was summoned to an executive meeting of the Union to give an explanation of his conduct, and to show cause why he should not be declared a professional. He simply snapped his fingers in defiance of the Union, and said he would have competed whether permission had been granted or not. He was permanently disqualified and declared a professional without further discussion, and the action taken by the Union is to be reported to the National Cyclists' Union of England, who will no doubt uphold the course taken by this Union. The person referred to is W. Brown, ex-member of the Brixton Ramblers, England, and for down-right impudence is unequalled. Doubtless Brown was influenced in his total disregard of common courtesy by the knowledge of his early departure from this country. Verily, Australians need to be chary of future English wheelmen visitors, for they have had considerable cause.

The next annual race meeting of the Melbourne Bicycle Club,

which takes place in November next, will probably be one of the most important one-day meetings yet held in any part of the world. For the past two years a first prize to the value of \$1,000 has been given for one event, and, as this is centennial year, it is not improbable that the amount will be increased or another big prize event added to the program. Last November's meeting was a brilliant success, and the big event which is styled the Australian wheel race, two miles, was a magnificent sight. Each competitor appearing in a satin jacket and cap with knickers and black socks. As the centennial exhibition will be open, and the Melbourne cup meeting held the week previous, it is surmised that competitors from parts of the world other than Australia and New Zealand—America, we hope,—will take part, and will be witnessed by a distinguished as well as a monster assemblage.

A Road Improvement Association has recently been organized in Melbourne with a view of remedying the evil of bad roads. It is notorious that since the abolition of "ton bars" some years back, the condition of many of our public roads is, to say the least, despicable, and the municipalities who control them are too apathetic to remedy them. The Association is encouraged by the success of similar institutions in England and America, and are appealing to Victorian cyclists and their friends to assist with funds and thus aid the Association in carrying out the important work they can now perform in their interests.

The *Cycling News*, which was discontinued some twenty months ago, was taken up by F. J. Llewelyn, in August of last year, and has been going on since with apparent success. It is the only paper published in the Colonies in the exclusive interest of the sport.

Wheel matters in Sydney, N. S. W., are booming, the clubs in good financial positions, and all are working together in harmony.

The recent Easter holidays have been productive of a good deal of wheel sport throughout the Colonies. The weather was beautifully fine for out-door sports and as a result were largely patronized by the general public. In Melbourne race meets have been held by the Carleton, Melbourne and Fernside Clubs, while an important meeting was held at Ballarat and a couple of events run off at Sandhurst in connection with the annual Easter fair for the charities. In other towns where sports were held cycle events were included, which demonstrates very strongly the popularity of the sport with the Australian public.

The Melbourne Bicycle Club have a four-in-hand tandem, which is the only one in this (Victoria) Colony at present. I understand, however, that a movement is on foot among the Sandhurst cyclists to obtain one for that city.

In February last, a contest took place in Sydney between Sam Clarke, Scotch champion, and Fred Rollinson, trick and burlesque rider, on bicycles, and W. S. Robinson on horses, over a distance of twenty miles. Robinson was allowed three horses and to change at will. The result was never in doubt, and the horses won in 58:57½. Upwards of 3,000 people were present.

Fred Wood lowered the Australian record for ten miles at the Ballarat B. and T. Club sports, March 3d last. The record stood at 32:12, and Wood brought it down to 31:7½.

A very successful race meeting was held by the Fernside Bicycle Club on Saturday, April 14. Additional interest was centered in the meeting owing to the club including a professional handicap race in the program, and for which the leading professionals throughout the Colonies had entered. This is the first occasion that a professional event has been run in connection with the club sports. T. Rolfe and T. Libeau, champions of Victoria and New South Wales, respectively, were among the competitors but failed to run into places. The professional events were one, three and five miles and was won by R. Mitchell, Carlton; C. Neunhoffer, Sandhurst, second; T. Libeau, New South Wales, third. The first-class scratch race, one mile, was won by E. Elliot; I. A. Busst, champion, second; T. W. Busst, ten-mile champion, third. Several other events (amateur) were also run off. The attendance of spectators was estimated at 7,000, and the weather was all that could be wished for.

A match has been made between H. B. Warner and G. Wyburd, of New South Wales, to race a distance of fifteen miles for \$125 a side. The former is to ride one horse and the latter a bicycle.

OLWYN.

The Eagle Bicycle.



IN THIS bicycle the weight of the rider is applied directly downward upon the pedals, thereby imparting to the machine the greatest motive power possible; at the same time the rider's weight is almost entirely upon the larger wheel, which runs many times easier over obstacles or through dust than the small wheel. The weight on the small wheel in ordinary riding does not at any time exceed a few ounces, whereas in all bicycles having the larger wheel in front not less than one-third of the weight of the rider rests on the small wheel.

This bicycle has been proved to be practical in every way; it is easily mounted and runs with less exertion over ordinary roads than any cycle now made. It is an excellent hill-climber, and safe and easy to control while coasting. It can be ridden easily up and down banks, and over curbs and gutters that would be impossible on the ordinary. With a little practice the small wheel may be kept raised from the ground and the machine ridden as a unicycle, the direct cranks giving the rider a perfect control. L. B. Taylor, of Stamford, Conn., is patentee. * *

THE Interference Case of Jeffery vs. Copeland, No. 12,250, was decided on the 8th inst. in favor of Copeland.

This was one case in the series of suits between the Pope Mfg. Co. and Gormully & Jeffery, where the latter tried to break down the former's Copeland patent on a double steering head adjustment for bicycles, and is of considerable importance as sustaining that patent. * *

How lovely, on a quiet moonlight night, to go sailing on a tranquil lake with a pretty, black-eyed girl, and help her count fire-flies and shooting-stars, and watch her lily fingers trail through the water, while the call of the loon and whippoorwill steals out on the holy silence. To know that her mother can not be lurking around to find out what you are talking about. Oh, holy time! Oh, blessed moments of hallowed tranquility!— It is so long since we have done anything of this kind that we forget the rest of it.

At Worcester, Eng., recently, the chief constable took advantage of an occasion when a cyclist was fined 2s. 6d. and 7. 6. costs for riding a tricycle without a light, to inform the public that they were as liable to be fined for riding a tricycle or bicycle at a furious rate as they were for driving or riding a horse at a furious rate.

THE beginner can learn to ride the dwarf machine in twenty minutes, after which no trouble will be experienced in maintaining a steady balance on an ordinary, if that style of wheel is preferable. The danger of learning to ride is often exaggerated.

WHAT part of a yacht does a politician like the best? The boom, of course. What ho, without there! Bring us in an easy one on ice.

A LADIES' run will be among the pleasant features of the League meet.

A TOURING EPISODE
IN 12 CHAPTERS.



A tourist was he
And tired as could be,
He stopped late one day
At a Dutch hostelry.



The bill to be paid
Made our tourist afraid,
As he looked at the items
In columns arrayed.



He twists and he turns
'Till the wheel fairly burns,
From the host in the door
Much approval he earns.



He was hungry, you bet,
And not a bit wet,
So he sat at the table
And fast ran in debt.



Said the host, with a grin:
"For a fellow so thin,
You absorb a great deal;
How fast can you spin?"



But tired of this fun
Down the pike he does run:
See him whiz through the air
Like a shot from a gun.



Then he hurried to bed,
(Here may it be said
Our tourist was traveling
A la dead-head.)



"Fast enough," he replied;
"I will show you, beside,
Some tricks I can do,
Then you 'll know how I ride."



The roadway is clear,
No one far or near,
The speck in the distance
Will soon disappear.



Next morning by six,
With his wheel in good fix,
Our traveler stood ready
To put in his best ticks.



It was startling to see,
With a look of great glee,
How into the saddle
So quickly sprang he.



The landlord so curious
To this day becomes furious
When he thinks of the bill
Of that wheelman pennurious,
His claims to trick riding,
He thinks they are spurious.



IF YOU ARE THINKING



Of getting a Safety Bicycle, you should learn which makes have been thoroughly tested by actual road use for a season or two and then inquire how they have stood the tests.

The points to remember are, that the small wheels get rougher usage and have more to stand than larger ones, and that the spokes will work loose and break, unless they are especially built to stand these strains; that bad steering and side slipping can be overcome only by scientific construction; that the frame must be strong and well braced, and proper adjustment provided for all bearings and chain.



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(Yost & McCune Patent.)

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—THE—

1888 Pattern Springfield Roadster for \$100,

has ball bearings all round and cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, enamel finish, trimmed in nickel, with tools and tool bag; workmanship and material such as used in all high grade wheels. The mechanical construction of these two wheels are identical. Those who purchase plain bearings can at any time have the ball bearings added, if they so desire, at the additional cost of \$25.

These wheels are safe, speedy and good road wheels, and reliable in every respect. Do not fail to examine before purchasing 1888 mount.

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 THE TOURISTS' DELIGHT; price 50c.
 THE STAR ADVOCATE; Monthly, 50 cts. per year.
 THE STAR EXTENSION STEP AND FOOT GUIDE; price \$1.50.
 THE COMMON SENSE STOCKING SUPPORTER; price 35c.
 SPADE HANDLES; a fine article, nicked with vulcanite grips, \$2.50 per pair.

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Or slow—suit yourself. Which ever you do keep a record of your riding. The **CYCLIST'S RECORD BOOK**, pocket edition, leather binding, lap to protect edges, pocket for cards, pencil loop, etc., 50 cents. The best made.

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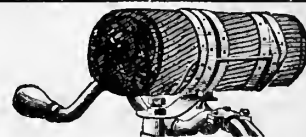
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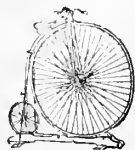
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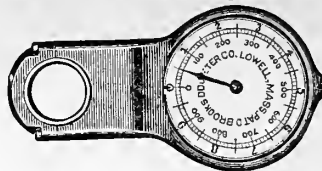
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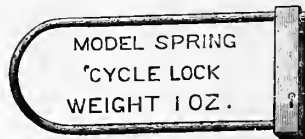
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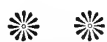
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INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY, 1888.

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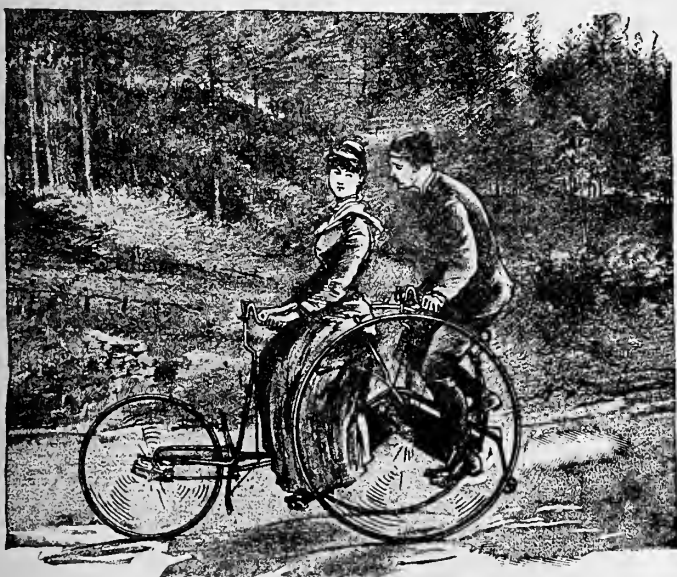
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What's in a name? Possibly, nothing; but if it is applied to **TRICYCLES**, and that name is **QUADRANT**, then there is indeed much.

It tells you at once of a machine "not only distinct, but distinctly superior to others;" of one that has set the fashion in such important features as a *large steering wheel*, an *extended bridge over the main axle*, the use of more than two bearings over this axle, and a perfectly rigid frame without a joint in it. It is a name that for years past has carried with it a guarantee of perfect workmanship and honest materials—consequently, satisfactory Tricycles.

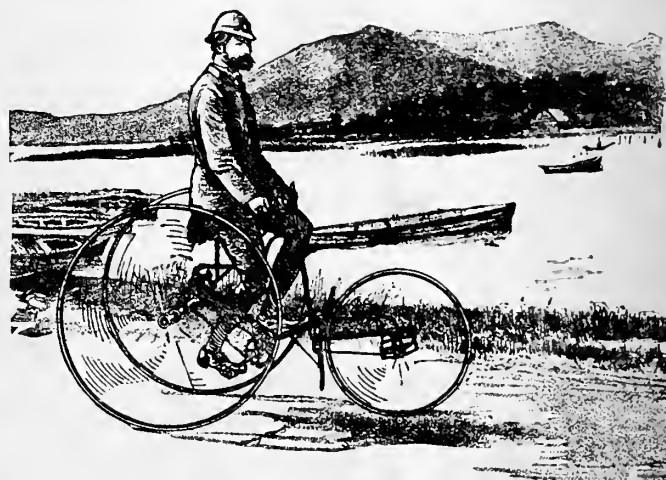


"It is the hour when from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard.
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word."

QUADRANT TANDEM No. 15.

WINNER OF THE TWO-MILE OPEN HANDICAP AT
THE L. A. W. MEET RACES, BALTIMORE, JUNE 19, 1888.

THE FASTEST AND BEST HILL-CLIMBING TANDEM
EVER BUILT.



"Air—I want air and sunshine and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my cheek
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops,
Then I am free and strong."

QUADRANT TRICYCLE No. 8. For Gentlemen Only.

WINNER OF THE L. A. W. ONE-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP,
BALTIMORE, JUNE 19, 1888.

HAS MADE A MILE ON THE ROAD IN 2 MINUTEL
AND 38 SECONDS.

QUADRANT TRICYCLE No. 14. For Ladies.

BUILT LIGHT THROUGHOUT, AND ESPECIALLY
ADAPTED FOR LADIES' USE. ALSO SUITABLE FOR
LIGHT GENTLEMEN.

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THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

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1887 PATTERN.

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Will sell for cash or on time.

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BEN L. DARROW,

Wheelmen's Gazette,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



— THE —

“ROVER”

For 1888.

LORD BURY WRITES:

“I HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN SAYING THAT YOUR ‘ROVER’ IS A VERY PERFECT MACHINE.”

STARLEY & SUTTON,

“METEOR” WORKS,

West Orchard,

Coventry, England.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY, 1888.

No. 7.



THEY were all gathered in the club room: the Captain, the Secretary, Poet, Racing-Man; all of them telling of their wonderful achievements during seasons past. As the Club Liar listened he grew sad with the realization that others were encroaching upon his field of work, and for some time he seemed wrapped in deep reflection.

The Captain was just making a remark, indirectly complimentary to himself, about the systematic managing of the Indiana tours, when the Club Liar said:

"It is my opinion that you don't want too much officering and bossing on a tour. When you get a whole crowd of wheelmen together, all from different places, the best way to have them all get acquainted and enjoy themselves is to go in free-and-easy, and not have too much order and red tape. What might have been the best little tour of last season was completely spoiled by too much officering.

"The crowd met at Rushville, and it was made up of small parties from Tip-ton, Richmond, Newcastle and several other towns; five squads in all, according to my recollection. Each one of these crowds had its full set of officers: Captain, First Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant, Pace-Maker, Bugler and every other kind of officer ever heard of. Well, when I found out how the thing was arranged, I just went to those five Captains and kicked like a Kangaroo Safety; I told them there would be trouble, and enough trouble to bust up the tour before it was half over, unless they decided among themselves which one was going to be grand boss. So they drew cuts, and the Captain from Richmond got the shortest, and all the rest abdicated.

"I felt relieved when I got the affair straightened out, and I did n't find how mistaken I was until the tour started; then it was easy enough to see, I had tacked the officer question at the wrong end. It would have been several million times better if I had consolidated those five Buglers into one and left the harmless Captains alone. Every one of those buglers had a different signal code and each one insisted that he was right, and so we had a variety of music on the first day. If the Captain would give the order "single file" the first Bugler would blow two long notes, and the second man would give one long blow and a sickly wheeze, the third man would give two sickly wheezes and a long blow. And so

it would pass along down the line to the fifth Bugler, who would waft three long snorts upon the summer breeze, and then brace up and pedal along with the air of a man who had performed a solemn duty. The boys stood this sort of thing for the first day, but along in the afternoon a good many of them came to me with tears in their eyes and asked me if I could n't figure out some way to rid them of those maddening buglers.

"I told them that while I was n't exactly prepared to favor extreme means, like assassination, I would try to work on the feelings of the Buglers and induce them to relent a little. So I went to them, as soon as we had stopped for the evening, and I asked them frankly, if they could n't agree, among themselves, to have one man do all the bugling in the future. They seemed reasonable enough, much more so than I had expected, and they agreed to hold a little council of five and arrange matters satisfactorily for the next day.

"In a little while one of them found me in a crowd of the boys and called me aside. He said that they had been unable to agree upon one person to do all the bugling; they had taken four ballots and every one had resulted in a tie. I expressed some surprise at this until he said that each man received one vote, then I saw how it was. But they had arranged matters in good shape, he said. They had agreed upon a uniform code of signals, which they were going to practice upon after supper. I was about to suggest that there was a good place to practice eleven miles down the road, when he left to join his fellow criminals.

"We had just finished supper and were in the reading room of the hotel, discussing the relative merits of the prominent racing men, when a weird, querulous—I think that's the word to use—a weird, querulous snort filled the whole building, and caused many of the boys to stagger to their feet and look quickly about them for a place to hide.

In another moment we heard a voice in the front room just above us say 'dismount now,' then the sound came again, only there was more of it and it lasted longer. It consisted of two long groans and a short, asthmatic gasp. In the silence that followed we could distinctly hear the same cool, villainous voice say, 'Well, boys, that's better.'

"The Captain of the crowd at once suggested that we get out of there and go over to the other hotel, but I said, 'No.' I told them that this was no time for compromising measures; something had to be done, and, as if to emphasize the remark, there came another bugle-call floating on the atmosphere.

"The boys did n't require much urging; they all gathered around ready to follow my lead, and even the landlord and bell boy came in and offered their assistance, which we accepted, and then we made a



grand rush up the staircase and down the hall to parlor No. 1. The door was locked, but the landlord said it would be all right to break it down under the circumstances. So down she went, and as we rushed in, the last bugler with his toot under his arm disappeared out of the window and down the fire escape. We gave chase, for our blood was up by this time, and we d.d n't propose to let any guilty man get away. For a little while we lost the trail, but we heard them over in a lumber yard and we started after them, but they were on to us before we got there and were well on their way toward a small clump of timber about a half-a-mile beyond. We reached the timber on the jump and found the buglers up in a tree, practising on the 'Prepare to mount.'

"We surrounded the tree and one of the crowd started back to the lumber yard to get an axe and a cross-cut saw so that we could get at the buglers and have a settlement. I guess they suspected what we were up to, because one of them called out:

"'Hello, down there! Are you fellows just in fun, or do you mean fight?'

"'Fight!' yelled back every man in our crowd.

"'Fight it is then, with everything fair! Let 's give 'em a tune, fellows, 'Papa's Baby Boy' will do for a starter. Gentlemen, are you ready? One, two, three, go!'

"They went, and so did we, too, for there is a limit to human endurance and the limit is considerable distance this side of 'Papa's Baby Boy' played on five bicycle bugles. Some of the boys struck for town across lots and the others rushed down the road, scattering gravel and sprinting records in every direction. When we got together around the hotel, we took a vote and decided to bust up the tour. So we knocked a few spokes out of the bugler's wheels, in a playful way, and each squad started for home.

"That is why I remarked you don't want too many officers in a bicycle crowd, and in view of some of the tough stories I have been listening to this evening, I would like to remark that if everybody in this club is going to try to carry the duties and responsibilities of the Club Liarship, I am going to resign and break up the club."

California News.

A VERY successful century run of the Bay City Wheelmen Club, of San Francisco, took place on Sunday, May 20, 1888.

The course was from San Francisco, through San Mateo County, to San Jose, and return by the same route. Distance, 104 miles.

The roads are level for nearly the entire distance. There are about two miles of hills in the vicinity of San Francisco, the grade on the remainder of the road is hardly great enough to be classed as rolling, where it is not quite level. The road is gravel almost all the way and affords good riding. The condition on the day of the run was somewhat dusty, but good with the exception of about five miles, which may be classed as poor riding. The only walking is in the vicinity of San Francisco; about half-a-mile each way on account of a steep hill.

Start was made from San Francisco soon after five o'clock A. M. Fifteen members of the club showed up, which was much less than was anticipated, caused principally from the fact that no extensive arrangements had been made for the run or persuasions urged on individual members, and partly because of the races to come off ten days later, for which some of the members were training.

The names of the starters are as follows: P. A. Libby (Captain), E. Fahrback (President), R. M. Welch (Chief Consul), D. V. Callahan, E. H. Pogue, S. W. Gilmour, W. H. Martin, W. A. Searle, Charles Euter, R. W. Turner, H. W. Burmester, J. J. Bliss, C. Middlehoff, J. J. Cox and Lieutenant Plummer.

First stop at San Bruno, thirteen miles, 6:30 A. M.; next stop at Redwood City, twenty-eight miles, at 8 A. M., one hour for breakfast; next stop at Mountain View, forty miles; arrive at San Jose, fifty-two miles, 11:40 A. M., all present, one hour and twenty-five minutes for dinner.

A strong head-wind was encountered on the return trip, and stops were made at Union House, eight miles, 2:10 P. M.; Mountain View, 2:35; Mayfield, 3:20; Redwood City, 4:15; Milbrie, 6:10; San Bruno, 6:40; San Francisco, 8:30. All present except Burmester, who had an accident to his machine near Redwood City, through being driven from the road by drunken buggy drivers; and Martin,

who broke the backbone of his machine near San Bruno; Burmester took train home; Martin completed the distance on foot.

Following is a tabulated statement of the ride:

Distance ridden	102½ miles.
" walked	1½ "
Total distance wheeled	104 "
Time riding	10 h. 35 m.
" walking	25
" resting	4 20
Total time from start to finish (5:10 to 8:30)	15 h. 20 m.
Number of members started	15
Unattached rider	1
Number joined at San Jose	2
Total	18
Completed the trip on time	14
" " late	1
" " on train	2
Continued from San Jose to Hollister (106 miles)	1
Total	18

* * *

The race meeting a Oakland, to have taken place May 30 (Decoration Day), was postponed until June 9, on account of rain in the morning. It is so seldom any out-door event has to be postponed in this vicinity on account of rain that this postponment is remarkable. The weather, track and audience were all fine at the appointed time in the afternoon, and in order that the crowd might not go away disappointed, some very interesting wheel races, also athletic events by the Olympic Club, were shown. No medals were awarded however, which was necessarily disappointing to those who had trained for the events, especially to those who had come from a distance. They will probably be in better training on June 9, and if the day is not too windy, there will most likely be some good races and quick time.

* * *

The second of the road races by the California Road Racing Association took place on the San Leandro Triangle, Saturday evening, June 2. Three times around the route; distance, twenty-five miles. Only two clubs had entries. Elwell, Adcock and Turner, of the Bay City Club, of San Francisco; and Hickinbotham, Hass and Wolf, of the Oak Leaf Club, of Stockton. Start was made at 4:30 P. M. A strong head wind was encountered for one-third the distance. Finished in 1 h. and 24 m., or a fraction of a minute less. Elwell first, Hickenbotham second, Adcock third—all close together,—Hass fourth, Turner fifth, Wolf sixth. There is one more race to be run, but as the Bay City Club got all three of their riders in the lead in the former race, the trophy (a handsome silver cup) practically belongs to them.

Elwell is a powerful rider and probably the best long-distance man on the coast. Hickinbotham is a very graceful, and also a powerful rider, and he will probably continue to show up in the lead. Adcock and Turner are slightly-built riders but remarkably gritty and enduring. Turner had a bad fall and injured his hands and face, in the last half-mile of the race, otherwise he must certainly have been well up in the lead. It astonishes the casual observer how the smaller, wiry riders maintain their own against the large, muscular fellows. Wheelmen were out in force; a great many having ridden down on their machines from San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda, and up from San Jose. The whole of San Leandro's population seemed to be out, and the inhabitants generally seemed to look very favorably on bicycle road racing. The town took on a holiday appearance. The writer rode his ordinary on the return home, six and one-half miles, in company with Mr. Burr Noble and daughter, who had attended the race on their Marlboro Club tandem. They ride well and very few teams can pass them. Distance against a head-wind was made by them in 48 m. without undue exertion.

J. J. BLISS.

San Francisco, July 1, 1888.

The use of bicycles has been suggested for use of the District police in Washington, by Major Moore, and he recommends that the Commissioners urge their adoption. It is purposed to have bicycles kept at the station houses to aid in the capture of criminals.



New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes and attachments, from April 24 to and including June 19, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

- 381,547. April 24. John Harrison, Winchester, County of Hauts, England, crank for velocipedes.
 381,590. April 24. Marion Slutz, Canton, O., tricycle.
 381,661. April 24. Oran A. Wheeler, Springfield, Mo., wheeled coaster.
 381,763. April 24. Joseph H. Dearlove and Harry Thresher, London, England, assignors to Albert H. Overman, Boston, Mass., tricycles.
 381,946. May 1. Julius Schemmel, Chippewa Falls, Wis., ice velocipede.
 382,311. May 8. Bryant W. Annin, Minneapolis, Minn., locomotive-velocipede.
 382,351. May 8. Mathew A. Cherry, Washington, D. C., family velocipede.
 382,430. May 8. John Knous, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Me., velocipede saddle.
 382,913. May 15. Sidney Smith, Pine Bluff, Ark., Bicycle.
 382,237. May 15. George Singer and Richard H. Lea, Coventry, County of Warwick, England, velocipede.
 382,885. May 15. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Me., velocipede wheel.
 383,396. May 22. George Illston, Birmingham, England, assignor to Royal Machine Mfg. Co. (limited), same place, velocipede.
 383,131. May 22. Thos. B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill., velocipede.
 384,120. June 5. Walter T. Bowers, Saco, Me., bicycle lighting.
 384,134. June 5. Lloyd H. Donkel, Winter Park, Fla., velocipede.
 384,150. June 5. Charles H. Goodsell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., velocipede.
 284,543. June 12. Abel F. Price, Philadelphia, Pa., bicycle.
 384,473. June 12. George Salter and John Walker, West Broomwich, England, velocipede saddle,
 383,643. June 19. Francis Rourk, London, Ont., Can., velocipede.
 349,945. June 19. Geo. F. Warwick, Springfield, Mass., assignor to Warwick Cycle Mfg. Co., same place, velocipede.
 384,946. June 19. Geo. F. Warwick, Springfield, Mass., assignor to Warwick Cycle Mfg. Co., same place, velocipede.

New English Patents.

- 4,810. March 29. J. H. Dearlove and D. R. Davies, London, improvements in or relating to velocipedes.
 4,881. March 31. W. Robertson, London, improvements in or relating to the steering of bicycles and other velocipedes.
 4,906. March 31. W. Schroeter, London, apparatus for securing or releasing the handle-bars or steering rods of bicycles and other wheeled vehicles.
 5,059. April 5. J. Beesley, Coventry, improvements in or relating to pedals for cycles and other velocipedes.
 5,100. April 5. J. Stark, London, an improved luggage carrier for bicycles and other velocipedes.
 5,166. April 7. M. A. Wier, Upper Norwood, a combined rowing carriage and velocipede.
 5,306. April 10. R. S. Clarke, Enfield, a pony cycle race-course, or a race-course with model horses, vehicles, boats, etc., fitted with machinery, for the purpose of sports, games, or racing, etc.
 5,353. April 11. J. Hall, London, improvements in wheels for bicycles, tricycles, tram-cars, railway carriages and other vehicles.
 5,390. April 11. John Sherrin and J. Vaughan Sherrin, London, improvements in velocipedes and other vehicles propelled by electricity.

- 5,490. April 13. C. T. Crowdon and A. Brown, improvements in tricycles.
 5,662. April 17. M. A. Weir, Upper Norwood, new or improved driving-gear for bicycles, tricycles and other wheeled vehicles.
 5,761. April 18. C. A. Randall, London, electro motor velocipedes.
 5,766. April 18. J. H. Hubert, Wolverhampton, improvements in velocipedes.
 5,798. April 18. J. Needham, London, improvements in bicycles.
 5,868. April 20. J. B. Brooks, Birmingham, improvements in velocipede saddles.
 5,889. April 20. W. Travers, Surrey, improvements in and relating to pedals for cycles and other velocipedes.
 5,902. April 28. J. S. Fairfax, London, improvements in or relating to velocipedes and in compounding them for various purposes.
 5,946. April 21. C. E. Skinner, Birmingham, improvements in or connected with velocipede pedals.
 6,291. April 28. J. Ramsdale, Clifton, a new motion gearing for bicycles and tricycles.
 6,300. April 28. C. Horton, London, improvements in tricycles.
 6,303. April 28. J. Harrop, Manchester, an improved two-wheeled vehicle for children's use.
 6,305. April 28. C. V. Boys, London, an improved bicycle stand.
 6,311. April 28. Grace Greenwood, Halifax, an improved combined perambulator and cradle.
 6,337. April 28. Richard August Ferret, London, improvements in or relating to the supporting of axle bearings in velocipedes.
 6,384. April 30. William H. Graham and George R. McDonald, London, an automatic safety brake, applicable to perambulators and other wheeled vehicles.
 6,394. April 30. George Townsend, London improvements in and relating to velocipedes.
 6,465. May 1. John M. Hale, London, improvements in the construction of propellers for use in ships' boats, water-cycles and other vessels or floating structures.
 6,518. May 2. J. Brookes, H. J. Brookes and R. Green, Smethwick, improvements in the construction of velocipedes.
 6,521. May 2. R. Green, Smethwick, improvements in the construction of velocipedes.
 6,550. May 2. C. A. J. L. Robert, Middlesex, horizontal spring-framed bicycles and tricycles.
 6,672. May 4. James Baldwin, Middlesex, improvements in attaching lamps to bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.
 6,703. May 5. William J. Mackenzie, Glasgow, improvements in or relating to brakes for cycles.
 6,706. May 4. George Todd, Birmingham, an improved sunshade, umbrella or sail for tricyclists and others.
 6,921. May 9. Joseph Case, Sheffield, for an improved bicycle spanner.
 6,934. May 9. D. B. Bostel and E. A. Looseley, London, an improved device or appliance for use in connection with mud-guards for velocipedes, carriages and like vehicles.
 7,072. May 12. Max Nobiling, Yorkshire, improvements in tricycles.
 7,122. May 14. Charles Jackson, Staffordshire, an acme propeller for rear-driving safety bicycle, tricycle and water cycle.
 7,202. May 16. John Sheldon, Middlesex, improvements in bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.
 7,283. May 16. Ernest J. Willis, Middlesex, improvements in safety cycles.
 7,306. May 17. Charles F. Wilmot, London, steering velocipedes.
 7,373. May 18. Samuel Snell and Albert W. Sanderson, Birmingham, improvements in lamp holders and their attachment to bicycles and tricycles or other vehicles.
 7,442. May 19. Sidney Pattison, London, improvements in saddles for velocipedes.
 7,444. May 19. Charles M. Linley and John Biggs, London, improvements in and relating to the saddles of velocipedes.
 7,484. May 19. Richard Bland, Hull, improvements in method of propelling bicycles, tricycles and similar vehicles.
 7,510. May 22. Charles R. Garrard, Glasgow, improvements in cycles or velocipedes.

RONDEAU.

Her shady porch, with one big chair,
And she reclining idly there;
While on the door-step at her feet,
I sit and watch her, Marguerite,
My lovely queen, bright-eyed and fair.

Our tricycles, a dusty pair,
Stand in the drive neglected, where
We left them for this cool retreat,
Her shady porch.

The summer's soft, sweet-scented air,
With lazy kisses, stirs her hair
And fans me on my lowly seat,
As, looking up, her eyes I meet,
And bless the fate that lets me share
Her shady porch.

The Buffalo Tournament.

THAT the Buffalo tournament will be a success, is an established fact. The management of the International Fair Association have spent upwards of \$10,000 on cycle racing alone; and Mr. Henry E. Ducker, the enterprising manager having sole charge of the tournament, has succeeded in securing nearly all the prominent riders of England and America to participate. There will be thirty races, as enumerated in another column.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we are enabled to present our readers a diagram of the race track, Mr. Ducker has had built, of half-gravel and half-clay, with a level surface fully equal to the one at Springfield.

As the association has succeeded in obtaining very low excursion rates on all the roads entering Buffalo, wheelmen from all parts of the country will probably attend.

READERS who examine the collection of opinions about "A Celebrated Circler," covering another page of this paper, will get a fair idea of the sort of material to be found in the pamphlet of "Newspaper Notices" (150 pages), which may be secured by simply addressing a postal-card request to Karl Kron, at the University Building, New York City. In both cases, it is to be observed, he conceals nothing evil about himself, but reprints the censure and abuse just as fully as the praises. The GAZETTE'S review of his book showed the folly of objecting to it as "egotistic" because written in the personal style; and we again ask the attention of such objectors to the peculiar quality of "egotism" displayed by a man who insists on celebrating his dog rather than himself, and whose name and face are kept carefully concealed from the public which he serves.

OUR OLD friend "Verax" has caught the amateur photography fever, and like most things he goes into, he is in it whole heart and soul. Wherever Verax goes the camera goes along, and many an interesting picture is the result.

When the camera first came into Verax' possession he photographed everything. No subject was too difficult for his ambition. In fact the more difficulties in the way of making a good picture, the more pleased he was with the work. It was while looking for something of this kind that led Verax and his camera into Mr. Monnigan's newly-fitted bar-room. Glassware and mirrors there were on every side. Just the thing, thought Verax, and he took a picture of Mr. Monnigan's glass bar forthwith.

On his way home he stopped into his favorite butcher shop and made a view of that. Then Verax went home, satisfied that

he had two more very good pictures to add to his collection.

That evening he developed the plates. That is he developed one of them, and as stood anxiously watching the picture "come up" he wondered whether it was the bar or the butcher shop, for Verax was slightly mixed on which plate was which. "It is the butcher shop," thought he as he caught the faint outline of a large, fat, sugar-cured ham. "No, it must be the bar-room, for their is Mr. Monnigan's diamond stud as brilliant as life." Then there slowly appeared an unmistakable side of beef, which seemed to lend plausibility to the butcher shop theory. Next there "came up" a shimmering row of flint cut glasses, and Verax was sure it was the bar-room he was developing. After that bacon and glassware, bologna and lemons, iceboxes and mirrors began to appear indiscriminately all over the plate. There was a large side of Texas beef with a card bearing the legend "No minors allowed on the premises," hanging on its side.

Now, when Verax starts out on a photographing expedition, he takes care to turn his plate-holder every time he makes a view. And when he takes a picture of a glass bar he takes care to go some place where the proprietor is not as generous and liberal as is Mr. Monnigan.

TRICYCLERS, beware! All the records will soon be beaten. I have been ordered to tricycle in the forlorn hope that it may arrest the progress of my favorite malady, and I start almost immediately on a tricycle tour of the United Kingdom. You are sure to hear something about it before I have gone very far. I am looking out for two nice tricycles—one for myself and one for Albert Edward—and I hope we shall be favored with some nice adventures before we arrive at our journey's end.

N. B.—Important.—Drivers of carriages, vans and other vehicles on the high roads of England are respectfully requested to draw as much on one side as possible if, at any time during the next month, they see two stout men coming down hill full speed on two tricycles over which they have lost all control. I shall carry my name and address in several pockets, but persons finding scattered fragments of me lying about are re-

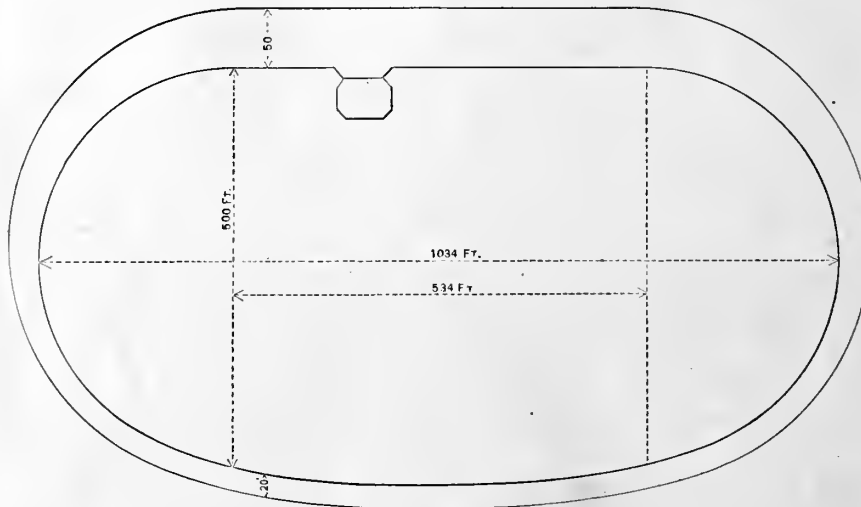


DIAGRAM OF THE BUFFALO RACE TRACK.

quested to wait till all are found and pieced together before sending them back to London, in order to save carriage. Sir Charles Warren has already been very friendly in the matter. Hearing that I intended to take a trial spin in London, he has requested me to name the date, in order that he may on that occasion suspend the traffic in all the streets through which I intend to pass. The Chief Commissioner thinks that, for the safety of the vehicular traffic, this course is imperative. The principal London hospitals have also behaved very kindly, and several of the secretaries have written to say that whatever day or hour of the night I am brought in there will always be a spare bed for me.—DAGONET, in *London Referee*.

SIDNEY SMITH, of Pine Bluff, Ark., is the inventor of a bicycle which, at a casual glance, would be taken for a Star. In detail, however, it differs from that machine considerably, and is claimed by Mr. Smith to be an improvement. We have not heard, as yet, what company will undertake the manufacture of this machine.

It is stated that the Mayor of Northampton, Mass., holds that only such walks as are enclosed by a curbing are in law held as side-walks, and he has taken measures to further investigate the matter.

TWELVE professional and eighteen amateur cycle races will be run at the World's Tournament, Buffalo.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

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In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

The League's New Constitution.

The committee on the League re-organization, appointed over a year ago, have prepared a very carefully constructed constitution, which was adopted as a whole at the late Baltimore meet.

There are several important changes in the new constitution and all of them to all appearances, good ones. The most important are these: The League is to be made up of Divisions and sub-Divisions. The Divisions as heretofore have over 100 resident members and elect their own officers. The sub-Divisions have between 100 and 25, their officers are appointed. Divisions have the privilege of fixing their own dues, half of which is returnable to them. All the initiation fee belongs to the Division. The annual Division election is to take place between the middle of July and the middle of August. The officers are changed somewhat. Beside the Chief Consul, there is a Vice-Consul. The scale of representation is also changed. One Representative for each 100 Division members and one for each League club with 20 or more active members. These officers constitute the Division Board of Officers and are to elect a Delegate for every 200 Division members. These Delegates and the Chief Consuls and Vice-Consuls of the different divisions constitute the National Board of Officers.

The seven National Committees of which one is the Road Improvement Committee is also an improvement over the old forms. With this giving the Divisions more money and power to use it to their own advantage, the League must become more popular than it has been heretofore.

We hope the new Constitution may prove a marked improvement over the old.

ON page 85 of the June GAZETTE an offer of one years subscription to this paper was offered to any one who could guess who "The Celebrated Circler" was. Although we have received quite a number of answers, Mr. Graves of Minneapolis, Minn., was the only one to guess "The Dorg Curl" and therefore the only one to receive the subscription.

There will no more annual League meets, as none are provided for in the new constitution. There will be a very general demand for an '89 meet, however, and the board will probably sanction a meet, New York was the sentiment at Baltimore. Chicago wants to play the host in 1890.

IN the August GAZETTE we will present to our readers quite a number of pictures of the League Meet in Baltimore, they will be reproduced from instantaneous photographs.

Now that Greenwood has beaten Wells on the celebrated Kimmswick Hill he thinks that all other hills are little ones for ascent.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM JUNE 15 TO JULY 15.

Arkansas. Arkansas Traveler Bi Club held a race meet at Little Rock, June 18.

California. California Inter-Club road race over San Leandro course, June 2. Division meet of the L. A. W. July 4.

Colorado. Colorado Springs Wheelmen hold a race meet with four events, July 4.

Connecticut. The East Hartford Wheel-Club offer the following program for the meeting to be held by them on July 4: One mile novice; one mile handicap, in heats, open; one mile handicap, in heats; one mile 3:30 class; one mile 3:20 class; one mile open; one-fourth mile handicap, club; one mile consolation. Wheelmen of New Haven held a handicap Road Race, May 30. R. M. Verharp the three minute man winning in 21:35.

Illinois. Phil Hammel is re-instated as an amateur. Fifth annual meet of Illinois Division, Springfield, July 4. Fort Dearborn Cycling Club tour through Wisconsin, July 3 to 5.

Indiana. Tom Hay wins the 10 mile Road Race given by the Indianapolis Wheelmen July 1. The old officers of the Crescent City Cycle Club of Evansville, were re-elected: President, A. M. Schneider; Vice-President, M. Breger; Secretary-Treasurer, John H. Verwayne; Captain, F. H. Straub; Lieutenant, Elmer Finney. The fifth annual tour of the Indiana Division, L. A. W., began at Indianapolis, July 8. Crawfordville Ramblers Tournament, July 4.

Kentucky. L. A. W. Division meet at Covington, July 4.

Maryland. League meet at Baltimore, June 18-20.

Massachusetts. Shurman and Wells will be on Corey Hill, Brookline, Mass., July 14.

Missouri. Greenwood-Wells contest on Kimmswick Hill, St. Louis, June 30, in which the former is victorious.

New Jersey. Run-off of tie between K. C. W. and H. C. W. Teams over Irvington-Milburn course, June 14. John A. Wells of Philadelphia, climbed Eagle Rock Hill, Orange, N. J., six times without a dismount on June 7. He made the six ascents and descents in 1h. 32m. Race meet of the N. J. A. A. July 4. Semi-annual race meet of the Rutherford Wheelmen, July 7.

New York. *Athletic World* discontinued. Race meet at Albany, June 2. Seventh Annual Race meet of Kings County Wheelmen, Brooklyn, June 23. Long Island Wheelmen's race meet, June 2. Start of New York to Baltimore tourists, June 16. Brooklyn Bicycle Club Races July 4. Race meet at Queens L. I., July 4. First annual tournament of the Fort Dayton Wheelmen of Herkimer, July 4.

Pennsylvania. Hill climbing contest at Conshohocken Hill, Philadelphia, June 23. The Pittsburg Cycle and Athletic Club last week elected officers as follows: President, W. C. Coffin; Vice-President, W. D. Banker; Secretary, Lee Highby; Corresponding Secretary, W. B. Troy. Lancaster, Pa., race meet June 9. Fourth annual race meet of the New Castle Bicycle Club. Race meet at Pittsburg, July 7.

Rhode Island. The Rhode Island Wheelmen held races at Roger Williams Park, Providence, June 21, the winners being as follows: One mile, club championship—George Hutchins, in 2m. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Half mile, Rover type—E. R. Phillips, in 1m. 21s. Half mile, open—E. R. Phillips, in 1m. 28s. One mile, tandem—Hutchins and Tucker, in 3m. 14s. Two miles, lap—B. T. Bruce made nine points and finished first. The Rhode Island Division of the L. A. W. held their annual race for the division championship at twenty-five miles at Roger Williams Park, Providence, on June 27, four starting, and the result being: W. A. M. Scott, Providence, first, in 1h. 24m. 30s.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Canadian Wheelmen's Association meet, Belleville, Ont., July 1 to 3. 25 mile road race, Belleville, Ont., July 3. Race meet at Belleville, Ont., July 2. The Markham Bicycle Club have elected the following officers: President, J. Simpson; Vice-President, E. H. Wilson; Secretary, A. Campbell; Treasurer, A. McLean; Captain, J. Campbell; First Lieutenant, A. Gleabuer; Second, C. Vanzant. The Montreal Bicycle Club had their first road race to Valoes, June 2. The Ottawa Bicycle Club held their annual handicap road race June 26.

England. Crocker wins in a five mile handicap at Leicester, May

21. Herbert Swyner wins the one mile bicycle championship at Coventry, May 21. F. P. Wood wins the 25 mile tricycle championship at Coventry, May 21. A. P. Engleheart broke the one mile safety record at Coventry, June 13, lowering it to 2:33. E. Oxborrow broke the ten mile safety record at Coventry, June 13, lowering it to 27:38½.

Germany. Ralph Temple wins the professional event in the tournament given at Berlin, June 10.

COMING EVENTS.

July 17—The annual tour of the Iowa Division will be from Des Moines to Spirit Lake, leaving Des Moines on Tuesday, July 17, and arriving at Spirit Lake Saturday, July 21.

July 19—Maryland Division Meet and Tournament at Louisville, Ky.

July 23-25—Ohio Division State Meet at Toledo.

July 28—Greenwood-Wells contest on Eagle Rock Hill, Orange, N. J.

August 2—Binghampton, N. Y. race meet.

August 2, 3, 4—Massachusetts Division Meet at Cottage City.

August 6—Binghampton, N. Y., tournament.

August 11—Michigan Division L. A. W. meet.

Sept. 4, 6 and 8—World's tournament Buffalo, N. Y.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, Ten-mile bicycle, National championship contest.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, Two-mile bicycle, New York State National championship contest.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, First heat bicycle, World's Professional championship contest.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, Annual parade, New York State Division League of American Wheelmen.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, Annual meeting New York State Division League of American Wheelmen.

Sept. 6—Buffalo, Three-mile bicycle, National championship contest.

Sept. 6—Buffalo, Five-mile bicycle, New York State championship contest.

Sept. 6—Buffalo, Second heat bicycle, World's Professional championship contest.

Sept. 8—Buffalo, Five-mile tricycle National championship contest.

Sept. 8—Buffalo, Final heat bicycle, World's championship contest.

Sept. 12-13—Hartford Wheel Club's tournament at Charter Oak Park.

Sept. 14-15—New Jersey Division meet and race meet at Roseville, N. J.

Hill Climbing Championship.

The first heat of the hill climbing contest for the amateur championship of the United States took place June 30, at Kimmswick Hill, thirty miles south of St. Louis, the contestants being Hal Greenwood of that city and John A. Wells of Philadelphia. A special train was chartered by the Missouri and St. Louis Bicycle Clubs, and left the Iron Mountain Depot at three o'clock in the afternoon. At Kimmswick spring wagons were engaged to take some twenty of the wheelmen to the hill—six miles distant—the others making the journey on their wheels. The hill is five-eighths of a mile from base to summit, with four turns and an average grade of one foot in eleven, the road being very rough and stony all the way. Greenwood won the toss and chose the second mount. Wells started at 6:10 o'clock and had reached the half mile post in three minutes and two seconds, when the staff of his pedal gave way and he had to dismount to make a second trial after Greenwood. The latter started at 6:15 and accomplished the trip in 5m. 54s., or 52 seconds more than his best record for the same hill. After some delay in fixing Wells' wheel the Philadelphian started again, and this time he reached the top, but was 6m. 4s. in making it. Greenwood's victory was expected, as he was familiar with every inch of the road, while Wells had ridden over it but once before. The second heat will be a climb up Eagle Rock Hill at Orange, N. J., July 28, and should Wells win, the deciding struggle will be up Cory Hill, near Boston.

The Gormully & Jeffery agency for this city was very recently given to Mr. H. T. Hearsey, who is generally considered the best and most experienced repairer in this part of the country.

Illinois Division Meet.

It must be the candid opinion of everywhere who attended the division meet at Springfield, July 3 and 4, that there are no flies on the Illinois capital. It was a splendid chance for a little cycling fun, and as I haven't for a long time now, I went down with a party of Ft. Dearborn clubmen, and spent a most enjoyable Fourth in the stronghold of Sangamon county, well known for its very handsome women and breezy western hospitality. Chicago and other localities were well represented by gay crowds of healthy, sunburned fellows. The St. Louis toughs were easily recognized by their smoked appearance and the odor of brimstone which is supposed to pervade everything which comes from St. Louis in the warm season.

An interesting program was neatly carried out by the Springfielders. On the 3d, exciting races, generally favorable to Chicago, were held, and a lantern parade in the evening elicited a great deal of praise from the press and those who had never seen anything of the kind. The fraternity was highly honored by having tendered to it the use of the Senate chamber, in the magnificent Capitol, for the business meeting on the morning of the Fourth. The wheelmen led the industrial parade, which moved so slowly that counter marching and zigzagging were resorted to, the graceful maneuvers and decorated wheels and costumes producing a winning effect upon the perspiring watchers, particularly the ladies, whose open admiration was a little startling. A very slimly attended run to Clear Lake followed the parade. The weather was too hot, and the well-meaning announcement that a *light* lunch would be spread at the Lake permitted a hungry inference that wasn't alluring to a crowd which was plainly afflicted with "digestion." The afternoon was pleasantly spent. Some wandered through the Capitol museum, others rode lazily along well paved streets under the shade of the maples. The Ft. Dearborn men rambled off and enjoyed themselves in their own peculiar way. Quite a number visited the Lincoln monument. I believe the brave soul of the brave martyr would have smiled had it overheard the suggestion that the sarcophagus containing the remains be equipped with a sign reading, "Drop a nickel in the box and hear Uncle Abe tell a story." The banquet was different from the ordinary affairs which go by that name. The toasts were appropriate and some of the responses were made by men quite prominent in the state.

I think an error was committed at the business meeting when the division refused to prosecute the case of a Chicago club member who was run down by a driver some time since. The case is claimed to be a very clear one against the latter, and an opportunity was offered the division to make an example of the offender, at very slight expense. A favorable decision in the case would have been very useful in future cases; but the wheelman in the case happens to be a non-League man, and the division allowed its dislike of his stinginess to swerve it from its avowed principle, which I believe is to protect the interests of wheeling, not solely the interests of its members.

I hope that I am not drifting into old habits again, but I had a good time and wanted to tell about it. Here in Chicago, cycling matters seem to progress very nicely. The breeze which invariably blows from Lake Michigan in the evening makes the atmosphere of the boulevards delightfully cool for a lovely spin or tandem ride after dinner, and club tandems are in continual demand. A St. Louisan misses his native grades, as the only pike running out of Chicago is the Pullman road; but when one looks at the admirable paving of the boulevards and residence streets here, St. Louis suffers by the comparison. The railroad facilities for wheelmen are exceptional. But for the Rock Island route, which utterly refuses to carry wheels, all companies check wheels gratis. If the rider is inbound, he goes to the baggage room at the Union depot, the wheel is promptly delivered and he is hoisted with it by an elevator to the street level with a politeness and eclat that is refreshing.

The clubs all seem to be comfortably housed—though at this season the most comfortable club is the one having the largest outdoor facilities. The Ft. Dearborns are particularly fortunate in having a handsome three story house, situated but a few yards from the Lake. After the day's labor, the Ft. Dearborn man boards one of the suburban trains which fly along the lake front, dismounts at Douglass station, passes through a side gate and finds himself in his own tennis ground. Sitting on the veranda at the rear of the house, the

members often pass the twilight hour watching the sails on the lake or swiftly passing train-loads of "ordinary" humanity. Just north of the premises are the play-grounds of the orphan asylum. I was watching the waifs so intently across the green, one evening, that I had failed to notice two little tots who suddenly appeared at the fence, under the veranda. A sweet little voice saying, "man, div me some money?" riveted my attention and brought out the coin involuntarily. They trotted off delighted and presently returned to "thank you, sir," together; and with the supper bell came "dood night, man." Ladies' nights are regarded as absolutely necessary at least once a week here, and I have grown accustomed to the sight of young ladies "talking bicycle" in the club parlor, fumbling billiard cues with pretty awkwardness and even dabbling with the sacred game of—poker.

The St. Louis boys tell me that in the Kimmswick Hill contest, Wells was going up in rapid style but was hindered by the breaking of one of the drum springs of his Star. It is added, sotto voce, that the drums of this same Star, which is a 45, I think, are five inches in diameter, thus giving the rider more power and an unfair advantage over his competitor, Greenwood.

I have recently seen several interesting parts of the country, and am willing to stake what reputation I have as a judge of good roads that that portion of northern New York which lies East of Rochester, extending some 200 or more miles down the Shenango Valley, is the most charming touring ground on earth. This valley, with the narrow Genesee river coursing down its center between shaded banks, and with its slopes wooded just enough to produce a park-like effect, is a wonderful sight. Great fields of daisies greet the eye, looking frosty in the distance, and now and then a glimpse of fine road running across the valley, with an excellent coast on either side, fairly sets one's nerves a-tingling.

How are you all, anyhow?

CHICAGO, July 6, 1888.

PHOENIX.

The Crawfordsville Races.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., July 5, 1888.

Editor WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE:

The races held on the fair grounds yesterday cannot be regarded as a success in any light you may look at it. The track which was in good condition the evening before was hardly fit to drive an ox wagon on. When a few weeks ago it was found that it could not be finished in time for use on the fourth—that is that the top dressing could not be put on—the Ramblers arranged to have as good a surface as could be made out of dirt alone put on it, and give their race meet any how. When this had all been done, and everything looked like it was a sure "go," Nicholson bet Lee a dollar that it would rain on the day that we wanted to use it. This was a "killer" for the juice fell in torrents, and Tom won his bet. When time came for calling the races, a proposition was submitted to postpone and agreed to. This only applied to the visiting wheelmen. When it was discovered that to return the money to the crowd that was present, would cost at least \$25.00 in addition to what they had paid, from the fact that so many had gained admission without paying, it was deemed best to run off a part of them, so that those who did pay would not have so much ground for complaint that we had given them nothing for their money, in other words had robbed them.

Accordingly the novice race was called, and Harsey sent them off. They went around at a snails pace and finished the mile in 4:18. Alfrey of this city being the winner, and Hollingsworth of Russia-ville, second. The half mile flying start was the next race called. For the shape in which the track was in, this race was run in very good time, Ridenour winning in 1:48. Meissel took the hose which was given as the second prize. Both these gentlemen are residents of Terre Haute. Hubert Wilhite of this city won the 3:15 class race with Hay of Indianapolis, second. About this time there began to be heard a little song of dissatisfaction in regard to running out the races as called for on the program. As the afternoon dragged away the song grew into a chorus confined to the riders of Terre Haute who were entered in the races, for the most part, and their friends. The writer then asked their chief man, to pick any two races on the program save the mile State Championship, and he would have them called and run off. He at first declined to do it,

but finally consented, and selected the one mile open, and the one mile handicap. The 3:30 class was called, and started. They had hardly got away from the tape when Hollingsworth and Hay collided and fell. The Judges failed to call the others back, as according to L. A. W. rules they should have done. Those who had fallen quickly mounted and finished the race with the rest of the boys, but some distance in their rear. Alfrey and Wilhite both of this city coming in, in the order named. Time something less than five minutes. A protest was made by the boys who fell, and a regular circus was held for awhile. It was not until after the next race was run that a decision was reached, which was that it should stand as it was. The one mile was called, but it was with some difficulty that it could be started. Lee who rides a very large wheel had tried it in the half mile race, and said he knew when he had enough of such a track as that, and he would not ride any more. Nicholson and Hulman started away like a funeral procession and kept it up for more than three laps. Hulman winning. I think that Nic only went in to get the gold pen which he had a dead "linch" on, as he has not been on his racer since he was at Terre Haute, on May 30th. The one mile handicap was then started. It was a pure gift to Ridenour with Hay second. A foot race wound up the program as finally arranged, and was won by Hay. It had not been the intention to allow any but the club to participate in this race, but as there had been so much "kicking" it was thrown open, and Hay who has never been beaten carried off the silk umbrella. When we recover from our bad luck and disappointment, we will arrange for the running off of the postponed races. This will probably not occur until Sept. Most of the club are a little sore at the treatment, as well as the mean things that were said about us by some of our visitors, but I think that it will not last long, and by the time every thing is righted and we get squared away again, they will have forgotten all about it. Josh Zimmerman was here, as wild and as wooly, as ever. He is the finest shot with a fire cracker I have ever seen. Josh has given up profanity, that is in a measure. He says it won't do to break off all at once. It is very entertaining to listen to him talk since he doesn't swear. I don't think in the ten minutes conversation I had with him just before the races, that he swore more than twenty-five times. To all who visited us on the glorious fourth the thanks of the Ramblers are due, and are hereby extended. We hope you may come again, and we will try to entertain you better.

PUNCH.

Suggestions to Ladies who Ride Bicycles.

The handle should be low.

The seat should be high.

The knees should always be turned in, so that they nearly touch each other.

The rider should, of course, sit erect and steady.

The skirt should be full, and at least as long as an ordinary walking skirt.

The "mount" should be practiced evenings until thoroughly mastered.

The side mount, although a little more difficulty to learn, is infinitely more graceful than putting the foot over the reach first, and can be done on rough ground, where the ordinary mount would be impossible.

Every lady who is interested in the success of cycling for her sex will be careful about these details, and she will have an accomplishment beyond criticism, and will ride gracefully and with ease.—*Washington Star*.

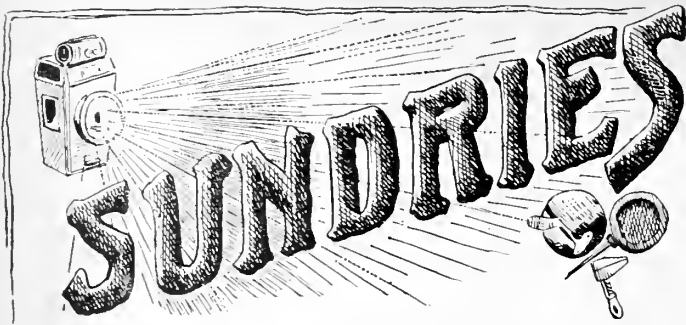
Summer Drinks for Cyclers.

Eschew everything containing alcohol, which provokes an unhealthy thirst. The following is recommended as refreshing and invigorating: 1½ oz. of tartaric acid, 1 lb. of fine sugar and a few drops of essence of lemon. A heaped tablespoon in a gill of water is about right.

Owing to the recent death of the German Emperor the American Team have cancelled all German engagements.

Rochester (N. Y.) wheelmen had a lantern parade on the Fourth. Three or four hundred wheels were in line.

MARION (Ind.) has a cycle club of forty-six members.



It is always the bow-legged bicycler that takes the sidewalk.

If an undertaker goes yachting and gets sea-sick, let him cling to the shrouds.

"The March of Science."



FARMER FLAPJACK—Begosh, here comes some of them blamed bicycle fellers. Hey, Rube, let old Towser loose an' give 'em fits!

joke on the poetic feet of Chicago this season.

If ambitious politicians could only run as hard for the Presidency as the average lacrosse-player can for the ball, they would all be elected.

No, Jacob, the clew of a sail is not the same as the clue of a crime. But the average detective can find one just as easily as he can the other.

An Irish dealer states that corduroy makes the best and most durable bicycle breeches, by way of advertisement. He might have added: "Vire le corduroy!"

We can go out in a yacht in the roughest kind of weather without getting sick. It is the motion of sawing wood that prostrates us and makes us feel worse than a disappointed lover.

Charles Richard Dodge has a very interesting article in the June *Woman*, entitled: "Hints on Physical Culture for Our Girls," in which he recommends cycling as a splendid form of exercise.

In July the pin-wheel glistens	But before July is over
In the little candy-shop;	Is that little urchin glum—
In July the little urchin	Then he can not play at marbles,
saves his cash to buy a pop.	For he has n't got a thumb.

The great problem of the age is how to make a sailing-vessel go when there is no wind. We have seen sail-boats go beautifully without any wind. They were put up at auction and went for a mere song.

Who invented polo? That's what you want to know, is it? suppose we tell you that it is simply the game of shinny played on horseback, what would you say then? Oh, you would, would you? What ho, slave! Bring in a ready-made coffin for one.

After all, there is n't much greater fun than in paddling around a mill-pond in a home-made scow that leaks so freely that it has to be pulled ashore every little while to be emptied. But we don't think we could enjoy this as much now as we did twenty-five years ago.

People who live in glass houses should not be located near a base-ball ground.

George Washington never told a lie; but then George never went touring with the boys.

After a while pitching will be so puzzling that the catcher will be obliged to wear a full suit of armor.

It is stated that Chicago girls button their shoes with a boat-hook. This is positively our farewell



Towser attempts to carry out orders, but, in his enthusiasm, he overlooks the fact that the foremost wheel is supplied with one of Perkins' Automatic Purp Bouncers.

"Come over to my shop, Benny," said Filkins, the carpenter, to Dobson's small boy, "and I will teach you to do circular work." Benny, whose head was full of bicycling notions, jumped at the chance, but was somewhat disappointed when Filkins set him to turning the grindstone.

It is said that lacrosse is a splendid game for reducing the flesh. We never realized the truth of this popular theory until we saw a player, running at the rate of about a mile a minute, fall and slide something like twelve feet on the ground. We never saw a man's flesh reduced so rapidly before.

Phrenologist—Young man, your bump of veneration is largely developed.

Young Man—You bet. There's where I struck when I took a header last week, and since that I have venerated my wheel so much that I don't dare to touch it.

"There's a peddler at the door who wants to see you," said a State-Street boy to his elder sister the other evening, and when, on going down, in some surprise she found her bicycling young man, she asked her brother rather sharply what he meant by such a story, whereat the boy replied, "Well, he is a peddler, is n't he?"

Latest cycling jokelet from France.—On board the *Touriste*; looking at the paddle-wheel: "Say, Ugene, you know as much as other people, which would you back, a steamer or a tricycle in a race?"

"On water do you mean?"

"Well, water or anything else you like, you idiot; I don't care."

Occasionally an over fresh and breezy catcher attempts to stand up close to the bat and catch without a mask on. On his way home people he meets think he is on the road to the dentist's to have a raging tooth drawn. Others think that his head has been swelled by success; but this is not so. His head has been swelled to the dimensions of a prize-pumpkin by the foul tip that went through his fingers in such a way as to cause the spectators to wonder if he was trying to catch the ball in his teeth.

The Springfield Printing and Binding Company was organized at Springfield, Mass., May 30, with a capital of \$100,00, and will complete the unfinished work of the bankrupt



Springfield Printing Company, whose creditors have consented to a compromise settlement at twenty cents on the dollar. The plant and fixtures thus released have been locked up by the insolvency court since March 31, but the new concern has removed them to its new building, and resumed the business.

"Ah, Jones, how are you?"
 "Pretty well; I've just bought a yacht."
 "That so? What kind?"
 "Steam yacht. She's a beauty. Got seven water-tight compartments."
 "You don't need those on your yacht."
 "Why not?"
 "Water will never come in where you are."



FARMER FLAPJACK—Gee whiz! Did I ever see Towser take such a jump in all his born days! I allers said them bicycles was dangerous.

The happy cyclist returns home from his run of ten or twenty miles not wearied out but refreshed and rested; with an appetite and digestion like a woodchopper and a capacity for sweet and restful sleep that goes only with a clear conscience and a healthy body.

The League Meeting.

The annual meet and races of the League of American Wheelmen was held in Baltimore, Md., June 18, 19, 20. Of course the city was overrun with cyclers, nearly every club in the States being represented, while there were wheelmen on hand from Canada. At the business meeting, held on the opening day, the following officers were elected: President, T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; Vice-President, H. W. Hayes, Boston, Mass.; Treasurer, William M. Brewster, St. Louis, Mo.; Executive Committee, the President, Vice-President and W. S. Bull of Buffalo, N. Y. The report of the Secretary showed that the actual membership is 10,230, and the report of the treasurer made known the financial condition of the organization. On the following morning the annual parade was held, about nine hundred wheelmen being in line and the procession being a very imposing affair. The races took place in the afternoon at the Arlington Driving Park, and were witnessed by about three thousand persons. The weather was oppressively warm, and although the half mile track was in good condition the time made was only moderately good. The events resulted as follows:

L. A. W. championship, one mile—W. W. Windle, Lynn, Mass., first; Fred Foster, Toronto, second; J. Fred Midgley, Worcester, Mass., third. Time, 2m. 43s.

One-half mile, novice—W. E. McCune, Everett, Mass., first; F. C. Gilbert, Elizabeth, second; E. J. Decker, Newark, third. Time, 1m. 22½s.

One mile handicap, tandem—Kingston and W. F. West of Baltimore won, with W. H. Ward and P. L. Seufferle of Washington, D. C., who had ten seconds start, second. Time, 3m. 4½s.

Three mile lap, bicycle—W. W. Windle, Lynn, Mass., won with eighteen points against eleven points for Fred Foster of Toronto. Time, 9m. 32½s.

Two mile, tricycle—H. L. Kingsland, Baltimore, first; Phil S. Brown, Washington, D. C., second. Time, 7m. 4½s.

Three mile handicap—G. A. Getty, Baltimore; W. E. McCune, Everett, Mass., and E. J. Decker, Newark, N. J., had 45s start; W. H. Ward and P. L. Seufferle, Washington, and J. W. Egolf, Spring City, Pa., 22s., and W. W. Windle of Lynn, Mass., scratch. McCune won, Windle second, and the others distanced. Time, 8m. 42s.

One mile tricycle—Phil S. Brown, Washington, was beaten by Kingsland of Baltimore by thirty feet. Time, 3m. 2s.

Two mile handicap—Midgley, Worcester, Mass., first; Decker, Newark, N. J., second. Time, 5m. 57s.

Three-quarters mile steeplechase—Gilbert, Elizabeth, N. J., first; P. M. Harris, New York, second. Time, 2m. 15½s.

In the evening the wheelmen were entertained at a "smoking concert," at which Mayor Latrobe made an address. The meet closed on the following day with a sail down the Chesapeake and a banquet at one of the bayside resorts. The meet was a complete success and the hospitality shown by the wheelmen of Baltimore impressed the strangers greatly.

Rigid Sabbatharians still regard with horror the peaceful cyclist rolling away into the country on his wheel on the Sunday, but a broader and nobler view is being adopted by many members of the English clergy. We extract the following from an address recently delivered from the Rev. Mr. Jones:

"Our Heavenly Father never intended his children to offer him an unwilling sacrifice of their time or of their thoughts. His holy day was to be a day of delight, and we had to teach ourselves to do our duty so that that duty might be a delightful one, our self-sacrifice a hearty, loyal sincere offering, the thanksgiving and praise of a grateful heart and not the enforced obedience of slavish fear.

"Those who were past their prime of youth and strength are apt to forget how they felt when young. They can not enter into and sympathize with the feelings of youth. Age, youth, and childhood had their own way of looking at things. If we were disposed to judge somewhat censoriously of the rising generation, try and look at things from their point of view. Take the case of young people pent up in the labor and confinement of the town all through the week, the air they breathed exhausted of all its freshness and wholesomeness, the workshop with its monotonous toil, the desk and ledger and rows of figures requiring mental strain and attention—work of a very dreary and unimaginative kind. Would it not be wiser and kinder if we tried more to enter into their feelings, and showed some sympathy for them, and helped them even in the attainment of such pleasures as might be enjoyed without harm?"

"Bright Spokes, They Never Grow Weary."

Health Promoted by Exercise.

"Toil and be strong,
By toll the flaccid nerves grew firm
And gain a more compacted tone.

Go climb the mountain:
From the ethereal source huddle the recent gale.
The cheerful morn beams o'er the hills,
Go mount the exulting steed."

So sang the poet, John Armstrong, who died upwards of 100 years ago, and his words are quite appropriate to the popular pastime of cycling, which certainly holds pride of place as being the best form of exercise for acting upon all the vital organs of the body in an equal manner, and is therefore the most suitable for obtaining good health.

Exercise may be likened to a tonic; the benefits of it cannot be derived from a single dose. If the mode of exercise fixed on, therefore, is the exhilarating pastime of the wheel, beginners should practice regularly and not attempt to do too much at first. Before beginning to ride a novice or young hand at the sport should read what Dr. Richardson says on the subject. He wrote a series of articles in *Good Words* in 1882 which are well worthy of perusal. We have before now observed an experienced rider for want of thought place a novice on the spare seat of his tandem and run him too far, and so create a disgust for ever afterwards at the mere name of a tricycle. This observation applies particularly to ladies who allow their high spirits or enthusiasm to run away with their common sense, and the exercise which was intended to do them good results in injury both to the muscular and nervous systems.

Riding at a regular, steady pace should be constantly kept in mind, and indulgence in *sprints* rigorously avoided. Puffing or blowing, or being out of wind, are often very injurious to the heart, which is of itself a muscle and requires not to be over-exerted at first. There are two old sayings which should never be lost sight of, "Gang warily" and "It's the pace that kills." After a few months' constant, steady practice a week or fortnight's tour may be planned and carried out with benefit to health and the enjoyment of a rational recreation. Road books and maps should be carefully studied, and if our tourist is an amateur photographer or botanist he should have some other object in view, such as visiting all the historical spots and other associations of the district he passes through. For thorough enjoyment, if he covers thirty to forty miles per day he will do well. Let his cycle be a good one and not too heavy, as every pound of additional weight tells on an extended trip.—*The Scottish Cyclist*.

AS WE AT TENNIS PLAYED.

She tossed the ball this way and that,
And shrieked whenever it strayed;
She wore a most coquettish hat—
As we at tennis played.

No creature was to me so dear
As that same little maid;
I trembled now 'twix hope and fear,
As we at tennis played.

My foolish heart went pit-a-pat,
And all its chances weighed;
I whispered something 'neath that hat,
As we at tennis played.

The sweet reply came low and clear
Beneath that hat's broad shade;
We've fixed the day for just one year
Since we at tennis played.

—Edith Sessions Tupper, in *Outing*.





Indianapolis wheelmen might very opportunely send candidate Harrison a full history of the cycle manufacturing monopoly in America.—*American Athlete*.

She (at the races)—What's the trouble at the judges' stand, George? He—There is some dispute over the last heat. She—Are n't their thermometers all alike, George?—*Texas Siftings*.

Wanted—An artist to give our sport a lift in the next Academy. A picture showing "The Club Run," "A Ladies' Day," "A Warm Scorch," or some such subject would do capitally.—*Bicycling News*.

Nothing will separate a loving young couple so quickly, as to have a bicycle come up behind them on a dark night, as they are slowly promenading the sidewalk, and run between them.—*Peck's Sun*.

The practicality of the tricycle as a vehicle for the daily use of women is undoubted. There is scarcely a large town in the land where there are not some ladies who use the tricycle as others do their horse and carriage.—*Scientific American*.

Last year 127 people were killed by vehicles in London, nine by cycles. There were 3,986 persons injured by vehicles in a like period, and fifty-three by cycles, and yet we will long lay odds that there are those who still denounce those dangerous cycles.—*Wheeling*.

Lord Wolseley pronounces the bicycle "a military instrument of great promise."

The bicycle claims a victim now and then, but it is extremely doubtful if it ever proves as destructive as the Krupp gun.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed, as he turned over the periodicals on the counter, "I'd like to find a paper that isn't chuck full of base ball." "There's a drug store on the next corner, sir," suggested the news dealer. "A drug store! Who asked for a drug store?" "They sell fly paper there, sir."—*Time*.

A guileless little boy, of Market Drayton, was practising walking up the street backwards, and at the same time a young man was coming down the street on his bicycling. Result: one bicycle damaged, one boy knocked over, one bicycle rider executing a double somersault and hitting the pavement with his head.—*Sewing Machine and Cycle News*.

Here are a few cycling don'ts:—Don't swallow too much cold water when hot. Don't ride without a brake. Don't start out with an empty oil can. Don't cut corners too closely. Don't go out without a lamp. Don't start out on a day's ride with eighteen pence in your pocket. Don't ride too soon after feeding. Don't sit on damp grass after riding.—*Bicycling News*.

A bilious man—a creditor.

A sinner cure—Sing Sing.

A oarful struggle—the boat race.

A sentimental girl—Maud Lynn.

The latest thing out—your cigarette.

A model woman—a tryer-on of cloaks.—*Yale Record*.

A few days ago, in front of the Monitor and Merrimac cyclorama building, a bicyclist "took a header" and went down, covered with dust, chargin and other uncomfortable quantities, and arose filled with pain and several bleeding bruises. As he came up, anything but smiling, an unsympathetic savage of the tribe of Gam'n approached and eagerly petitioned: "Say, cully, do dat agin, won't ye? Some er de boys did n't see it an' it was awful funny."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

If we could have a *light, safe, easy* propelled and comfortable riding bicycle that our wives, "best girls," sisters and daughters could ride over common country roads, it would increase the use of the bicycle more than all other means put together. We hope the machine is in the near future, for what more could I ask for pleasure than to have my wife and two daughters accompany me on my tours around the country in pleasant weather. It is too good to think of! Let me realize this pleasure, is my desire.—*Star Advocate*.

"I am inclined to thank God for the bicycle. It won't develop dudes. The dude is the creation of the unhealthy gasses and bewildering exercises of the ball-room and the dissipations sure to accompany it. The ball-room develops things; the bicycle properly used will develop men. But it won't make a man of you if you think of nothing else; if your highest ambition is to be the best rider or the fastest racer, nor if you have persuaded yourself that you are at the top of the ladder when you are in the saddle."—*Rev. A. B. Dixon*.

The bicycle is a great time-saver, and to ride it well will always be an accomplishment. The medical profession recognizes it the world over as a trusty ally. Bicycle riding will cause any man with ordinary health to feel better, sleep better, eat better and *think better*. As to its being dangerous? Yes, we suppose it is. It's dangerous to fire off a gun, or to wade out in midstream to a convenient boulder, or to ride a horse "when he feels good." Yes, ma'am; all these things are dangerous. But the average man has taken great delight in them for ages past, and will continue so to do to the end of the chapter.—*Sports Afield*.

While riding with a party of young beginners at touring, recently, I was forcibly struck with the remark of one of the number who was enjoying himself so grandly, and, by the way, I think we were all drinking in the pleasures of nature, combined with that of cycling, as much as we could. His remark was this: "Any one who knows how to ride a bicycle and don't enjoy it is lazy." "Well," I thought, "there are lots of this kind." The number who are too "lazy" to exercise enough to enjoy themselves are not small. We often have people say to us: "When they get out a bicycle that can be propelled by steam or electricity I mean to have one." I don't think they would. They would be too lazy to sit up and guide it, to say nothing of taking care of it. Such persons are too lazy to breathe; they would not if it was not natural. They remind me of an old schoolmate, who said he was born tired and never had got rested. He was too lazy to sit or stand erect without leaning on something. They are to be pitied; it's a pity they were born.—*Star Advocate*.

The following is G. L. Hilliers summing up of Rowe's riding form, and is interesting in showing just where our American Champion differs from the accepted standard of England:

"He sits very upright and uses **T** handles, and the moment he commences to spurt a considerable portion of his shoulder weight is thrown upon his wrists, and as he wobbles his shoulders, his steering is by no means steady at top speed. He sits relatively close to the head, and does not remain steady in his saddle. The actual action of his legs is immensely powerful, the thigh and back muscles doing a tremendous lot of work, which, however, is considerably discounted by his action below the knee. It is quite true that he drops his heel, but the drop is due to the downward thrust from the knee, and not to upward and forward kick which distinguishes a true ankle-peddler, and it is not until the pedal is well on the descending curve that the thrust becomes really effective. The thrust is very powerful, but only effective for a short distance, and we could detect little or no 'clawing' as the pedal rose. That Rowe should attain the speed he does with his present style of riding points to the possession of wonderful power from a muscular point of view. Riding a small wheel he jumps off fairly well, and as long as his spurt lasts it is a good one."

"Rowe's mission here has not been a success, and from a patriotic point of view we must regard his failure to secure Dick Howell's scalp as satisfactory, but from the personal point of view we think every one who has met America's champion cyclist will be sorry, for he is a straight-forward man, with as little bounce as any professional rider we met. Whilst showing considerable quiet confidence in his own powers, he treats his hearers to none of the absurd gasconade which so many pros. and some few amateurs indulge in, and, recognizing the many chances which militate against success in cycle racing, simply says he means to do his best. All true sportsman will appreciate these characteristics which distinguish the American champion, and join with us in wishing him more conspicuous success in his next venture than has attended his visit to England in 1888."—*Bicycling News*.

Athletics for Women.

Next to lawn tennis there is probably no one form of combined outdoor recreation and physical culture for the fair sex which admits of such general practice as cycling, the high grade of tricycles put upon the market in the last two years having placed the sport on a solid foundation. It is safe and healthful for young and old, and even invalids, who have taken it up with the advice of the family physician, have found great benefit from the exhilarating effects of the exercise, as well as for the health giving influence of pure air and sunshine which it affords. It is not hard work after the muscles have been fairly developed by a few months' practice. A lady and gentleman upon a double machine may travel from twenty-five to fifty miles in a day on good roads without great fatigue; and a number of delightful summer tours of 1,000 to 2,000 miles have already been accomplished by women.

Walking is not a hard form of physical and mental recreation, through the women who walk for exercise should do so regularly, wearing "common sense" shoes, reasonably short skirts, and avoiding, above all things, tightly fitting garments, which prevent the lungs from properly expanding, as in all forms of physical culture for man or woman there must be absolutely no cramping of the breathing apparatus or muscles. A brisk walk of an hour every morning with an agreeable companion, or even alone, if the mind can be pleasantly occupied, is a capital cure for nervous or sick headache, weariness and all the other unnamable "bad feelings" that arise from women remaining too much indoors. But walking for exercise can not be combined with a shopping tour, and there is little benefit in a sauntering pace.

In the summer season there are boating and canoeing, and more expert oarswomen are to be met with at the seashore and lakeside than the majority of people are aware of. Every woman should learn to swim. The art is easily acquired, and the accomplishment admits of quite as much grace, and poetry of motion for that matter, in its performance as dancing. We have seen more beautiful lady swimmers, and wish there were many more. From practical considerations alone, the ability to preserve one's life and save the lives of others, every one should feel it a duty to learn to swim. Women doubtless has no desire to play base ball, but the simple practice of tossing and catching a ball is good exercise for hands, arms and shoulders, and at the same time brings many other muscles into healthy play. Riding is not a physical exertion at all, but only a means of taking the air.—*New York Press.*

July 4 was the date for the third annual tournament of the East Saginaw (Mich.) Bicycle Club and it was a very successful affair. The events consisted of a one-mile race (novice), one mile, open, half-mile, boys, ten-mile team race, hurdle race, E. S. B. C. championship, half-mile, five-minute time race, one-mile, 3:20 class, and a five-mile lap race. Good prizes were offered in each, and the contests were spirited from start to finish. About 800 people witnessed the sport.

The wheelmen of Cazenovia are talking of holding a tournament in Cazenovia, about August first. If their plans are successful there will be several races for which valuable prizes will be offered. A prize drill, fancy riding, and a lantern parade in the evening. All Wheelmen wishing to attend are requested to send in their names and invitations will be sent to them. Address,

B. S. STANLEY, Cazenovia, N. Y.

"Is that a labor riot over there?" asked an excited individual, pointing to a crowd of wildly demonstrative men in a field near an institution of learning. "No," was the answer. "A couple of college teams are playing foot-ball, that's all."—*Norristown Herald.*

Photographs of the Indiana tour taken at the starting place in Indianapolis, can be had at this office at 50 cents apiece.

The reports that Temple was seriously injured at Amsterdam are probably overdrawn.

Temple wants a match with Howell for \$500 a side; distance, one and ten miles.

"Murder Lane" is the name of a famous tough hill near Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Canadian Association.

The principal sporting feature of the celebration of Dominion Day, July 2, in Belleville, Ont., was the annual meet and races of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. It attracted very many people from other cities and towns, while cyclers were present from all parts of Canada. The weather was delightful, the management of the affair excellent, the races almost without exception very interesting, besides being worked off promptly by the competent officials engaged, and everybody was, therefore, well pleased with the record of the day. The hill climbing contest took place at Meyers' Hill, the business meeting was afterwards in order, and early in the afternoon the annual parade took place, being participated in by 236 wheelmen, representing fourteen clubs. The parade ended at the Corby Driving Park, where the races were held, in presence of over three thousand persons.

Dr. N. P. Tyler has resigned as official handicapper of the L. A. W.

Would it not be a good idea for ball-head bicycles, to try some kind of hair restorer?

George B. Thayer sailed for Europe June 10. It is his intention to make a tour of the continent on his wheel.

"Harold Dwight Corey and Mary Huntington Wallace, married Wednesday, June 27. At home, Thursday, October 11, Linwood Avenue, Newtonville, Mass. Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight." Thus reads the engraved legend, and we hope it does not mean the loss to wheelmen of one of its pioneer figures.

It is proposed to license all drivers of vehicles in New York City, and no man is to have a license who hasn't had some experience in handling the ribbons. It is expected that this will largely reduce the mortality of the great metropolis, which owes its present high rate to reckless driving as much as to anything.

There will be a day of bicycle racing at the Lynn (Mass.) Bicycle Park on Saturday, July 28, for suitable prizes. The events will be as follows: One mile novice; One-fourth mile heat; One-half mile dash; One mile open; One mile handicap; Three mile handicap; Two mile professional handicap; One mile consolation.

At the St. Kilda Skating Rink, Melbourne, in March last, four female bicyclists rode races on ordinary bicycles. They appeared to be about eighteen years of age, and were dressed in knickerbockers with colored jackets. They rode modestly, except when the sharp corners gave them some nasty falls. The exhibition was voted disgusting, however.

Is lager beer a good thing to drink when riding? Some say "yes"; others assert that for inflating it is worse than ginger-beer and lemonade. The fact is, no one drink will suit everybody. As the old adage says "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," and though lager may suit some men admirably, it can not be swallowed with impunity by all.

On June 17, in the presence of witnesses as named below, J. H. Shurman of Lynn, Mass., on a Springfield Roadster, went up and down Eagle Rock twelve times without a dismount. This means 24 miles of continuous up and down hill work. The time consumed to perform this feat was 3h. 39m. The hill is just one mile long. During the performance the heat was intense, being about 95 to 97 in the shade. This beats Mr. Wells' record by just double, and is a wonderful performance. The machine ridden was the ordinary roadster with a gear over 52-inch and with the regular length of levers, in fact it is a regular stock machine.

Cycling magazines and periodicals are growing—and dying too, for the matter of that—like mushrooms, in Europe. There are above a dozen cycling papers in the German language, and La Belle France is not slow in making up the same number. Two new sporting papers have recently been added to cycling literature in France, and we cannot help thinking that the number of papers is not at all in proportion to the importance of the sport in that country. Having had a glance at the first issue of the recently published *La Velocipedie Francaise* we are sorry to say that, with the best wishes for its welfare, we think it a dead failure.

Loose Spokes.

The Boston Bicycle Club goes in for tally-ho trips.

They call bicycles "whirlwinds" in some parts of Wales.

The latest thing in enamel is called "nigger." It's English.

Kilkelly holds the Irish grass record for the mile, 2m. 57 1-5s.

W. J. Cochran, the well-known trainer, expects to go to England soon.

Maltby, the fancy rider, contemplates a tour through France in August.

Messrs. Singer & Co. will put a ladies' bicycle on the market this fall.

Fred Midgley, the Springfield Racer is training on the Crawfordsville track.

The weekly cycling press for the past month has been mostly "League Meet."

W. A. Rowe will ride at Buffalo. We trust Howell, Temple and Willie Wood will be there.

Bicycle races proved an exciting feature of the athletic games recently held in San Francisco.

Temple's racing record during his stay in Europe is 76 races—62 firsts, 8 seconds and 2 dead heats.

For a man of indoor occupation nothing is so beneficial as a week's vacation spent on the wheel.

The American team in Berlin sent a floral tribute to the sick Kaiser several days before his death.

Phil Hammel of Chicago, expelled from the League for alleged professionalism, has been re-instated.

Harry Etherington is now engaged on the arrangements for an Ironmongers' Exhibition in England.

A Liberty Bill has been introduced into the lower house of the Louisiana Legislature now in session.

A new bicycle club is about to be started in Chicago. Its membership will be confined to Safety riders.

A ladies' column has been opened in the *C. T. C. Gazette*, over the signature of "Lillias Campbell Davidson," better known as "Violet Lorne."

The *Australian Cycling News* tells us that his Excellency the Governor, Sir Wm. Robinson, has been seen riding a tricycle about in the colony.

It appears that the treasurer of the League was compelled to pay the *Bicycling World* \$10.00 for using the League mail list to send out the League program.

Mr. Wells warns riders against the danger of over-doing in hill climbing. Men with no training or not having proper physiques are in danger of over-exerting.

The Ninth Indiana Tour numbering some forty odd wheelmen left Indianapolis on the 7th inst. A detailed account of the tour will be given in our next number.

The parade at Baltimore during the League Meet was not as pleasurable as was anticipated, owing to the intense heat. However over 700 wheelmen were in line.

At the Canadian wheelmen's meet at Belleville, Ont., July 2, Fred Foster, Canadian champion bicyclist, lowered the Canadian tricycle record for one mile to 3.18 4-5.

The English boy again. Scene—Crowded thoroughfare in a provincial town, fat man riding a bicycle. Small boy: "Say, Bill, would n't he make a proper pincushion?"

2.43 is not bad time for the one mile L. A. W. Championship, considering how some of the previous championships have been run. Will Windle made it at the Baltimore meet.

THE wheelmen of Marion, Ind., will hold a race meet about the first of August with at least three events: Half-mile novice, one-mile amateur and one-mile club championship.

Whittaker seems to be making a good impression abroad, and has been opening the eyes of the French cyclers by lowering the safety records. The Bordeaux club are to present him with a medal.

Gilbert and Sullivan are said to be writing an opera wholly in a cycling vein. Anglers rave about the "music of the reel," and now it would seem that cyclers will have a chance to go wild over the "music of the wheel."

Another Example of the Moralizing Influence Exerted by the Bicycle.



Herr Mentzelstrom.—Der Gounselmans can pass all der Suntay laws dey please, I care notings. I just put oup a poard fence und den dey don't can see vat goes on in here already.



"WHO-O-O-O-P."*

Herr Mentzelstrom,— "Gottinhimmel! wot was dot!!"

*The above is the result of a vain attempt on the part of our compositor to represent in cold type the halting sign of some passing wheelmen.

A WHEEL AROUND THE BAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND OF MONTEREY.

BY JOSEPH J. BLISS.

In Four Parts.

SECOND DAY (Continued).

Across the river I found the nature of the soil changed from adobe to sand again, and the riding was by no means good, frequent soft sandy spots necessitating a walk, but at times by carefully picking my way I was able to ride as much as a mile at a stretch. I have no doubt the road was now at its best; probably after a month or two of dry weather there would be no riding. Now the country was very pleasant; fresh green grass everywhere, and an occasional fine live-oak tree along the roadside made inviting spots for the weary wayfarer to rest. But it was now past three o'clock, and as I knew not what character of road was ahead of me, nor yet how many miles were to be traversed before I reached Monterey, I was not tempted to rest except for a few minutes on one occasion under a shady tree, until at length I reached another rivulet of clear water, and I can let no opportunity for taking a drink pass. Just beyond was a fine-looking stock farm, and numerous noisy crows were flying in the heavens. After traveling for five miles, about half of which was walking and half riding, I meet a brewer's wagon and I inquire the distance to Monterey. I am told it is ten miles, which is less than I had anticipated, but I know how difficult it is to get even an approximately correct statement of distances from points between towns. The road is a trifle better in places, and I soon reach a wayside house near which a rather large girl was having immense fun in sending a big dog into a muddy pond after chips; but what a condition her pinafore was in from the gambols of the dog, who, each time on his return would paw all over her, but dirt was apparently her normal condition. I notice a large water trough here, to which led a pipe with a faucet, and I stop to investigate the faucet when a voice shouts from the house: "Now don't ye be after lettin' that horse dhrink up all the wather," followed by the owner's laugh at what was doubtless considered a very humorous conceit. I ask if there is any objection to my drinking some, and am invited to come in and I can then get all I want. Indoors I find about the dirtiest looking bar-room it was ever my fortune to look at. At least I presume it was a bar-room, for there was a sort of a counter and some bottles at the back of it. The presiding genius was an Irish woman, and as I drank a glass of water she was bantering a young fellow standing in the doorway to try and mount my steed, explaining to me that "he is a vanquero who thinks he kin ride annything in the counthry." I resolve that he will not be able to ride my steed at all events, and, after inquiring the distance, I thank the hostess and depart. She said: "Exactly sivin moiles from where ye stand to Monterey, and foive to Dil Monte."

The road at intervals, where it skirted the foot of the hills, was quite good, but whenever it left the hill for the lower ground it was very soft and sandy. The grade was everywhere gentle. After a mile or two I fancy I hear the roar of the surf of the bay, and each ascent I expect will bring me in view of it, but mile after mile is reeled off, and although I can distinctly hear the surf, the ocean is not yet to be seen. I met a pleasant old lady and gentleman in a buggy, who accost me with "Good bye" as I pass them. I had received the same salutation two or three times previously during the day, and thought the parties were merely offering a jocosse remark, in the same way as one man good-humordly shouted as I passed him: "You'll get there!" but I now considered this must be the usual polite salutation, instead of the "good morning" or "good evening" customary farther north. My cyclometer had registered five miles since leaving the Irish woman's cabin, and no Del Monte had yet appeared, although she had been so precise as to the distance. But about a mile further on I reach the outskirts of the beautiful grounds of the hotel, and passing from the country road through the first gateway that offered, I ride rapidly over the magnificent level driveways, shaded with fine trees and bordered with beautiful flowers. past the new hotel, which is, I consider, much

finer than the former building, which was burned down a year or more ago, and which I had seen on the occasion of a railroad excursion to Monterey two years before. The Del Monte is too aristocratic a place for a dusty wayfarer like myself, I think, and I have no idea of stopping there. The road was now familiar to me, and as it was good, another ten minutes brings me over the intervening two miles to the town, which I reach by daylight at 6.25 P. M.

Just before entering the town I dismount and inquire of a man I meet (presumably a mechanic), what house he would recommend me to go to for a clean room and a good meal at moderate cost. He recommends the Bay View House, where he is stopping, and where he said many boarders were stopping who had lived there continuously for many months. Accordingly I proceed there, and am immediately shown to a very neat, well-furnished room, and quickly changing my underclothing am ready for a substantial supper, served in very good style.

My machine was placed in the corner of the office or bar-room and was surrounded by a throng discussing its merits. One man was remarking that the saddle (an improved Kirkpatrick) was a very uncomfortable looking affair to sit astride of all day. It was not until this moment that I noticed something was wrong with it, and upon examination, I found that the iron plate which supports the back part was snapped in two. I could not have ridden it far in this condition, although the leather above and the spring on either side underneath held it in place. This served somewhat as a dampener on the prospect for the morrow's ride, and my spirits were not to be raised by the replies I received to my questions in relation to the roads from Monterey to Santa Cruz. Although I questioned quite a number of people, none of them seemed to know much about roads. All seemed to think there was a road skirting the bay, but on inquiring which way I was to pursue, I was directed to take the road over which I had come back to Salinas City, thence across to Watsonville. This did not suit me in the least, as I had no desire to retrace my steps for this distance, especially as the question of crossing the Salinas River would then be again presented. It seemed to be the universal opinion that the proprietor of the house knew more about the roads than any one else around. So I consulted him, but without getting any encouragement as to there being a more direct road than by way of Salinas City. I then inquired if it would be possible to follow the beach all the way to Santa Cruz, and was assured that at low tide I might, except at the crossing at the mouth of the Salinas, where by leaving the beach and going up stream for a mile or so, I might get across the river by means of a ferry and then return again to the beach. There were no very clear ideas as to whether I could ride my bicycle along the beach or any portion of it, but it seemed to be generally considered that I could, for horses and buggies were sometimes driven along it at low tide. I resolved to attempt the beach anyway, before I returned to Salinas City.

The evening was spent, not entirely without amusement, in listening to the conversation of the occupants of the room as they sat around the stove, bicycle forming no small part of it. Numerous arguments were started in relation to its speed, make, diameter, circumference, etc., and, in order to settle one of the questions, one of the knowing ones produced dividers, square, etc., and proceeded to demonstrate on paper the vexed problem of ascertaining the circumference from a given diameter. His explanations were not very clear but were evidently considered to be satisfactory. There was some amusement in watching a pair of Irish laborers play checkers, but the knowledge that I had a rent in my trousers to repair caused me to seek a store to purchase needle and thread (which I make a mental note must be included in my outfit on the next long bicycle trip), and then I retire to my room. Notwithstanding the, to me, strange and unaccustomed noise of the roar of the surf, which may perhaps serve as a lullaby to those used to its noise, I am soon in the sound sleep which the wheelman may confidently expect after a similar day's work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE will be seven open races, eight championships, nine handicaps, three class, two novice and one consolation race, at the World's Tournament, Buffalo.

A Celebrated Circler.*

The GAZETTE'S review of the volume which it believes "will always hold the undisputed place of the first great work on the subject of cycling," mentioned its chapter on "Curl" as being in itself "well worth reading, but of doubtful appropriateness in a book of American roads." So many other critics have likewise praised this sketch that, whether appropriate or not, there can be no doubt of what has resulted from its insertion: "Curl" has become a celebrity among the wheelmen of all countries where the English language is spoken.

There is something very singular about this fact, that the most noted literary feature in the most elaborate and widely-circulated of cycling books should concern a canine circler rather than a human cyclist—that the foremost figure in this mammoth encyclopedia should be neither the author himself nor any other one of the "200 contributors of records," but merely a wheel-hating bull-dog, who died in 1869, just when the bone-shaker of France began to invade America. Our belief that people are interested in such singularities leads us, therefore, to condense, from advance sheets of the pamphlet named below, a summary of the published evidence in support of our assertion.

"I am confident," says the cycling editor of a Birmingham weekly, "that this bull-dog will occupy a prominent position in the history of the cycle. I would we had an English Kron." The reasons, given by K. K. himself, for trying to push his pet plaything into this position, are comprised in three pages of preface, from which we quote the following:

"The one vanity of the book was the author's decision to insert, as its chief 'literary' feature, a biography of the best-remembered companion of his boyhood, in order thereby to make a most impressive appeal from the judgment of the select circle of magazine-editors who had condemned it, to the judgment of the mass of mankind, as represented by his thirty-four hundred 'co-partners,' enrolled in every section of the globe. For an utterly unknown writer to thus have won in advance the attention of a vaster and more widely-scattered audience than many of the most famous of contemporary authors can lay claim to, was a unique opportunity, whose temptation I felt powerless to resist. Evidently, in trying my luck at so phenomenal a chance, I had much to gain from success, and little to lose from failure. If my 'Study in Anmal Life' proved pleasing to the multitude of patrons whose sympathy with my enthusiasm for bicycling had led them to pledge their dollars for the building of a monumental book upon that subject, they would like the book all the better on 'Curl's' account, and would give his memory also a monumental degree of celebrity. On the other hand, if his biography proved powerless to interest them, they would pardon the insertion of it, as a harmless freak, in consideration of its covering but nineteen of the nine hundred pages in a book whose bulk had been promised them as three hundred pages only."

A rebuke having been administered by "Daisie," in the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, for the apparent lack of gallantry shown by giving less space in the book to "the little army of lady tricyclers" than to extraneous subjects of no interest to them, the author printed this defence:

"Must I suggest, also, that you are cruelly inaccurate in saying I have written 'scores of pages on a savage bull-dog?' Nineteen pages are not 'scores,' and 'Curl' was never savage. Indeed, the sole literary object of the volume is to justify his memory in history as the most tender-hearted specimen of his race, as having always 'roared you as gently as a sucking dove.' So, please don't condemn Curl until you have formed his acquaintance, and don't assume that his character may not be voted charming, even 'from a feminine point of view.' Let me confess, too, that it was a woman's praise (given long ago in the days when we both were young) of my verbal reminiscences about Curl, which finally led me to conceive the notion of writing his biography, and so led to the production of the monumental tome which his portrait adorns. Since lively modern girls of sixteen and eighteen and twenty have all, more recently, laughed their approval to me of the actual biography, I may surely be pardoned for hoping that 'the little army of tricyclers' contains many who will also be able to find some fun in it. My own personal chance for favor among them may have everlastingly gone by, but I want to have Curl given a fair show for becoming 'a pet of the ladies.'"

On page 715, of 'XM Miles,' the author invites each subscriber to report whether the chapter seems amusing enough to him personally

*CURL, THE BEST OF BULL-DOGS: A Study in Animal Life. Twenty-eight pages of 11,000 words, with photogravure frontispiece; appendix of 150 pages, giving specimens of the text and newspaper notices of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle." Sent postpaid to any country in the world on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps. KARL KRON, Publisher, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

to justify its insertion, and whether this insertion seems likely to be affective as a trick for arousing outsiders' curiosity in bicycling? From Maine to California the responses have been favorable. Thus, G. O. Hall, of Bangor, says: "The book is as it should be now, and you could not have improved it by any omissions or additions. No true lover of the dog can read 'Curl's' story and its finale with dry eyes." The sentiment is re-echoed at San Francisco by J. J. Bliss: "The extraneous chapters are certainly amusing. All lovers of the dog must like to read the chapter on 'Curl'—and who is there that does not love a dog? I think one could find a greater number who do not love their own race." In the *American Athlete*, Cal Wallace, of Philadelphia, says: "With my canine taste, the chapter on 'Curl' goes right to the spot. As a piece of literary work it is far superior to anything else in the book, and I will take off my hat to the man who wrote it, if I should ever meet him." An Ohio rider, G. C. McNeil, of Akron, writes: "I read the bull-dog's story and liked it much for the fun it contained. I have no doubt that, had 'Curl' lived to see you on a wheel, he would have made you wish that you had an iron boot." Other subscribers' opinions are of the same tenor, and are reflected in the press notices, from which we make complimentary citations as follows:

The queerest book that has come into this office for a long while is "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle." It would be as dull, prosaic and borous as the author has aimed to make it, if he had been able to live up to his ideal. Luckily, he could not. His individuality has asserted itself. He himself has crowded in (among the three cornered stones, the up-grades and the pauses to oil the machine), and some of his literary excursions are exquisite. "Curl," the dog to whom the book is dedicated, is the title of a sketch of the animal that is simply delicious. A cleverer, more delicately humorous, or more thoroughly intelligent study of a brute has seldom been written. If we fail to like the animal, it is because we see his true character; but, be the dog good or bad, no one can fail to enjoy reading of his experiences and noting how he revealed his character in his life and walks—as we all do. There are other readable chapters, and the book has literary merit of rare quality, in spots. It seems incredible that the author should have had "Curl" rejected by every prominent magazine, but that is what he says.—*Hartford Courant*.

We have read the biography of "Curl," the bull-dog, with a great deal of interest, though we do not wonder that a dozen magazine editors refused to print it.—*L. A. W. Bulletin, Boston*.

There is a vast deal of this book that is of interest to the general reader as much as to the bicyclist. The chapter on "Curl" is especially interesting for the picture it presents of a remarkably intelligent and affectionate animal. A brief extract will show what kind of a dog he was, and at the same time give an idea of the author's admirable style.—*Detroit Free Press*.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on the life of the author's pet bull-dog, and a photogravure of "Curl" forms the frontispiece.—*Worcester Spy*.

Whether the dedication of such a work to a favorite bull-dog, "not lost but gone before," may be thought congruous, we leave to debaters on "good form;" but, judging by "the best of bull-dogs'" eighteen-page biography, as genially related by the author, we should say "Curl" is entitled to affectionate remembrance.—*The Evening Telegram, N. Y.*

Some chapters are very good reading for anybody. His bull-dog receives a long one, the most interesting in the book. This animal was almost the intellectual equal of the famous "Calvin."—*Buffalo Express*.

The frontispiece illustration is not that of the author, as a hasty inspection of the book might possibly suggest, but is a likeness of the author's companion. "Curl" was a bull-dog who lived not quite thirteen years. His biography is written in Chapter 28 of this remarkable encyclopedia. The dedication is inscribed to this friendly fellow animal.—*The Critic, N. Y.*

The general opinion of Karl Kron's book seems to be that when it comes to dogs he can write very intelligently and sympathetically, but outside of that one chapter the work is a dismal failure.—*American Athlete, Philadelphia*.

In view of the great quantity of matter here condensed and classified, the picture of the bull-dog, which embellishes the first page, would seem to be a fitting emblem of the perseverance with which the author has pushed to completion his three years' task. The volume is inscribed to the memory of "the very best dog whose presence ever blessed this planet." Well, he certainly does not look it; but the account of his life—and death—is the very best thing, from a literary point of view, in a volume of 900 pages. It is capital in itself, but its excellence must be the chief reason for its appearance in the midst of a tedious record of roads and journeys with which it has no sort of connection.—*Boston Advertiser*.

The chapter on "Curl" is, in our view, at once the triumph and condemnation of this book. That a man who can write such a biog-

raphy as this—in every way perfect—can then coolly and deliberately bury it in the undigestible mass of verbiage, egotism and nonsense in which we find it, is simply exasperating and at the same time extraordinary. What this gem has to do with cycling it is difficult to discover; but those condemned for their sins to peruse this work will welcome the restful pause which it affords, as the one green spot in the desert of flat, uninteresting and very personal detail.—*Bicycling News, London.*

The author is possessed of a vein of smart American humor, which illuminates the dry text of his book from beginning to end. In places, such as the inimitable chapter devoted to his bull-dog, "Curl," he soars to a pitch which reminds the reader very forcibly of Mark Twain and Max Adeler; and the cyclist who loves his dog will read this chapter over more than once. To "Curl," whose noble and expressive features act as frontispiece, the book is dedicated, and their is a certain pathos in the selection.—*Wheeler, London.*

We have here the biography of a dog, done in the style of a sincere mourner with Boswellian proclivities; and although the picture of the dog, as he looks with canine benignity toward the title-page, inclined us to accept the chapter of biography *cum grano*, yet the author assures us in his dedicatory lines that "Curl" was "the very best dog that ever blessed this planet." We commend this volume as a curiosity.—*Public Opinion, Washington.*

The one good chapter is that which commemorates a deceased bull-dog named "Curl." That he was a determined creature may be gathered from the sketch of his life, and that he was not ill-looking, from the bull-dog standpoint, may be seen by his portrait.—*New York Mail and Express.*

The frontispiece represents the head of a particularly ill-favored bull-dog; but his interesting physiognomy, thus confronting the reader, in some measure compels a perusal of the chapter devoted to the uneventful career of the animal; and the theme apparently draws out the author's best literary powers.—*Alta California.*

The frontispiece is the picture of a dog—not a soft-eyed lap-pet that runs into the brush at the sight of a wheel, but a big-jawed, fierce-looking bull-dog, that has got the pedal-motion down so fine that he can time the descending foot to a dot, and nip out a piece of three-dollar hose at every revolution. There used to be two such dogs, out on the Manchester road, several years ago.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

In conclusion, we reprint from the preface of the pamphlet, Karl Kron's own summing up of the foregoing opinions, thus:

"There is something especially pleasant about this evidence that the element of affection did not impair my clear-sightedness,—that the 'personal equation' did not sway my judgment,—that what seemed to me my most attractive piece of verbal workmanship has been commended by the severest judges as in fact my best. I do not presume to say that 'my best' should be classed as 'good,' according to any absolute standard of excellence, or that the public verdict already given in favor of this brief biography proves that it contains anything of that permanent quality which should entitle it to rank as literature. I only record the fact that I have accomplished exactly what I set out to do four years ago, by making my bull-dog's memory cherished in every country of the globe where the English language is spoken. With this aim in view I gave seventeen months to the attraction of three thousand subscribers to my bicycling book, from every State and Territory of the Union, every Province of Canada, every Colony of Australia; from England, Scotland and Ireland; from Mexico, Bermuda and New Zealand; from a dozen Countries of Continental Europe; from Asiatic Turkey, Persia and Japan. Having thus laboriously secured my audience, I was not to be deterred from my purpose of winning their approval for 'Curl' because none of the magazine editors took kindly to him; and, having won that approval, I can now confidently introduce him to the general public as the most distinguished dog of his day."

THE Binghampton Wheel Club holds its annual meet Monday, August 6, and in issuing its invitation for all wheelmen to attend, asks that they come on Sunday, the 5th, and participate in a run over their nine-mile cinder-path.

Sports Afield is as bright and readable this month as usual. It is devoted to cycling and other sports and is in every way "A Journal for Gentlemen."

A COUPLE of tricycles are to be taken with the new German exploration which is about to start for Central Africa.

THOMAS STEVENS' "Around the World on a Bicycle" is concluded in the June *Outing*.

It is estimated that there were about 1,200 wheelmen at the League Meet in Baltimore.

Program of Races at the World's Tournament, Buffalo.

Tuesday, September 4, First Day.

- One-mile professional tandem, open.
- Two-mile amateur bicycle, novice.
- Ten-mile amateur bicycle, L. A. W. championship.
- Three-mile professional, bicycle handicap, 450 yds. limit.
- Two-mile amateur bicycle, 6:20 class.
- Five-mile amateur tricycle, L. A. W. Championship.
- Three-mile professional bicycle, first heat world's championship.
- Three-mile amateur tandem, open.
- One-mile professional Rover handicap, 100 yds. limit.
- Two-mile amateur Rover, open, road wheels only.

Wednesday, September 5.

New York State Division Meet.

Thursday, September 6, Second Day.

- One-mile amateur bicycle, novice.
- One-mile professional bicycle handicap, 150 yds. limit.
- Three-mile amateur bicycle, L. A. W. championship.
- Five-mile professional bicycle, second heat world's championship.
- Three-mile amateur bicycle, 10:05 class.
- Five-mile professional Rover handicap, 400 yds. limit.
- Ten-mile amateur bicycle handicap, 850 yds. limit.
- One-mile professional tricycle, open.
- One-mile amateur Rover handicap, 100 yds. limit, road wheels only.
- One-mile amateur tandem, open.

Saturday, September 8, Third Day.

- Two-mile amateur bicycle, state championship.
- Two-mile professional Rover handicap, 200 yds. limit.
- Five-mile amateur bicycle, 17:00 class.
- Two-mile amateur bicycle, open.
- One-mile professional bicycle, final heat world's championship.
- Three-mile amateur Rover handicap, 200 yds. limit, road wheels only.
- Five-mile professional tandem handicap, 500 yds. limit.
- Five-mile amateur bicycle, state championship.
- Three-mile professional tricycle, open.
- Two-mile amateur bicycle, consolation.

In addition to the above there will be a team race, Rochester vs. Buffalo, six men each; also a race for the championship of the city; and a challenge race, Crist vs. Kluge. There will also be fancy riding by Ralph Temple, who is the acknowledged champion trick rider of the world, and club drills by men from Cleveland, Rochester and Buffalo. On the first day of the meeting there will be a large parade of wheelmen under the auspices of the State Division, L. A. W., and at present it looks as though there would be over a thousand men in line.

The Chautauquan, for April 3, prints an article on "Bicycling and Tricycling," by Maurice Thompson. He speaks of the folly of choosing a wheel for its swiftness in preference to its safety, and relates the following incident: "A young clergyman of my acquaintance was brow-beaten into buying a Standard road-racer for his use, although his wife protested. All went well for a while, the dignified and graceful minister taking great pleasure in going along the streets of his town at a speed suggestive of a physician's rush for a dying patient, till at last one bright morning a small boulder waylaid him nearly in front of the postoffice. Two weeks later the minister appeared once more in the streets, sitting cautiously far back in the saddle of a machine made with some regard for the law of gravitation. Meantime the court plaster on his forehead gave a sinister emphasis to the solemnity of his smile as he shied his wheel around every pebble in his way. A bootblack convulsed the community by shouting: 'Set straight, parson, an' tend strictly ter business; that thing 'pears like it was goin' ter buck agin!'"

THERE will be four races for tandems, three for tricycles, seventeen for bicycles and six for Rover Safeties, at the World's Tournament, Buffalo.

THE scheme for building a bicycle path between Holyoke and Springfield, Mass., has been abandoned.



MIDSUMMER.

I ride out with her often
 When the twilight shadows soften,
 But one feels
 There's no time to show devotion,
 For the ever jolting motion
 Of our wheels.

Yet I cannot but adore her,
 As she steers the wheel before her,—
 I behind,
 For her charms there's no denying
 So to tell them I'm not trying.
 Do you mind?

She has hair of richest tinting,
 Softest brown, with gold just glinting
 Here and there,
 on her cheek a hue reposes
 Like the heart of blushing roses,
 Yet more fair.

She is graceful, light and airy,
 And her laugh rings free and merry
 As we ride.
 To me she's such a treasure
 That her charms I ne'er could measure
 If I tried.

She declares the riding easy,
 I am panting, growing wheezy,
 Yet who knows,
 As along I slowly treadle,
 She does scarcely touch a pedal
 With her toes.

Then I halt the trike instanter,
 And with laughter and with banter,
 Take a toll.
 I've been doing all the working
 So I take the kiss that's lurking
 To be stole.

Does she frown and grow indignant?
 No; she smiles on me benignant.
 On my life,
 she returns it! 'Tis quite proper
 And I have no wish to stop her—
 She's my wife



AT RIDING SCHOOL.

Unto the handle-bars I cling,
 My feelings can't be writ;
 I'd be as happy as a king
 If I could only quit.

The wheel careers around the ring,
 There's no managing it;
 It seems to fly along with wings,
 And hither, thither flit.

In my attendant's arms I swing—
 I don't like it a bit—
 And then I mount again the thing,
 And mounting, nearly split
 My lumbar-*peri-rustiring*
 When I the backbone hit.

Again I'm boosted on the thing,
 I'm never lacking grit,
 The next second I get a fling
 The floor I almost slit.

I get up full of pain and sting,
 I feel like I'd been hit.
 They put my arm up in a sling;
 Next month my bones will knit.

THE NEW PREACHER'S TRICYCLE.

"Seen a heap o' tribulation,
 Since the good old parson died,—
 He seemed jist like a relation,
 Fer we'd traveled side by side
 Along the road to Jordan,
 Fer nigh to thirty year;
 Helpin' us to live accordin'
 To the Gospel, while we're here.

"When the good old man was taken,
 We jist felt completely lost,
 An' our feelin's they was shaken
 Up, an' sorter tempest tossed.
 Young folks in the congregation
 Says there must be spiritual teachin'
 So they scoured all creation
 Fer some one to do the preachin'.

"But they was n't much successful,
 Tho' they tried an awful sight,—
 One, sufficiently progressful,
 Was n't of the proper height,—
 One preacher's hair was yellor,
 They were eastin' 'round fer black,—
 Always some points that each feller
 Seemed ter kinder sorter lack.

"After months of watchful prayn',
 All at once they found a preacher;
 'Cordin' to the young folks' sayin'
 He's a smarter man 'an Beecher.
 Went to hear him preach fust Sunday
 An' I liked him purty fair,
 Till I saw him the next Monday
 Ridin' some three-wheeled affair.

"And I ask't 'what is that, Parson?'
 Then he smiled like he was tickled,
 An' he answers: 'Sister Larson,
 That's known as a tri-sickle.'
 Well, I looked at it a minit,
 An' I turned away disgusted.
 Just to see a parson in it!
 Well, my heart was might' nigh busted.

"Next time I went to meetin',
 I just thought I would expire;
 'Bout Elijah he was treatin'
 An' his charlot of fire;
 Well, I tried too keep a settin'
 An' a-listenin' to the sermon,
 But his words jist got me sweatin',
 An' a-stewin' an' a-squirmin'.

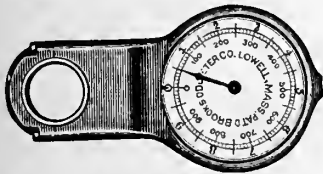
"So I riz right up an' ask't him,
 As concernin' what he said,—
 For I would n't put it past him:—
 'Look here, Parson! when you read
 All about that charlot story,
 Did n't you try to make it mean,
 'At we've got to go to Glory
 On a blame three-wheeled machine!'"



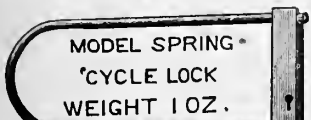
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This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for \$85; at that price it is the best bargain in America; until lately it could not be purchased for less than \$100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. **ONE FREE SAMPLE** in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely **FREE**. These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful **HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES**; these samples, as well as the watch, we send **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, we become entirely your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the **Solid Gold Watch** and large line of valuable samples **FREE**, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from \$100 to \$5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable **HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES** may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure, **FREE**, AN **ELEGANT \$85, SOLID GOLD, HUNTING-CASE WATCH** and our large, complete line of valuable **HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES**. We pay all express freight, etc. Address, **STINSON & CO., Box 510 Portland, Maine.**

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Th W. C. B. Jock Strap

This article is made especially for bicycle riders and gymnasts, and perfectly adapted for their use, being cool, light, elastic and very strong. It does not bind or cramp the person at any point and can be worn all the time with comfort, in fact the wearer does not feel it. The net is made of pure silk, and is properly shaped to hold the parts in a comfortable position close to the body. Send for circulars of these goods. Liberal discount to dealers

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(See L.A.W. Bulletin, Feb. 24.)



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20 DIFFERENT STYLES. Each and every one possessing true merit. The finest line of

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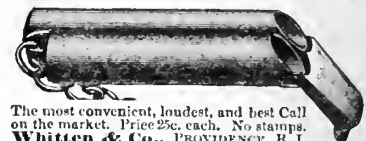
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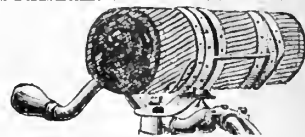


No chain; can not be picked or pulled open; neatest thing out. Price, \$1.00.

The BEST BICYCLE WHISTLE.



The most convenient, loudest, and best Call on the market. Price 25c. each. No stamps. **Whitten & Co., PROVIDENCE, R. I.**



THE ROSS IMPROVED DETACHABLE LUGGAGE CARRIER For Crank and Star Bicycles.

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Get a Discount to the Trade. In ordering state name of wheel and year of manufacture.

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Your name, address, emblem, etc. neatly printed on all. We use a first-class card, and do neat work. Sure to please or money refunded. Try Us.

Prices:—25 for 5 c., 50 for 50 c., 100 for 75 c., post paid. **CHROMATIC CARD CO., Camden, O.**

STEEL BALLS FOR ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS. Of Best Cast Steel. HARDENED, GROUND AND BURNISHED 1/16" to 3" diam. Samples and prices on application **Simonds Rolling Machine Co., Fitchburg, Mass**

INDIANAPOLIS BUSINESS UNIVERSITY WHEN BLOCK, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE. Best facilities for Business, Short-Hand, Penmanship and English Training. Elegant Catalog free.

New Rapid ROADSTER LIGHT ROADSTER Bicycle

CONTAINING ALL IMPROVEMENTS ESSENTIAL IN HIGHEST GRADE MACHINES.

True Tangent Spokes that do not break,
Thickened Bottom Hollow Rims that do not buckle,
Hollow Detachable Handle-Bars that do not work loose,
Backbones and Forks of the best weldless steel tubing,
Ball Bearings made with the accuracy of watch work.



ROADSTER

Weight, 40 pounds

ALL ON.

*Choice of Handles and Saddles
Given.*



LIGHT ROADSTER

Weight, 36 pounds

ALL ON.

*Choice of Handles and Saddles
Given.*



These are the Reasons Why

They climb hills with so little exertion; coast so swiftly; do not break up when put through rough work; give perfect satisfaction to their owners and are so rarely found mentioned in second-hand lists.

You Should Post Yourself About Them.

SEND FOR CATALOG. AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

MENTION THE "WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE."

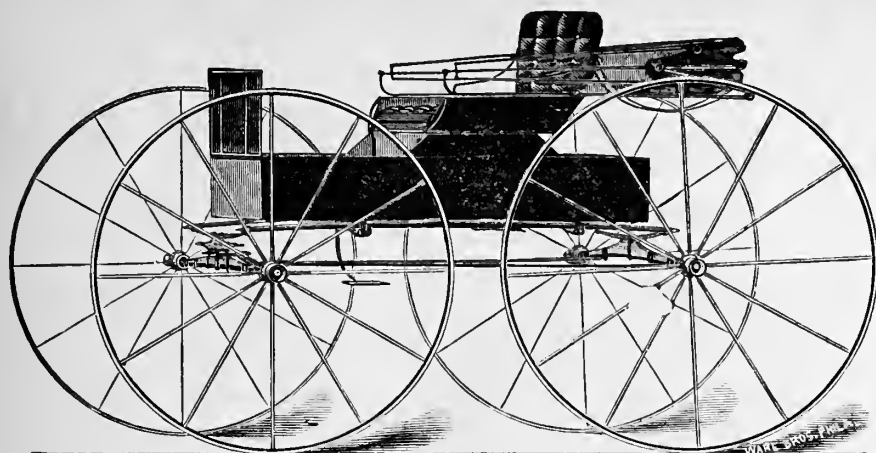
THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

2 and 4 Hanover St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Washington Branch, 908 Pennsylvania Ave.

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES

Taken in Trade for



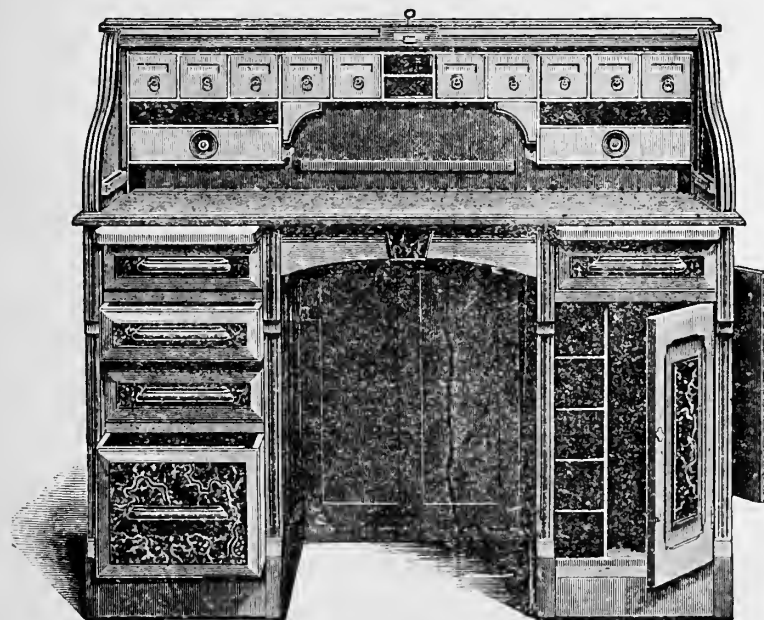
BUGGIES, PHAETONS or ROAD CARTS.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOG.

—DESCRIBE WHAT YOU HAVE FOR TRADE.—

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES TAKEN IN TRADE FOR OUR

★
Roll Curtain Office Desk.
★



4 1-2 ft. High Top. Open View.

51½ inches high, 33½ inches deep; 2 slides; closed back; all drawers in both pedestals, or one with drawers and the other with closet, as may be ordered; 10 paper filing boxes, to order. In Walnut, Cherry or Oak.

PRICE, \$70.

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Spade Handles

—FOR—

ANY BICYCLE,

★★ **\$2.50** ★★

—MADE OF THE—

Best Material,

And not of Brass Casting, as are other Handles that sell for this price.

Indiana Bicycle Company,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

COW-HORN

HANDLE BARS

—MADE OF—

Best Machine Steel,
ALL COMPLETE WITH LEVER,

★★ **\$3.50** ★★

—OUR—

Nickle Plating,

IS ALL DONE

ON COPPER.

Indiana Bicycle Company.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order. This department is only made for the convenience of wheelmen who can thus make their wants known at a trivial cost. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to sell or exchange his wheel, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The rate of one cent per word is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates which will be furnished on application.

VICTOR TRICYCLE—For sale. See page No. 4 of advertisements. tf

WANTED—Columbia Safety Bicycle. Address P. O. Box 155, Liberty, Ind. 7-1

FOR SALE—A 44-inch Harvard in first-class condition. 7 Brown St., New Haven, Conn. 7-1

FOR SALE—Cheap, 45-inch Pony Star, 40-inch Rudge Safety. C. J. COOPER, Meadville, Pa. 7-1

PHOTOGRAPHS of noted wheelmen; send for enlargers. FRANK H. ROBERTS, Collinsville, Ill. 7-1

FOR SALE—Brook's Cyclometer for 51-inch wheel, \$3.50. W. F. EASTWOOD, Stepney Depot, Conn.

BICYCLE REPAIRING a specialty. Workmanship and material the best. JOHN T. STARR, Coldwater, Mich. tf

PEDALS—For sale, one pair Victor pedals, \$5.00; latest pattern; used a short time. Lock box 524, Mitchell, Dak. tf

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Rates on application. tf

WANTED—Nos. 13 and 17, Volume 1, of the L. A. W. Bulletin. Send to DANIEL LORING, JR., Box 64, Stamford, Conn. 7-1

FOR SALE—New Kirkpatrick saddle; also Hill & Tollman bell, but little used; open to any offer. H. W. ELLISON, Box 263, New Bedford, Mass. 7-1

NOW is the time to sell your Bicycles, Tricycles, etc. The best means of securing purchasers is by advertising in our SALE AND EXCHANGE COLUMN. tf

WHEELMEN, how can you enjoy the wheel? By keeping fully posted, and subscribing for so excellent a journal as the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Only fifty cents a year. tf

FINE CHANCE for a Safety, good as brand new, without chains or gearing; Facile, latest pattern 46-inch; cost \$181, sacrificed for \$75. J. W. HILLMAN, Cape Vincent, N. Y. 7-1

FOR SALE—51-inch hollow frame light roadster Star, latest pattern, rams-horn bars, spade handles; perfect condition; been run 200 miles; cost when new \$155; will sell cheap. A. E. DAVENPORT, North Adams, Mass. 7-2

TO EXCHANGE—Three good Violins and Cases, and small lot of fine plated Jewelry (balance of stock) towards good Bicycle, Safety or ordinary, or Remington or Hammond Type Writer. W. B. KERNAN, Hornellsville, N. Y. tf

DO YOU want to change your mount this season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word. tf

A. W. Gump & Co., in this issue, publish a supplementary list of their second-hand wheels. Any one wishing to purchase a second-hand bicycle or tricycle can surely find one to suit them in this firm's advertisements in the June or July GAZETTE.



HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

RIDE FAST!

Or slow—suit yourself, Which ever you do keep a record of your riding. The CYCLIST'S RECORD BOOK, pocket edition, leather binding, lap to protect edges, pocket for cards, pencil loop, etc., 50 cents. The best made.

C. D. BATCHELDER, SANFORD, MAINE.



C. H. & D.

THE PROPER LINE

TO AND FROM

CINCINNATI,

DAYTON, TOLEDO, DETROIT,

And All Points

East, South, and South East

For rates and full information, call at the Grand Union ticket office,

Or address—

W. H. FISHER, Gen'l Agt

C. H. ROCKWELL, G. P. and P. A. CINCINNATI.

There are no Flies

On the Monon Route. Note its important change of time, as follows:

Chicago Express, 7:10 a. m. daily; arrive in Chicago, 1:55 p. m.

Chicago & Michigan City Express, 12:01 noon daily, except Sunday; arrive in Chicago 6:35 p. m.

Chicago Night Express, 11:15 p. m. daily; arrive in Chicago, 6:35 a. m.

Monon Accomodotion, 6:00 p. m. daily.

Trains leave Chicago returning as follows: 8:30 a. m. daily except Sunday; arrive Indianapolis, 3:35 p. m.

8:30 p. m. daily; arrive in Indianapolis, 3:35 a. m.

11:40 p. m. daily; arrive in Indianapolis, 8:10 a. m.

Remember that the Monon Route has come to the front, and is now the leading Chicago line for the reasons that no other Chicago line makes as quick time or runs three trains each way between Indianapolis and Chicago. Pullman Palace Buffet, Sleeping and Chair cars on all night trains. Pullman Buffet Parlor cars on day trains. Elegant coaches on all trains. No other line runs a daily morning train to Chicago, returning the same day. Ticket offices: 26 South Illinois Street, Union Depot, Massachusetts Avenue Depot.



Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881.

Send for Catalogue.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.,

Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

LOOK AT THIS!

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

Our Specialties:

Repairing and Nickle Plating AT LOWEST PRICES.

If you want the best New Machine in the Market for 1888, or a bargain in a Second-Hand Bicycle, send 2-cent stamp for Catalog and Second-Hand List to

H. T. HEARSEY,

147 North Delaware Street,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES TAKEN IN TRADE FOR NEW ONES.



We are prepared to make this year a fine line of TROPHIES, MEDALS and PRIZES of all descriptions, including

Cups, Jewelry, MEDALS, Stop-Watches, Trophies.

Illustrated Catalog and Price List Sent on Receipt of Stamp.

Pedersen & Buckingham

4 1/2 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK CITY.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PREMIUM LIST.

THE KELLOGG BICYCLE SHOE.



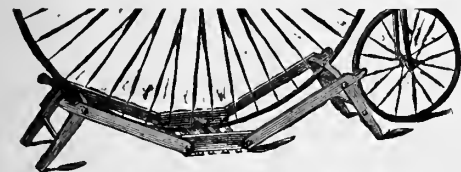
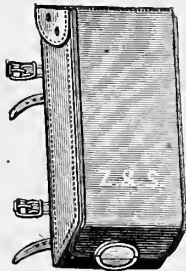
Made of kangaroo or dongola, as may be required, hand-sewed, and possessing merits superior to any other Bicycle Shoe made.

Price \$4 per pair. Given for 16 subscribers, or 8 subscribers and \$2.

Z. & S. TOOL-BAG.

This tool-bag, improved last season, was the first of its kind on the market. It has merit. Most articles that are imitated have. The price has been reduced, the bag made narrower, with more space inside, and the quality, strength, and finish have been improved.

Price by mail, \$1.60. Given for 6 subscribers.

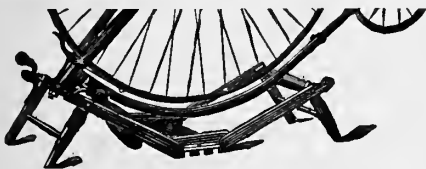


BICYCLE STAND AND CAMP STOOL.



Can be used as a stand, converted into a stool, used for cleaning, or folded into small space; adjustable to any size bicycle. Weight 5½ pounds.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.



CHAMPION LAMP.

Fits any size over 50-inch. Nickered.

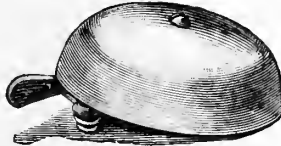
Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers.



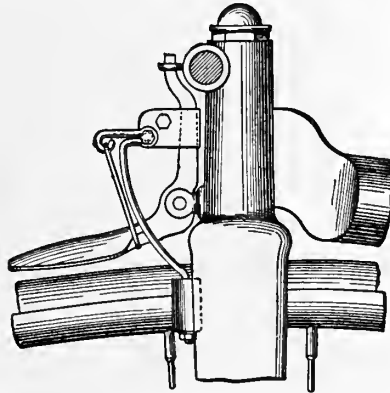
THE STANDARD BELL.

Nickel gong and fastenings; 3¼ inches in diameter; absolutely the loudest bicycle bell in use.

Price \$1. Given for 4 subscribers.



FOOTE'S ANTI-HEADER.



Effective, reliable, simple, light, and cheap. Can be applied to any bicycle in two minutes. It acts, when in position, by preventing the forks from moving forward faster than the top of the wheel. When the wheel encounters an obstacle and the forks attempt to swing forward, they are clamped momentarily to the rim and carry the wheel forward and over the obstacle, if not too large. As it offers no obstruction at any time to the forward motion of the wheel, if the latter is carried to the top of the obstacle before the rider passes the center of gravity it will roll on and he will not fall. It prevents all danger of the wheel rolling back from under the rider when climbing steep hills. It steadies the running of a bicycle by preventing all kicking up of the little wheel.

Price \$1.50. Given for 6 subscribers.

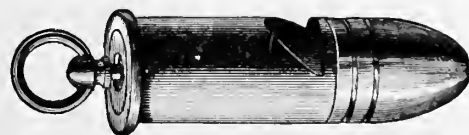
CARTER'S STAR FOOT-REST.

Worth more than any other accessory to the Star. Especially adapted to riding down rough hills; without it the rider must bear a good deal of weight on the handle-bar, making it tiresome, but with this foot-rest he is kept securely in the saddle without any inconvenience, and controls the wheel far more easily and of course with much greater pleasure.

Price \$1. Given for 3 subscribers.



CALL WHISTLE.



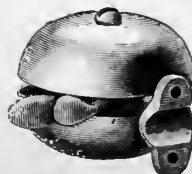
A good whistle; furnished with ring for attaching to the watch-chain.

Price 35c. Given for 2 subscribers.

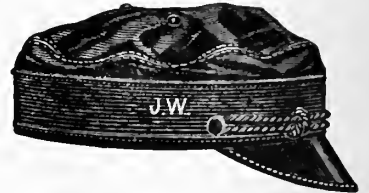
CHIMING BELL.

Nickel double bells and fastenings; 2½ inches in diameter; does not rattle; sounds two distinct musical notes. This bell has been entirely remodeled.

Price \$1.50. Given for 6 subscribers.



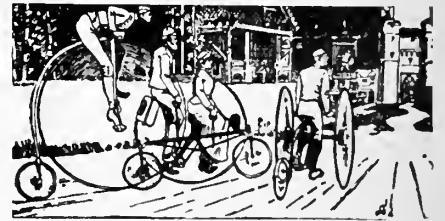
BOSTON CLUB CAP.



This cap was introduced by the Boston Club, and has become very popular. The visor projecting down shields the eyes from the sun. Color dark navy blue.

Price \$1.75. Given for 6 subscribers.

A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.



Ridden, written, and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 1 vol., square 8vo.

Price 50c. Given for 2 subscribers.

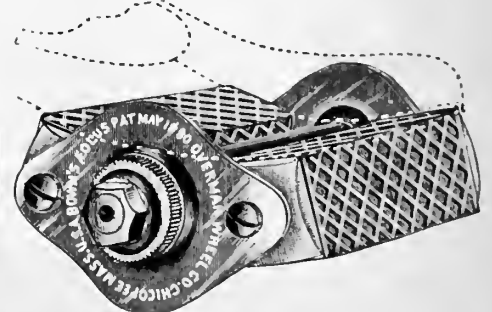
THE LILLIBRIDGE SADDLE.



Bifurcated and universally adjustable. Adjustable in height in front and rear; adjustable in width and length; adjustable in tension; adjustable to fit anybody and everybody; a comfortable coasting plate. The only saddle possessing any of the above points, except adjustability in tension. Nickered. Give make of machine.

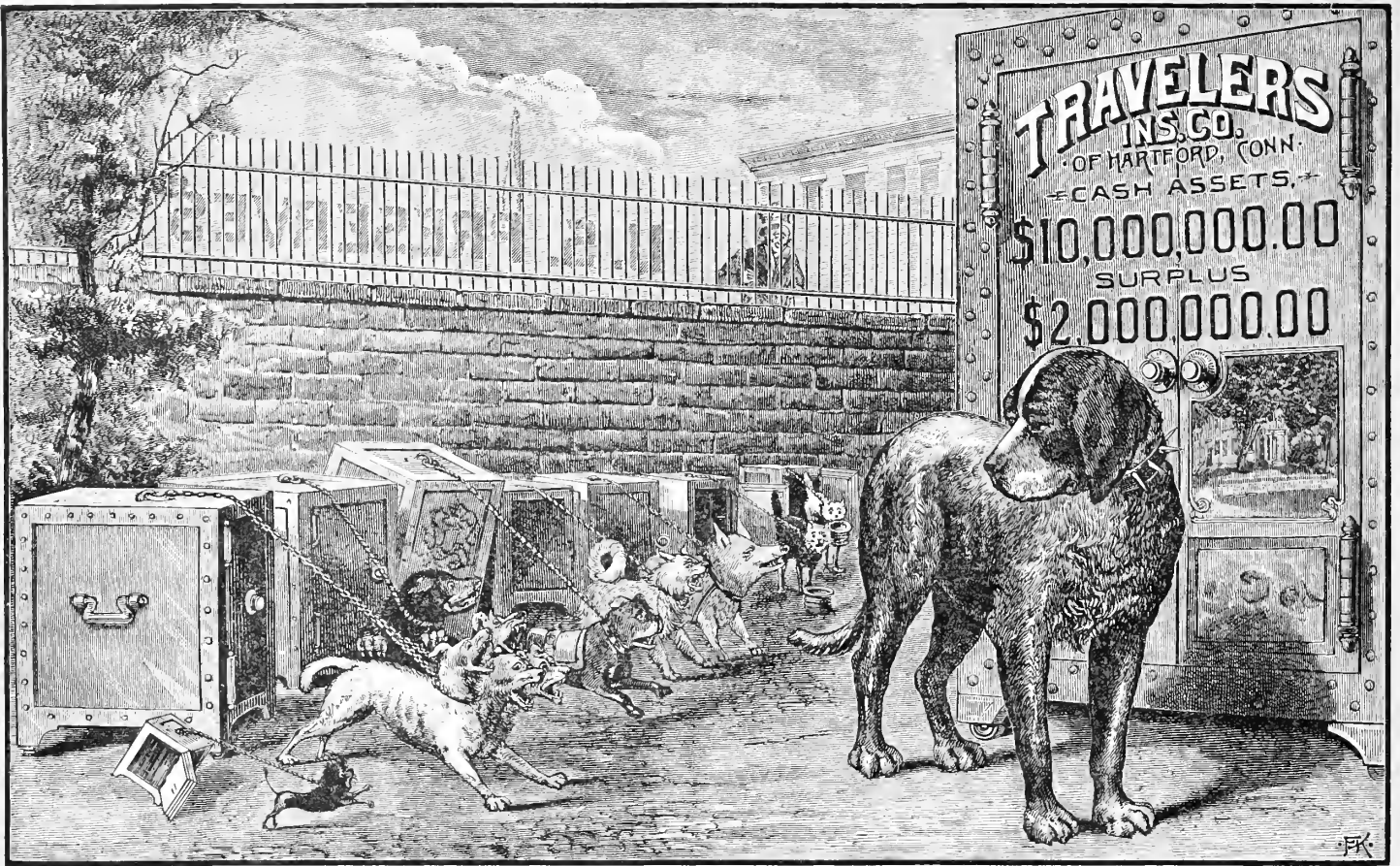
Price \$5. Given for 18 subscribers, or 9 subscribers and \$2.50.

ÆOLUS BALL PEDALS.



During the past year these pedals have continued to grow in favor, their success being due to the feature of automatic adjustment to the curve of the foot, which is the result of the square rubber used; this prevents slipping, and makes the square rubber pedal as safe as a rat-trap.

Price \$10. Given for 40 subscribers, or 20 subscribers and \$5.



Send 6c. for 20 Samples and Rules for Mention this paper when you order, and we will give to each purchaser a pair of **PANT STRETCHERS.** The best invention ever made for taking out wrinkles and bagging at the knees, and shaping the bottoms of Pants.

THE BAY STATE PANTS CO.

Measuring for Coats, Pants, Vests and Overcoats.

VESTS, \$2.25. COATS, \$8.00.

SUITS, \$18.25 to \$30.00.

Every garment cut and made to the individual measures and directions given us and a fit guaranteed. Also manufacturers of Bicycle and Tennis Suits.

BAY STATE PANTS CO., Custom Clothiers
34 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

THE VANDALIA LINE.

Is the direct and short route from Indianapolis to St. Louis and points in Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Colorado, California and other States and Territories. It affords magnificent train service and superior facilities for the transportation of all classes of passengers. The physical condition of its property is fully up to the standard, which insures to its patrons safety, speed and comfort. Prompt and sure connections are made with western lines at St. Louis and other Junction points. Trains for the West leave Indianapolis 7:30 A. M., 11:55 A. M., 11:00 P. M. Arrive at St. Louis 5:00 P. M.; 7:30 P. M., 7:00 A. M., respectively. In considering the many advantages offered by this popular route you will find it is materially to your advantage to ask for, and see that you get tickets over the Vandalia Line. Rates are always as low as by less important routes. Baggage checked through from starting point to destination. For detailed and particular information regarding rates, etc., call upon or address,

H. R. DERING,

Ass's Gen'l Pass. Agent Vandalia Line,
48 W. Washington St. Indianapolis, Ind.

THE REFEREE,
125 S. Clark St.
CHICAGO.

THE LIVELIEST BASEBALL, CYCLING
AND ATHLETIC PAPER
PUBLISHED.

One Year, \$2; Six Months, \$1;
Three Months, 60c.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

as good and strong as new. without showing the joints, and guaranteed to be Hollow Forks, Hollow Handle Bars, etc., repaired, Italy, 10 years' experience. Broken Backbones, dries always on hand. Difficult repairing a Spec- will pay you to deal with me. A full line of Sun- Cycle Dealer, - - Lancaster, Pa.

MARTIN RUDY,

If you want a Photograph of the start of Indiana Tourists taken at Indianapolis, July 8, send 50 cts. to Darrow, Bros., Indianapolis, Ind.



HAVE * YOU * NOTICED

WHAT KIND OF WORK THE VICTORS ARE DOING? WE ARE NOT AT ALL SURPRISED AT THE REPORTS THAT COME IN FROM ALL SIDES TELLING OF VICTORS TAKING BEST PLACES IN THE ROAD RACES, ETC. THEY ARE BUILT TO GET THERE FIRST, AND WE EXPECT THEM TO.

PLEASE NOTE IN THIS CONNECTION ALSO, THAT THE VICTOR SAFETY WAS THE *FIRST CRANK MACHINE* TO CLIMB

EAGLE ROCK HILL,

WHICH FEAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED ON DECORATION DAY, AND AGAIN THREE TIMES IN SUCCESSION ON JUNE 3.

THEY ARE SURELY CLIMBERS.

Overman Wheel Co.,

NEW YORK.
CHICAGO.
BOSTON. }

MAKERS OF VICTOR CYCLES.

CATALOG FREE.



WHO WAS AT THE LAST LEAGUE MEET BUT ADMITTED THAT THE

AMERICAN RAMBLER

WAS THE KING OF THE REAR-DRIVERS?

CERTAINLY THE CROWDS CONSTANTLY SURROUNDING IT DEMONSTRATED THAT IT WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION.



ITS SALIENT POINTS ARE OBVIOUS. BY PLACING THE REACTING SPRING, WHOSE EFFECT IS SELF EVIDENT, BETWEEN THE RIDER'S BODY AND THE REAR WHEEL, THE NECESSITY FOR THE SPRING AT THE FRONT FORK, WITH ITS MANIFESTLY ERRATIC STEERING, IS DISPENSED WITH. SO THAT IN THE RAMBLER WE OFFER A REAR-DRIVER THAT

One Can Ride Coast Hands Off.

IT IS THE LIGHTEST, TOO, OF THEM ALL, AND OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE, AND, WHAT IS JUST AS GRATIFYING, IS THAT WE ARE NOW BOOKING ORDERS FOR AUGUST DELIVERY.

Price, Standard Finish, \$120.00
CATALOG ON APPLICATION.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.,
CHICAGO, ILLS.

Largest American Manufacturers of Cycles and Sundries.

H. T. HEARSEY, General Agent,
147 N. Delaware St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

409-5 1/2

THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 8.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., AUGUST, 1888.

50 cents per Annum.

WHO WAS AT THE LAST LEAGUE MEET BUT ADMITTED THAT THE

AMERICAN RAMBLER

WAS THE KING OF THE REAR-DRIVERS?

CERTAINLY THE CROWDS CONSTANTLY SURROUNDING IT DEMONSTRATED THAT IT WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION.



ITS SALIENT POINTS ARE OBVIOUS. BY PLACING THE REACTING SPRING, WHOSE EFFECT IS SELF EVIDENT, BETWEEN THE RIDER'S BODY AND THE REAR WHEEL, THE NECESSITY FOR THE SPRING AT THE FRONT FORK, WITH ITS MANIFESTLY ERRATIC STEERING IS DISPENSED WITH, SO THAT IN THE RAMBLER WE OFFER A REAR-DRIVER THAT

ONE CAN RIDE AND COAST HANDS OFF.

IT IS THE LIGHTEST, TOO, OF THEM ALL, AND OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE, AND, WHAT IS JUST AS GRATIFYING, IS THAT WE ARE NOW BOOKING ORDERS FOR SEPTEMBER DELIVERY.

Price, Standard Finish, = = = \$120.00

CATALOG ON APPLICATION.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.

CHICAGO, ILLS.

Largest American Manufacturers of Cycles and Sundries.

H. T. HEARSEY, Agent for Central Indiana, 147 North Delaware Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

IT WAS WORTH WAITING FOR.

WHAT?

WHY, THE WARWICK PERFECTION.

WARWICK

CYCLE

IT HAS MORE GENUINE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ANY WHEEL

ON THE AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN MARKETS.



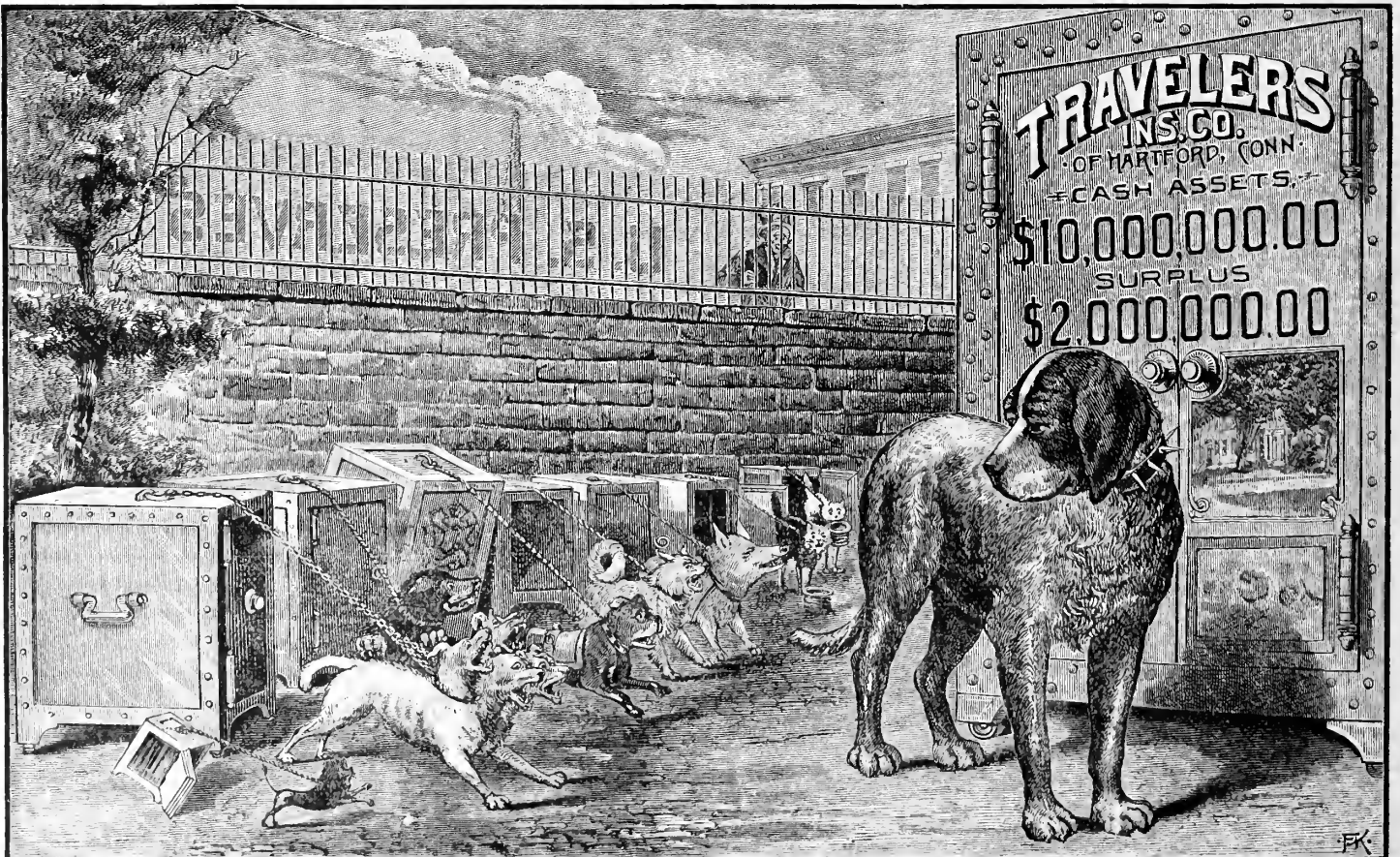
WATCH THE

WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE

MFG. CO.,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR ITS SPECIALTIES.



FK



TOPEKA, KANSAS, JULY 17, 1888.

Overman Wheel Co., Boston, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM A TWO HUNDRED MILE JAUNT THROUGH CENTRAL KANSAS ON MY '88 PATTERN VICTOR.

I HAVE EXAMINED IT CAREFULLY SINCE RETURNING, AND DO NOT FIND A POINT ABOUT IT THAT NEEDS ATTENTION OR ADJUSTING.

I NEVER ONCE USED A TOOL ON IT WHILE OUT, OR ADJUSTED A BEARING, NOT EVEN THE HEAD, AND MY WHEEL IS PERFECTLY QUIET, ALTHOUGH THE GREATER PART OF THE ROAD WAS VERY HARD AND ROUGH, AND JARRED THE WHEEL VERY MUCH.

I DID NOT SPARE THE WHEEL AT ALL, AS I KEPT THE SADDLE ON ALL OCCASIONS, BOTH UP AND DOWN ALL THE HILLS, AND IN EVERY ROUGH PLACE.

I CANNOT FIND A POINT IN THE 1888 VICTOR TO CRITICISE, AND THAT IS SAYING CONSIDERABLE ABOUT A WHEEL, FOR ME.

YOURS VERY TRULY,

WM. TAYLOR,
Rep. Kan. Div., L. A. W.



To Subscribers of the Wheelmen's Gazette:

WE HAVE SPECIAL RATES OF PREMIUM FOR BICYCLISTS.

INSURE IN THE

Equitable Accident Insurance COMPANY

OF CINCINNATI, OHIO,

Which Has Paid Over \$200,000 to Sufferers by Accident.

The advantages of this Company over any other are:

- 1—Fifty-two weeks indemnity.
- 2—Proportionate benefits for loss of hand, feet and eyes.
- 3—All losses settled from our office promptly upon receipt of satisfactory proof of injury.
- 4—No assessments or scaling of policies.

ADDRESS

COONS & GRAHAM,
GENERAL AGENTS,

14 Hubbard Block,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A TRICYCLE?

See advertisement of that Victor Light Roadster
on Page VII of this issue.

SECOND-HAND WHEELS

Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Send for Second-hand List and our large illustrated catalog of Wheels and Accessories with full particulars of our terms of easy payments. Of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Liberal discounts to agents on second-hand wheels. Prices on all wheels guaranteed as low as the lowest.



BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

Victor, Springfield Roadster, New Rapid, American Champion, Star, Rival, Otto and other bicycles and tricycles sold on easy payments with no extra charge except 8 per cent. interest. Low rates by fast freight or express. Bargains in juvenile wheels of best makers, at from \$6.40 up. Large line of accessories. REPAIRING and NICKEL PLATING.

GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 9 G Street, Peoria, Ill.

L. M. PRINCE & BRO.,

Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC *←
→* **INSTRUMENTS,**
Apparatus and Supplies
of every description.

Cameras, Lenses, Stands, Printing Frames, Dry Plates, Sensitized and Albumenized Papers, Chemicals, etc.

Amateur Outfits in great variety from \$8.00 upwards.

Regarding this new method of PHOTOGRAPHY, any body can make good photographs with the Dry Plate Outfits. No previous knowledge of the art necessary. Business suitable for everybody. Process simple and sure. Catalogue of 180 pages, with complete in-

structions of How to make Pictures, sent on receipt of 20 cents to pay for postage. Address,

L. M. PRINCE & BRO.,

148 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OHIO AGENTS FOR THE BLAIR CAMERA.

— THE —

B. F. Goodrich Co

AKRON RUBBER WORKS

Akron, Ohio.

— Manufacturer of —

BICYCLE TIRES,
HARD & SOFT RUBBER HANDLES,
SPADE GRIPS,
PEDAL RUBBERS, Etc.

Write for Price List.

BICYCLE

AND

**ATHLETIC
GOODS.**

**The Kingston Knitting Co.,
Of Boston, Mass.**

Office, 27 Kingston St.,

Are manufacturing the most beautiful line of Bicycle and Athletic Garments in the country, from the finest Worsted Jersey Stock. Made in Jerseys, Tennis Coats, Sweaters, Knee Tights, Knickerbockers, Full Body Tights, and Pants, tastefully trimmed and elegant fitting with trunks and hosiery to match the color of the garments, and all selling at very reasonable prices. References to hundreds of the best clubs throughout the country who recommend our garments as unequalled for comfort, durability and good taste. Send for our catalog of prices and styles.

Kingston Knitting Co.

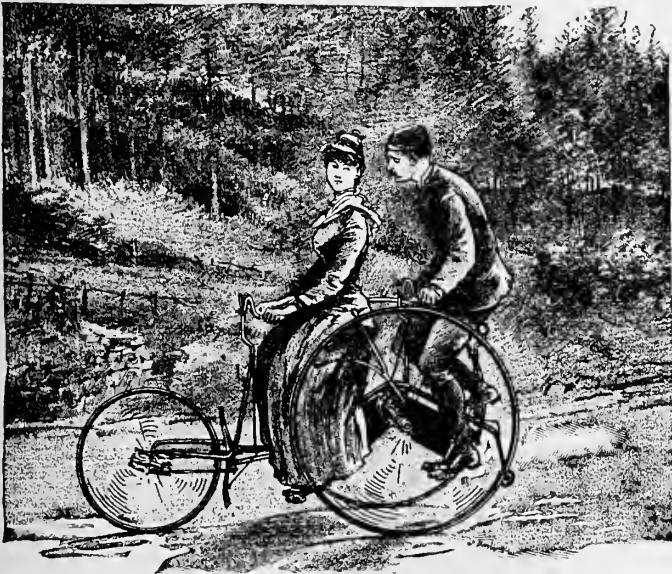
27 Kingston St., BOSTON, MASS.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex, all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine

QUADRANT

What's in a name? Possibly, nothing; but if it is applied to TRICYCLES, and that name is QUADRANT, then there is indeed much.

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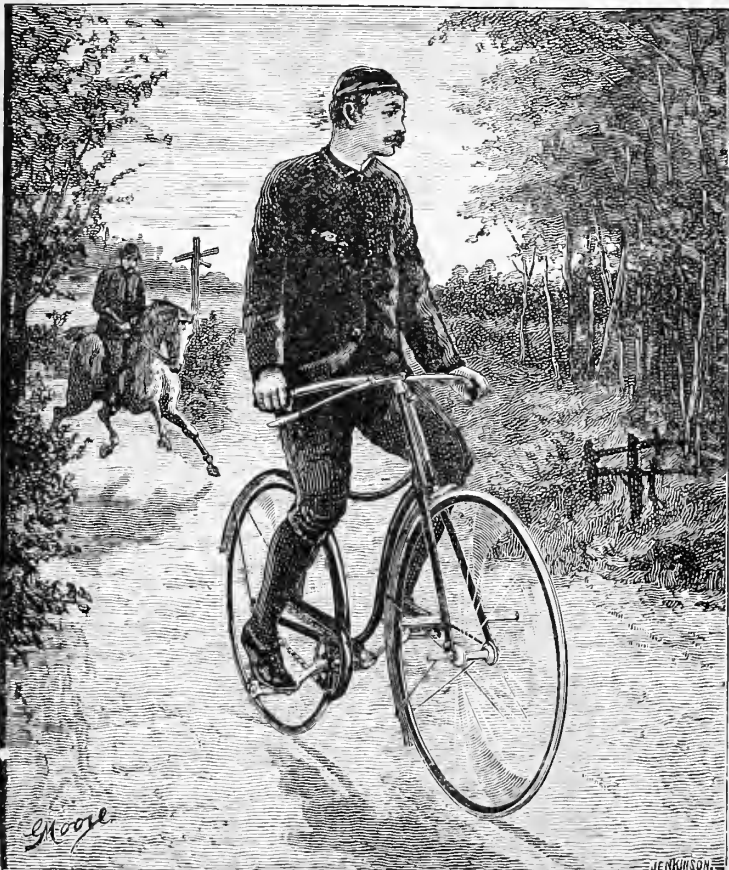
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West Orchard, Coventry, England.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., AUGUST, 1888.

No. 8.



THEY were talking about dwarf wheels; their advantages and disadvantages.

"I never see a big man on a little wheel but what I think of a wheel I ordered once, and came near never getting; never did get it in fact," put in the club liar.

The racing man spit at the stove and the rest of them kept right on talking about their preferences and prejudices in the wheel line.

The club liar watched his chance and presently when there was a lull in the conversation he broke in at a 2:30 gait and they all saw it was no use to stop him.

"It was some years ago, while I was living out west and growing up with the country in my own humble way, that I became addicted to the bicycle habit. You know how it fastens itself on its victim when it once takes hold in dead earnest. I suppose I had about as bad an attack as was possible and yet my enthusiasm was literally knocked in the head on an average of one and a half times a day.

"Every morning before breakfast I would engage in riding my bicycle for an hour or hour and a half. The rest of the day I was usually engaged in recovering from the effects. It was one of these stoop shouldered, hollow-voiced styles of bicycles that I rode. It carried a pistol in its hip pocket and was highly treacherous. Though harmless and intert when not in use, if suddenly aroused or sat down upon it became a most diabolical engine of destruction. Some idea of its hidden power may be gained from the fact that I bought it from an Indian agent, whom I afterwards learned had tried seven consecutive times to dispose of it to some of the reservation warriors on monthly payments. He always had to take it back before the second payment was due.

"But I didn't know the difference, I didn't know but what my bicycle was just as good as any of them. You see we didn't have many wheels out west in those days. I don't suppose they would have assayed more than one to the seven hundred square miles on actual test.

"But one day I got hold of a catalogue of some eastern manufacturer and as I saw the cut of a new style machine I realized what kind of a back issue I had been riding all this time. All of a sudden my old wheel sank in my own estimation, down to zero and lower, and I suddenly acquired for it a passionate dislike.

"It happened that I had some money saved up that I was thinking of putting into mining stocks. With this and some I borrowed on approved security in the shape of a mortgage on a brindle heifer, I resolved at once to buy a bran-new, first class, latest style bicycle. I thought I could sell my old one when my new one arrived, or if I failed in this I could give it to an old enemy of mine, and so even up a score of long standing.

"So I sent on to Boston for a new bicycle; the money went with the order. In a week or more I got an invoice of the wheel, 48 inch light roadster, with receipt in full attached. In about three weeks more I got a freight bill from the railroad company for six dollars

and seventeen cents. I paid the bill, but when I sent an Irishman with a dray after the goods, they told him they hadn't got in yet. The freight agent said they were probably delayed a day or so in transit.

"Then I went home, waited patiently for two days and again called on the genial local freight agent.

"The bicycle hadn't come yet. The agent asked to see my manifest. I told him I didn't have any manifest that I knew of. Then he asked me how I expected to get my bicycle without a manifest? I told him I didn't know, but if he would tell me what a manifest looked like I'd go out and try and shoot one.

"He gave me a look of haughty scorn as well became his station, (no bricks, please,) and said I had better correspond with headquarters.

"So I wrote to the president of the road. He replied in a cold, distant way that the matter was out of his control, and closing with advising me to communicate with the general freight agent. I then wrote to the general freight agent stating my case at some length. He wrote back that he was not in the habit of being bothered with small losses such as mine; that I had better put my case in the hands of the district freight agent at St. Louis. So I wrote there. The district agent wrote asking me for the bill of lading or way bill or manifest or whatever documents I had bearing on the case. I turned over to him all the papers in my possession, including the deed to some land in Placer county. My correspondence with this official went on for considerable time. I was disposed to get angry and impatient at times, but his letters were always so well worded and polite that there was nothing in them to get mad about. Besides he always signed himself my most humble and obedient servant, so I supposed he was trying his best to hunt up that bicycle.

"In the meantime I was necessarily obliged to continue riding my old wheel. When I'd go home at night and rub bear's grease and Indian liniment on my bruises, how I would sigh for my new wheel that was wandering at large over the countless miles of railroad track of the Union Pacific. I would lay awake nights thinking about that bicycle. I could see it in my dreams side-tracked at some way station, pounding at the door of the freight car and crying, oh, so piteously to be taken out.

"Then came a letter from St. Louis, saying they had sent a tracer after it. That made me feel easier. That night I deamt of that tracer with a St. Bernard dog and a dark lantern hunting down my bicycle. I could almost hear the yell of triumph when he snaked it out from beneath a cargo of canned corn and mixed pickles, intended for some distant Indian reservation.

"This sort of thing kept up for two weeks, when I got another letter announcing the return of the tracer. In it he expressed the belief that the bicycle was lost. This candid admission coming as it did so suddenly almost unnerved me. I wrote again asking them if the tracer had discovered any trace at all or if it had been a blind scent from the word go?

"They answered that they could do nothing more in the matter, and that they had turned the papers in the case over to the head auditor. His office was in New York, I had better correspond with him.

"Then I wrote to that official, giving him a history of the transaction up to date, and told him I would furnish references if required. In his answer he reproved me severely for sending so far away for

an article of that kind. He also stated that there was some difficulty in deciding just where the liability lay. That if the goods were released, it was a question whether the consignee or consignor or the company were liable. He said the best way for me to proceed was to appear before a clerk of court or notary public, or if I was a minor to appear in my next best friend and make affidavit to my not having received the goods, etc., etc. Then I had better file suit against the company, which in due time would come up for trial and in the course of events to final settlement.

"The childlike candor in this man inviting me to sue him was so striking that I wrote and told him that under no circumstances would I think of such a thing.

"Before our correspondence had gone any further, I received a letter from my old friend the District Freight Agent at St. Louis. He said that while tracing down a consignment of Swiss cheese that had been miss-shipped, the tracer had accidentally run across my bicycle. That is they supposed it was mine, for the direction was entirely destroyed.

"You can't imagine how overjoyed I was to think that they had traced my wheel at last. I wrote thanking them heartily and expressing the hope that they had been equally successful in finding the cheese. In a short time the wheel arrived. After signing papers releasing the railroad company from all liability, it was turned over to me.

"It was a dandy and no mistake. It made my old wheel look sick when I placed them side by side. But as soon as I mounted it and tried to ride I saw something was wrong. I could scarcely touch the pedals. When I got down and looked at it closer I found what the matter was. The wheel was a fifty-five instead of forty-eight inches.

"Here was another disappointment, the bitterest one of all. I looked at my invoice. It was plain enough there, forty-eight inch. I wrote to the bicycle company. They said there was no doubt about their shipping a forty-eight inch wheel. Then I wrote to the District Freight Agent again. He answered me but not as politely as formerly. He said the claim had been closed. The papers in the case were filed away and that there was no necessity that he could see for it being re-opened.

"This sort o' riled me and I wrote again asking him how he supposed a forty-eight inch wheel could be changed into a fifty-five, without somebody changing it.

"The only reply I got was that he supposed the wheel grew some while in transit, as there was some time between when it was shipped and when it was delivered.

"Of course that was absurd. Somebody else must have received my wheel in place of his own. The question that has bothered me ever since is this:—What fifty-five inch man got that forty-eight inch wheel?"

To be up with the times, Buffalo has a Ladies' Tricycle Club of nineteen members: President, Mrs. E. J. Shepard; Vice-President, Mrs. J. Stephenson; Secretary, Miss M. S. Ross; Captain, Miss Mabel Ducker; Executive Committee: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Mrs. L. Randall and Mrs. H. E. Dyr.

WHEN FIRST LOVE COMES.

When first love comes, this stranger guest,
Little youth knows, as in his breast
Keen thrills he feels, half bliss, half pain;
Yet not for worlds would he again
Return to the old quiet blessed.

Such pleasure comes with this unrest,
This ecstasy he counts the best
Of all life's savors, sweet or vain,
When first love comes.

And still with longing unrepressed,
Backward doth age yearn, dispossessed,
When of youth's fervor none remain,
And all its gracious hopes are slain;
Remembering with sighs life's zest,
When first love comes.

—Arlo Bates, in America.

MILITARY CYCLING.

A PAPER DELIVERED BY LIEUT.-COL. A. R. SAVILE, OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST, ENGLAND.

THE question of the employment of cycles for military purposes having recently been brought prominently into notice in this country, I have been invited by the Council of this Institution to deliver a lecture on "Military Cycling," and so throw some light upon a subject which is at present but little understood in military circles. The task, although congenial to me, is one requiring a certain amount of hardihood. I am well aware that this startling innovation is viewed by many military men with a feeling approaching to absolute aversion; but, on the other hand, I am greatly encouraged by the fact that numerous acknowledged authorities upon military matters—men whose opinions command respect—have recognized the possibility of deriving certain advantages from the use of cycles in the operations of war, and have declared themselves in favor of giving the machines and their riders a fair trial. I have also noticed that most of the bigoted opponents of the experiment are to be found amongst those who have absolutely no knowledge of cycling, and who, in point of fact, have not even studied the subject sufficiently to be able to concisely explain wherein lies the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle.

I venture to say that one of the most urgent requirements of modern warfare is the power to transport infantry rapidly from point to point in a theatre of war, and that a general who possesses this power, even on a small scale, will have an enormous advantage over an adversary who lacks it altogether, for he has an increased chance of being stronger at any place more or less remote which may suddenly become tactically important. This point has been fully argued out in several able lectures which have been delivered in this theatre. Consequently, on this occasion, I presume to lay down the utility of mobile infantry as an axiom, though I feel bound to mention that not long ago I met an officer who has distinguished himself and risen to high rank in our army, who told me he could not conceive any possible circumstances under which mobile infantry would be useful. Such are the people who deery all innovations, and would stand still on the path of progress whilst others go by. It is well known that a novel suggestion is invariably criticised by two different parties; one asserts that the proposal will effect a revolution, and that everything must succumb to its influence; the other is equally certain that the whole idea is impracticable and ridiculous. Experience ultimately proves that the truth lies between the two statements; practical tests quickly reduce the innovation to its proper level, and the adverse parties become reconciled. So, doubtless, will it be with military cycling. The authorities seem desirous to afford facilities for trials, in the course of which those advantages possessed by cycles may be practically demonstrated, and we shall learn how to make the most of such advantages; whilst, on the other hand, the failings and the weak points of both machines and riders will be clearly brought to light, and experience may show us how to overcome or minimise them.

Before proceeding further with my subject, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have no desire in the slightest degree to advocate the claims of cycles as a means of transport for mobile infantry to the exclusion or supersession of other means that have already been tested and found efficient. Chariots, horses, camels, cars, carts, etc., have all been employed, and all have, under certain circumstances, been found useful. All that I claim for the cycle is that, in comparison with each of the above means of transport, it does, in some respects possess certain definite advantages, which I shall presently bring to your notice; at the same time no one recognizes more clearly than myself that the cycle has certain equally obvious weak points. My great desire throughout this lecture is to throw as clear a light upon the objections to the military employment of cycles as I do upon the arguments in their favor.

Italy seems to be the first country in which military cycling was practised. During the maneuvers of 1875, at Somma, a regular service of cyclists was established for correspondence between the Quartermaster-General and chiefs of battalions. The Italian military papers have consistently advocated this use of cycles, urging that the machines require no care or food, and that they can go not only where cavalry can go, but even wherever infantry can pass, for a

man can lift his machine over any obstacle that he can climb himself. At the present time every Italian regiment of infantry possesses four or five bicycles, on which soldiers who wish it are taught to ride by the gymnastic instructor, and those men who are proficient riders are employed as regimental orderlies.

In Austria, in 1884, by direction of the Minister of War, a party of cyclists from the Military Academy performed a five days' march, carrying field kit. The experiment appears to have been satisfactory, for in the Austrian maneuvers of 1885 cyclists were employed on as large scale as messengers, and the results were much commented on in military circles.

In Germany, also, experiments have been made, and cyclist detachments have been put through courses of training in scouting and signalling at Frankfort and Strasburg. In January, 1886, the German military authorities purchased a number of bicycles and tricycles for distribution among the fortresses of Cologne, Strasburg, Königsberg, and Posen; these machines are used by orderlies to carry messages to the detached forts, and it has been proposed to use them to maintain communication between the fractions of an outpost force, and to extend their employment in other directions.

It was in the course of a military lecture in 1878, that one of the professors first drew attention in France to the utility of cycles for certain military purposes, and pointed to the success of the experiments made in Italy. The matter was taken up rather slowly, but now the novelty has quite worn off in France, and military cycling is at present by no means regarded as a fanciful idea. For years past cyclers have been employed as messengers between the French frontier fortresses, and in 1886 they were very successfully used by Gen. Cornat as despatch bearers during the maneuvers of the 18th Army Corps. The officers of the General Staff were particularly struck with the freshness of the bicyclers after a run of several hours, and it was found that even on cross-country footpaths a very fair rate of speed was maintained. On one occasion only were the cyclists unable to follow the General on horseback, but they made a *detour* so rapidly as to reach the destination fixed upon before the General arrived there. The General, in his report to the Minister of War, stated that throughout the operations he had not employed a single horseman as an orderly, and that his messages had been carried three times as rapidly as usual. In 1887 special inducements were offered to those reservists who were good cycle-riders to turn out with their machines. Large numbers applied to do so, and only the best men were chosen.

So far as I can ascertain, the first person in England to direct attention to the possibility of utilizing cyclists for military purposes was Col. Sprot, who, in 1881, suggested that men mounted on bicycles might with advantage be employed as orderlies, and that tricyclists could efficiently perform the duties which fall to the lot of mounted infantry. No steps were, however, taken at the time to test the value of the suggestions. Next followed the Hon. R. G. Molyneux, who noticed the assembly at the Hampton Court Meet of 2,000 young and intelligent men belonging to bicycle and tricycle clubs from all parts of England. He argued that a cyclist could go double the distance in a day that a horseman can accomplish, that he travels faster and noiselessly, that his mount does not eat; and then, after stating that the army for home defense is almost devoid of cavalry, he came to the conclusion that such men would be useful as scouts, outposts, and orderlies.

The credit of the first actual employment of military cyclists in England is due to Col. Tamplin, who made a very successful experiment with bicyclists as scouts. I hear from the adjutant of the battalion that ever since that time cyclist scouts have been employed with advantage whenever field operations have been practiced.

It was not, however, until Easter, 1887, that cyclists came at all prominently under public notice in England. Colonel Stracey, finding himself short of cavalry, conceived the bold idea of using cyclists as scouts on the flanks of his line of march, and the fact was made known in the newspapers. I chanced to see the notice, and having been for years an ardent follower of the sport, and also, feeling interested in the tactical aspect of the experiment, I wrote to Colonel Stracey offering to command his Cyclist Corps, and my services were accepted. Thus my connection with military cycling was purely accidental, and I have no claim to pose as one of the originators of the novelty. I mention this because I wish to make it

clear that any opinions I may put forward in the course of this lecture are not founded upon preconceived and theoretical ideas, but are derived from the practical knowledge of the possibilities of military cycling acquired from the experiences of the last fifteen months.

The Cyclist Corps of Easter, 1887, was quite a scratch body. Some of the men were volunteers, others were civilians with no military knowledge at all. I was astonished to find how easily these civilian cyclists fell into soldierlike ways, and what aptitude for reconnoitering they displayed. I am convinced that bicycle riding tends to make men ready of resource, quick to act in unforeseen emergencies, sharpens the intellect, and gives presence of mind in unexpected danger. Every cyclist of any standing can read a map, and has a bump of locality abnormally developed. These qualities go far in the composition of a good scout. On the first day of the maneuvers, the Cyclist Corps was separately employed in a reconnoissance towards Faversham. I allude to this because it has been the only occasion on which cyclists have been required to do cross country work conveying machines, and right well they did it. Whilst the main body, composed chiefly of tricyclists, moved along the center road, the flankers on bicycles scoured the country from eight to ten miles on each side, moving through the Whitstable marshes on the right, and along bye-lanes and footpaths, through hop-pole plantations, across ploughed fields, and over locked gates on the left flank. No orders were given by me to go by roads, or to go across country; each patrol was told the places it was to visit and the final rendezvous, and the commander took what he considered the best route, sometimes riding and sometimes running the machines and lifting them over obstacles, but always keeping touch with the parties on the right and left.

The success of this experiment quickly led to the formation, by authority, of several bodies of military.

Last April, I, with no rules but those of common sense for my guidance—for no one had ever been in a similar position before—found myself commanding cyclists engaged in offensive and defensive operations. Surely if failings were observed, they should primarily be attributed to the ignorance of the commander, and not to inherent weaknesses on the part of cyclists as a body.

The cycle is now recognized by our military authorities as one of the means of transport for that mobile infantry which may possibly in the future supply the fire-power so long needed by cavalry when employed far in advance of the marching columns of an army.

It is naturally not my intention to enter at all into that vexed question as to whether cavalry should, or can, possess sufficient fire-power to render itself independent of infantry under all circumstances, or, in other words, whether it is possible that the same men can be efficient cavalry and efficient infantry; but I must draw attention to the fact that the cavalry which the volunteer cyclists would be chiefly required to work with and support would be the cavalry of our auxiliary forces, and it has been stated over and over again in the most unmistakable terms, and by those who ought to know, that the yeomanry wish to be cavalry and cavalry only. Whether, even with the best intentions in the world, the yeomanry would be able during their limited training to learn the functions of both infantry and cavalry is a very doubtful point.

Immediately military cycling was taken up by the volunteers, the question arose—What type of machine is most suitable for a cyclist soldier? There are five general types to choose from: The ordinary bicycle; the rear-driving safety bicycle; the single tricycle; the tandem tricycle, carrying two riders; multicycles, carrying more than two riders. I believe I am right in saying that practical cyclists are unanimously agreed that the rear-driving safety bicycle is the military cycle of the future—at any rate as far as the volunteers are concerned.

The speed which can be attained by cyclists is the next point that I wish to draw attention to. It did not require much experience to discover the fact that the speed of a marching body of cyclists can no more be compared to the pace of a well-trained man riding singly, than can the rate of progress of a troop of cavalry scouting across country be compared to the pace of a steeplechase, and that the highest speed that could be maintained for any length of time is about 60 miles per day.

If soldier cyclists are moving in a body, their pace, like that of

any other armed force, slows down and becomes that of the weakest man; it should be estimated at not more than 5 or 6 miles an hour, according to the conditions of the road and weather.

For the proper performance of the military duties which will presently be suggested as suitable for cyclists, it is necessary to establish two points concerning speed, viz.:—(1) That under any circumstances cyclists can move farther in a given time, and faster than ordinary infantry; (2) That cyclists can keep up with cavalry in a day's march along roads. As to the first point—suppose the roads to be covered with snow, that being their worst aspect as regards cycling. In such a case, a column of infantry would probably not march more than two miles an hour including halts, and I can safely assert that a small body of cyclists moving in open order would exceed this pace even if the men had to push their machines all the way; but even on the worst possible roads, short bits practicable for riding will be found, and on these the cyclists will gain vastly. I can hardly conceive any circumstances that would prevent a body of soldier cyclists from covering 40 to 50 miles in the hours usually allotted to a day's march; so, compared with infantry, the marching power may be estimated at about three times greater, both in pace and distance. If all the circumstances are favorable, the relative gain of cyclists would be much greater than that of men either on foot or horseback, or 90 miles would not be a very difficult day's march for a body of cyclists in proper training. Next, as to the second point. It may be within the knowledge of some here to-day that several of our cavalry regiments have lately made experimental "distance rides," and have accomplished 40 to 70 miles in a day, with parties of from four to eight men, on fair roads. I think no one will deny that on good roads a similarly picked and equally small party of cyclists could easily have performed each of the cavalry marches and back again in a day. Yet, obviously, this is no argument against the general military use of cycles, for cases will occur to you in British operations in countries where even cavalry and field artillery could not be employed, but no one would venture on that account to question the value of these arms.

A weak point as regards the efficiency of our volunteer cyclists results from the fact that the men do not, as a rule, ride much in the winter, and consequently their riding power in the early spring is not to be compared with what it becomes in the summer and autumn. Manifestly, a soldier to be efficient at all must be efficient all the year round, and it is a matter of the highest importance that the commanders of the cyclist sections of volunteer battalions should exercise their men in mounted work throughout the winter, and also encourage them to keep up their riding privately, so that all may be sound in wind and limb whenever their services are required. Amongst cyclists of the regular forces this difficulty disappears, for the men being always under command can easily be kept in training.

Next comes the consideration of what points of advantage are possessed by cycles as a means of transport for mobile infantry: Foremost amongst these must be mentioned the obvious fact that the cycle requires neither forage nor water. The independence and the freedom of action acquired thereby must be apparent to all who have had to arrange for the provision of these necessities for animals for transport. The cyclist soldier carries in a pocket oilcan all the refreshment required by his mount during a journey of hundreds of miles. When cyclists are in action no men need be left behind to hold the mounts; every man can be placed in the fighting line. Yet, comparing cyclists in this respect with mounted infantry provided with horses, I have already drawn attention to the fact that cyclists lose much fighting power from the difficulty of keeping the machines near the men who are tactically engaged. It is not that a safety bicycle cannot be wheeled or carried across country, but even if half the force were left behind to bring up machines, it is not easy for a man to wheel two safety bicycles except on fairly smooth ground. The machines of the dismounted men, when laid on the ground, are quite invisible at a very short distance; the enemy would not know their position, and they offer no target for fire. I think it must be admitted that cycles are less conspicuous on the road and more silent on the march than any kind of transport. The dust raised by machines is very slight compared to that caused by animals. The tramp of horses carrying scouts or messengers can, especially at night, be heard at great distances, whereas the cycle is absolutely noiseless. A cycle requires but little daily care or protection com-

pared to the attention that must be given to any live animal in order to keep it in efficient condition. Cycles can be very easily transported by rail; a large number of machines can be quickly packed in any kind of van, truck, or carriage, without the aid of a platform.

A frequent objection to the employment of the cycle in the assertion that it is a fair-weather machine, and that bad weather, causing bad road, would prove fatal to its efficiency. I feel bound to point out that this is only partially true. We all know how terribly every arm and every means of transport is impeded by bad roads, and the delay experienced by cyclists would in reality never be more than proportionate. A body of cyclists might well march 14 miles in one and a half hours, but I cannot imagine any circumstances so adverse as to cause it to take four and a quarter hours over that distance, yet this is only in the exact proportion of the delayed march of the division.

It is manifestly unnecessary to enter now into the functions of mounted infantry; I need only mention such of these functions as appear to be within the power of cyclists to perform, and briefly state the reasons for the assignment in each case.

The speed and the staying power of cyclists seem to qualify them for employment in all the duties pertaining to messengers, orderlies, or despatch-bearers both in peace and war. The establishment of relay posts of cyclists on any long line on which messages have to be sent would ensure very rapid transmission, and would liberate troopers for other duties.

Their speed and noiseless progress fit them as a means of communication between the fractions of an outpost force both by day and night, and between the outposts and the main body.

The same qualifications, and the inconspicuous character of the cycle, render cyclists eligible as scouts or reconnoiterers in any cultivated and enclosed country where the operations are mainly confined to the roads. Cyclists, being infantry, can dismount and go wherever infantry can go; and, for the same reason, a small body of cyclists has nothing to fear from an equal or even slightly superior party of hostile cavalry which it might encounter similarly engaged in scouting.

The power of carrying entrenching tools or materials for demolitions, added to speed and silence, enables a body of cyclists to make sudden raids for offensive purposes; and the men can equally be employed to reconnoiter and discover the resources of an area of country, to make surveys, or to verify and correct local maps.

In conclusion, I would say that I hope the fact of my bringing this subject to your notice may not be misconstrued. I am not the originator of military cycling, and I do not extol cycles at the expense of other means of mounting mobile infantry. I have endeavored to treat the subject impartially, and I hope I have succeeded in not giving offense to the partisans of any particular description of mount. As the result of a good many years' practical experience of cycling, I am inclined to believe that the cycle does possess certain uses for military purposes, but whether these uses really do exist, and whether they are sufficient to justify a trial, are points that must be left to those in authority to decide. Adverse criticism upon what has been done and what is now being done by cyclists must, I think, to a certain extent be disarmed by the present immature stage of the experiment: civilian cyclists would, indeed, be marvels if they could spring into existence as fully-developed soldiers, and, without training or experience efficiently perform the numerous and difficult duties of mobile infantry.

"Some base-ball players are said to grease their hands before beginning a game." We don't know about that; but it has long been a common suspicion that a good many players' pockets have been well greased before certain important games.

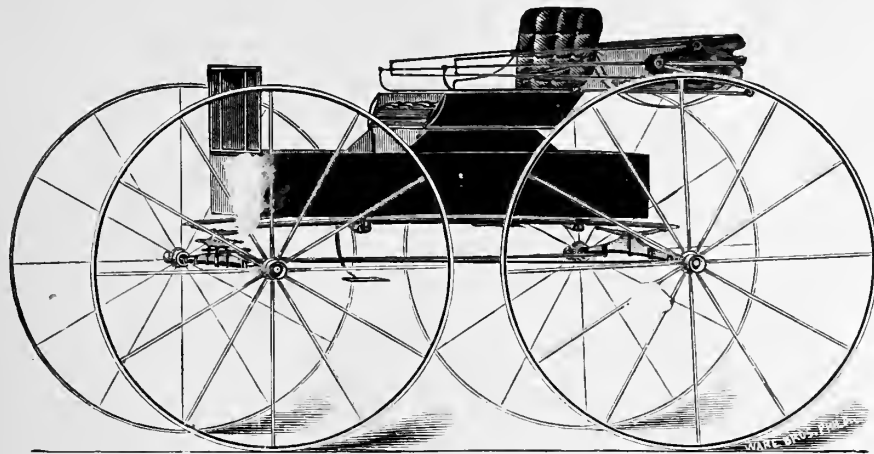
As much as the small boy used to worship a ball match in the old days of base-ball, it never broke his heart to have a rain-storm end the game before the fifth inning when the local club was being beaten.

Lacrosse was originally an Indian game. Getting fire-arms out of the Government, and turning around and popping down the soldiers is another Indian game. At the latter every Indian is the champion.

Why won't sea-bass bite in August? Why, because they are muzzled, of course.

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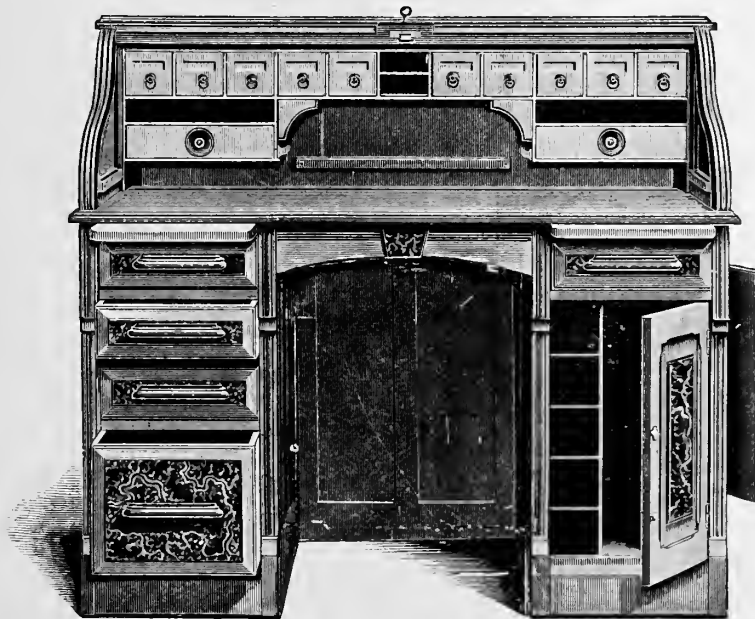
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The Searchers who met us down the bay

W.W. WINDLE



The Buick Corps

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LEAGUE MEET.

THE WEAVER



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The Races - back stretch and dressing tent

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by
Mr Edwin Oliver.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS,
25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

Indiana Wheelmen's Tour.

THE fifth annual tour of Indiana Wheelmen, consisting of about twenty-five riders, left Indianapolis at 9 A. M. Sunday, July 8, and proceeded to Morristown, Ind., where they dined. The Louisville boys, who arrived at Indianapolis after the other had gone, were conducted by Messrs. Zimmerman and Taylor, and came up with the party at three o'clock.

A heavy shower made riding very difficult during the afternoon, but a part of the men pushed on to Rushville, where they were well taken care of by Captain Davis at the Windsor Hotel.

The rain continuing to fall so heavily as to preclude the idea of riding on Monday, the party took the noon train for Cincinnati, where they arrived at 3:30 P. M., and were lodged at the Palace Hotel. Messrs. Trumbower, Galway, Miller and High of Cincinnati, called at the hotel during the evening and took the entire party to the Highland House, where they enjoyed the opera and such other luxuries as the place afforded.

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in sight seeing, visiting the Exposition and other places of interest in Cincinnati, including a wheel trip of twenty-five miles through Eden Park and other suburban resorts, in which thirty-four wheelmen participated.

The party left by boat for Maysville, Wednesday night, intending to ride to Lexington on Thursday, but, being delayed, only got as far as Blue Lick Springs, where they were most comfortably lodged and bountifully fed at the Hotel Arlington.

Leaving Blue Lick at 5 A. M. the fourteen miles to Millersburg were covered in one hour and five minutes without a dismount, and Lexington was reached at 11 o'clock. The party took dinner here, and, after an inspection of the city, left for Nicholasville. The route beyond that place included Danville, Lebanon and Bardstown, the latter being their stopping place last night. They left Bardstown at 7 o'clock in the morning, and took dinner at Mount Washington, leaving the latter place at 2 P. M., they reached Louisville about 6 o'clock and took up their quarters at the Alexander Hotel. The party disbanded here, but most of the members remained a day or two in the city making the acquaintance of Louisville wheelmen.

Grand Southern Tournament,

UNDER the auspices of the Virginia Agricultural, Mechanical and Tobacco Exposition, a grand bicycle meet will be held October 23-24. The program will consist of a number of handicaps and scratch races, and there will also be one and three mile Virginia Division L. A. W. championships, and a half mile novice event for Virginia wheelmen.

A thousand dollars will be spent in medals and cash prizes and visiting wheelmen will be well entertained. The medals for the amateur events will range from \$15 to \$85 in value. Besides the races, there will be a parade and banquet.

English Audiences.

WE are glad to see that the English papers have been thoroughly stirred up by recent serious accident to Whittaker, the popular and speedy rider of the Yankee team, and that they are making determined efforts to have such precautions taken by race meet managers as shall prevent disgraceful accidents of this kind in future.

Wheeling of July 11th comes out with the surprising statement that the habit of English audiences rushing upon the track as soon as the bell is rung for the last lap, while it is against the laws of humanity is not against the laws of England.

If this is the case, English race tracks should be fenced off from the audience by an iron grating 20 feet high, and strong enough to keep the wild animals known as the British public in check.

Several months ago there appeared an article in the *Bi World* on the subject "Hints to purchasers of second-hand wheels." It contains a good deal of sound advice, but there was one clause in which the writer slightly exaggerates.

Among other things he goes on to say that where the two wheels fail to track it should be put aside as irremedial and practically worthless. Now, this is far from being the case, for I find that nearly two-thirds of the wheels that have been ridden for any length of time will show this defect. The small wheel striking a stone very often throws the wheels out of plumb. It is but a trifling matter, as I have proved by some late experiments. Formally I had supposed that where the wheels did not track the trouble arose from a bend in the neck of the back bone, such is not the case. It is simply a springing of the rear forks that can be easily overcome by placing the machine in an inverted position, brace the wheel in such a manner that will give purchase to utilize your strength, the grasp the small wheel by the felloes on the opposite sides and give it a slow twist. It is very simple. It is unnecessary to take the machine apart to straighten out a bent part, for I find that the liability of breakage is much less than where the part is screwed into a vise.

Fred Foster won some medals in Canada, July 2. These medals were sent to him in the United States by express, but the duties charged exceeded the value of the medals, and so Frederick refused to receive the medals. In these days of free trade and protection controversy, this item may be of peculiar interest.

In our September issue we will present to our readers a page of pictures of the Buffalo tournament, they will be reproductions of instantaneous photographs taken by our special artist.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co. have issued a very elegant lithographed picture and sent us a framed copy of it. It presents all of their different machines, some eleven in number.

Mr. Howard P. Merrill, of the Springfield *Union*, has taken charge of the cycling department of *Outing*.

IT is with extreme regret that we announce the death of Mr. Samuel M. Gideon. Mr. Gideon, who was a brother of the well-known Mr. George D. Gideon, was a prominent Philadelphia cyclist, and a member of the Schuylkill Navy Athletic Club. As a racing man he is remembered for his brilliant finish in the mile scratch tri-cycle race at Roseville in 1886, when he defeated the fastest amateurs in the country.

Mr. Gideon, while practicing in the gymnasium in January last, burst a blood vessel in his throat, and from the time of this accident his health failed. We believe he was predisposed to lung trouble.

He was one of the most deservedly popular wheelmen in the city, and his loss will be keenly felt by his many friends and admirers. He was a splendid specimen of physical development, and a fine all-around athlete. He was undoubtedly the fastest amateur tri-cycle rider in America, and was never defeated in a tri-cycle race.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM JULY 15 TO AUGUST 15.

Illinois. Tour to Lake Geneva of Ft. Dearborn wheelmen July 21.

Iowa. The annual tour of the Iowa Division was from Des Moines to Spirit Lake, leaving Des Moines on Tuesday, July 10, and arriving at Spirit Lake, Saturday, July 21.

Kentucky. Maryland Division Meet and Tournament at Louisville, July 19.

Louisiana. The Louisiana Cycling Club held its third handicap road race July 15th, for the medal offered by President Renaud. The course was from Lee Circle to West End, via Carrollton.

Massachusetts. Massachusetts Division Meet at Cottage City, Aug. 2, 3, 4. Race meet at Lynn, July 28.

New Jersey. The many times postponed 5 mile handicap of the Orange Wanderers was run July 23. L. H. Johnson and H. A. Wolcott, on a tandem winning in 17m. 47s. Wells-Greenwood hill climbing contest, on Eagle Rock Hill, Orange, N. J., July 28.

New York. First annual race meet of the Binghampton Wheel Club at Riverside Park, August 2d.

Ohio. Toledo wheelmen entertained the Ohio Division L. A. W. members on July 23, 24 and 25.

Pennsylvania. At the annual meeting of the South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia, the election of officers resulted as follows: President W. W. Roberts; Vice-President, Joseph Boyd; Secretary, George Cary; Assistant Secretary, B. H. Kirkbride; Treasurer, S. Young; Captain, J. J. Bradley; First Lieutenant, E. M. Kolb; Second Lieutensnt, C. Hoffman; Bugler, H. M. Green. Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Bicycle Club open their new quarters with a banquet July 13. Race meet at Pittsburgh, July 26.

Tennessee. The wheelmen of Memphis, Tenn., held a 5 mile road race June 30. W. A. Whitmore winning in 23m. 2s.

Wisconsin. The annual meet of Wisconsin Division, L. A. W. was held in Racine, July 20-21.

FOREIGN.

England. At Leicester, July 17, Knapp beat the professional bicycle record for 30 miles by 1m. 5s., the professional 50 mile record by 8m., and the professional 100 mile record by 41m. 15 4-2s. His time for the 100 miles, however, was 5m. 15 3-4s. slower than the best amateur record. At Leicester, July 14, Crocker rode a twenty-five mile match race against Fred Wood, and was beaten by about two feet.

Holland. In the cycling tournament at Scheningen, near The Hague, July 7, the 1/2-mile bicycle race was won by Temple, of Chicago, in 1m. 28 1/2s. Allard, of England, was half a second later. In the professional scratch race of 5,000 metres, Woodside of Philadelphia, and Temple made a dead heat. The race between cyclists and a horseback rider occurred at Amsterdam, July 14. Temple, Woodside and Allard, the cyclists, won against Bellow on horseback. They covered twenty-five miles in 1h. 15m. 50 3/4s.; Bellow only twenty-two miles in the same time. The horse fell during the race and slightly injured his rider.

COMING EVENTS.

Aug. 18—Michigan L. A. W. division meet at Grand Rapids.

Aug. 20—Club run Fort Dearborn Wheelmen—circuit of Chicago.

Aug. 25—Race meet at Hyde Park, Mass.

Aug. 30—New Castle, Pa. races.

Sept. 3—New Jersey Athletic Club's race meet at Bergen Point.

Sept. 4, 6 and 8—World's tournament Buffalo, N. Y.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, Ten-mile bicycle, National championship contest.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, Two-mile bicycle, New York State National championship contest.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, First heat bicycle, World's Professional championship contest.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, Annual parade, New York State Division League of American Wheelmen.

Sept. 4—Buffalo, Annual meeting New York State Division League of American Wheelmen.

Sept. 6—Buffalo, Three-mile bicycle, National championship contest.

Sept. 6—Buffalo, Five-mile bicycle, New York State championship contest.

Sept. 6—Buffalo, Second heat bicycle, World's Professional championship contest.

Sept. 7—Lockport wheelmen, Third annual tournament.

Sept. 7—*Bicycling World* 100 mile road race (amateurs only) from Erie, Pa., to Buffalo, N. Y.

Sept. 8—Buffalo, Five-mile tricycle National championship contest.

Sept. 8—Buffalo, Final heat bicycle, World's championship contest.

Sept. 12-13—Hartford Wheel Club's tournament at Charter Oak Park.

Sept. 14-15—New Jersey Division meet and race meet at Roseville, N. J.

Oct. 23, 24—Bicycle races in connection with Exposition, at Richmond, Va.



New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes and attachments, from June 25 to and including July 10, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

384,980. June 26. Thomas B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill., seat for velocipedes.

384,990. June 26. Mahlon H. Marlin, New Haven, Conn., velocipede.

385,136. June 26. Thomas Redman, Bradford, Eng., velocipede.

385,258. June 26. James E. Evans, Cincinnati, Ohio, velocipede.

385,350. July 3. Charles F. Hadley, Boston, Mass., assignor to the Overman Wheel Co., velocipede.

385,370. July 3. Albert H. Overman, Newton and Charles F. Hadley, Chicopee, assignor to the Overman Wheel Co., Boston, Mass., brake for velocipedes.

385,403. July 8. Leon Bondreau, Boston, Mass., assignor to the Overman Wheel Co., same place, velocipede saddle.

385,547. July 3. Francis M. Demarest, Brooklyn, assignor of three-fourths to Thomas Gerehart, Allen S. Goodkin, and E. F. J. Gaynor, all of New York, N. Y., alarm for bicycles and other vehicles.

385,606. July 3. Warren L. Fish, Newark, N. J., saddle for velocipedes.

385,620. July 3. Harrie B. Hart, Philadelphia, Pa., assignor to the Hart Cycle Co., same place, velocipede.

385,715. July 10. Thomas B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill., velocipede handle.

New English Patents.

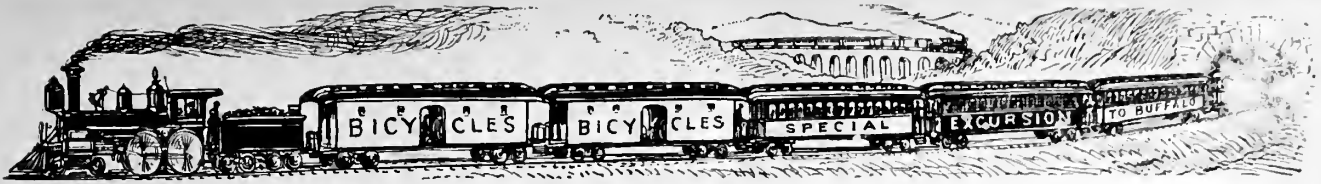
7,531. May 22. William Hillman, Middlesex, improvements in bicycle stands.

7,577. May 23. James Parker, Hull, improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

7,757. May 26. Frank Bell, London, improvements in and relating to bicycles.



An Illustrated Story in 6 Chapters.--Chap. I.--The Start.



An Illustrated Story in 6 Chapters.--Chap. 2, "Specials"--On the Road.

7,888. May 30. John Abraham, Stoke-on-Trent, improvements in cycle lamp brackets.

7,921. May 30. Henry Williams, Middlesex, improvements in and adjuncts to lamps for bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.

7,996. May 31. H. W. Schladetz, London, improvements in velocipedes.

8036. June 1. Edwin John Lewis, Middlesex, for improvements in the driving mechanism of tricycles, bicycles, and other velocipedes.

8,087. June 4. Edward Hyman, Glasgow, for improvements in velocipedes.

8,126. June 4. Robert Werner, London, improvements in velocipedes.

8,146. June 4. Alfred Julius Boulton, Middlesex, new or improved support for photographic apparatus which permits the camera to be connected with tricycles and bicycles, and by means of which the latter form the stand of the apparatus.

8,147. June 4. John George Churchward, Hackney, imparting a galloping or rocking motion to animals, boats, bassinets, planks, &c., in connection with velocipedes, roundabouts, or other similar machines, and for fixing and steering the same.

8,388. June 8. Daniel Charles Carmichael, the steadying of the steering of safety and other bicycles or cycles.

8,396. June 8. Isaac Watts Boothroyd, George Shann, Albert Gate, and Philip Louis Renouf, all in Middlesex, improvements in velocipedes for one or more riders.

8,404. June 8. John William Emsley, London, improvements in bicycles or other cycles.

8,406. June 8. Charles Herbert, London, improvements in driving-gear for velocipedes.

8,425. June 8. George Douglas Leechman, London, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

8,462. June 9. John Chippindall, Manchester, improvements in the construction of tricycles and other velocipedes.

8,498. June 9. William Wheelwright Clegg, London, improvements in bicycles.

8,473. June 9. James Logan Watkins, London, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

8,543. June 11. George Douglas Leechman, London, improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

8,563. June 11. Harry Lucas, Birmingham, an improved fastening for fixing lamps, bells, luggage carriers, and other articles to velocipedes.

8,652. June 13. John Boulton Brooks, Birmingham, improvements in and connection with velocipede saddles.

8,655. June 13. Charles Henry Pinson, improvements in padlocks for bicycles, tricycles, parcel post baskets, and other analogous purposes.

8,802. June 15. Charles Tucker, London, improvements in telescopic tricycles.

8,853. June 16. Isaac Watts Boothroyd, Martin Diederich Rucker, and Phillip Louis Renouf, London, improvements in velocipedes.

8,888. June 18. Septimus Clarence Joyce, Middlesex, improvements in the construction of wheels for bicycles and other vehicles.

9,009. June 20. Thomas Webster and Jonathan Howorth, Cov-

entry, a machine for bending sheet metals applicable to cycle chain mud guards and other similar articles.

9,101. June 22. George Whitehouse, Staffordshire, reducing the vibration on the handles of bicycles and tricycles.

9,157. June 22. James Harrison Carter, London, improvements in bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

9,169. June 23. George Hookham, Birmingham, improvements in the mechanism of safety bicycle and other velocipedes.

9,207. June 23. Henry Thomson, Buckden, Huntingdonshire, a new or improved method of propelling bicycles, tricycles, and the like.

9,325. June 26. William Phillips Thompson, Liverpool, improvements in or relating to pedals for bicycles, tricycles, and kindred machines.

9,433. June 28. John Toy, Cornwall, improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

IN THE SUMMER WEATHER.

BY THE "CLUB POET" OF THE "MOBERLY WHEELMEN."

We rode away that afternoon,—

We wheelmen three together,—
'Twas in the month that follows June,
And our hearts all sang a merry tune,
Nor thought to meet their fate so soon,
Down in the summer weather.

But we met *her* there,—sweet girl so fair!—

We wheelmen three together —
With her face divine in its beauty rare,
And a wealth of matchless golden hair,
And eyes we'll remember for many a year,
Down in the summer weather.

She captured all of our hearts I know,—

We wheelmen three together,—
And we loved her just as much I trow,
As if we'd been dressed with regard to show,
And our pants had extended down long below,
And we'd had on our best from head to toe,
Down in the summer weather.

Will we meet her again in these summer days,—

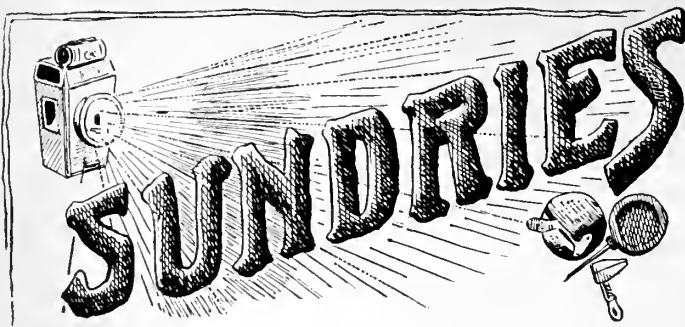
We wheelmen three together?—
We hope we may; for the modest gaze
Of those tranquil eyes we will love always,
And each individual wheelman prays
That *some* day with *her* he may walk life's ways
Through unchanging summer weather.

L'envoi.

And this is what our poet sings
Of that ride we took to Harris Springs.



An Illustrated Story in 6 Chapters.--Chap. 3--The Arrival at Buffalo.



Never kick a bicycle when it is down.

Geo. M. Hendee will be starter for the Buffalo Tournament.

The *American Wheelman* seems to have given up the ghost.

C. C. Hopkins will wheel from Denver, Colo. to Buffalo meet.

This is a world of pain and suffering; even a base ball has a stitch in its side.

All the makers and importers will be represented at the Buffalo exhibition.

It is reported that six ladies' bicycles have been ordered for use in Chicago.

F. P. Prial, of the *Wheel* has been appointed official hadicaper of the League.

The date of the Binghamton, N. Y., race meeting has been fixed for August 2d.

Joe Dean of the *Bicycling World* has gone to England for the balance of the summer.

Mr. Jo. Pennell is compiling cycling slang for a slang dictionary shortly to be published.

Colored caps will be used to identify riders at the Buffalo tournament instead of numbers.

If all the reports that reach us are true Van Sicklen will hereafter ride about a dozen different machines.

Crist, although he did not win every race he went into in England, was a favorite among the Englishmen.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, the well-known English physician, says: "I now prescribe a tricycle instead of a tonic."

Notwithstanding that Henry Irving is one of the busiest men in the theatrical profession, he finds time to ride a tricycle.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, a few days ago, we learn, delivered an interesting address on the influence of cycling on the morality of the fine arts.

Percy Stone of St. Louis is in training for the Buffalo races, and will probably leave St. Louis for the east about August 15th. E. A. Smith will also go.

The New Jersey Division L. A. W. will hold its annual meet on September 14th and 15th. A race meeting at Roseville will be one of the features of the re-union.

"Gipsying Awheel" is the title of an article appearing in the *Scottish Cyclist* of June 27th and July 4th, and is, as our readers may imagine, an account of the adventures of a camping out party.

Three Irishmen who have recently toured from Holyhead to London are anxiously enquiring whether there is a record existing between these two places, with perhaps the object in view of claiming a best.

The *Irish Cyclist* tells us of a certain Dr. Daly, of weight-throwing fame, weighing 220 pounds, going in for tricycling. We could not help expressing a wish as we read the news that there will be no damage done.

The most economical trip on record is that made by R. L. Raynor, who claims he rode from Chicago to New York at a total cost of \$5. He says he cooked his own meals. This evidently did not take much of his time however.

They are going to try a new kind of pavement at Burlington, Iowa. The pavement consists of a course of macadam upon which will be laid four inches of sand and then a course of common brick laid flat. Upon this will be placed the top course of hard brick properly bedded and set on edge.

The lamented death of Mr. Samuel Gideon loses "Pennsylvania" one of her most popular members. Death has been busy in the ranks of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club lately. But four members have died since the foundation of the Club, and three of these have gone over to join the majority within the past six months.

AUGUST.

Oh, to be last in a one mile heat!
Yet 'tis not for that I'm moaning,
Nor yet for the gall of a bad defeat
Am I croaking thus, and groaning.
'Tis not for the prize that two dollars cost
That I'm mournfully complaining;
It's the thought of the good old grub I lost
The month I was training.

The *Bicycling World*, offers handsome gold medals as prizes in the great 100 mile road race for the championship of the United States, which is to be run September 7, from Erie, Pa., to Buffalo, N. Y. The straightway course—ninety-one miles in length—is one of the finest in the world, passing through Ripley, Portland, Brockton, and Gredonia. The road will be accurately surveyed and measured, and the remaining nine miles to make up the century will be made on the Buffalo track.

Midday of Tuesday, July 24, was the time, and a new printing office near the University Building in New York, was the place, which witnessed the press work on the final sheets of Karl Kron's mammoth advertising gift book (150 pages,) "Newspaper Notices and Subscribers' Opinions of 'XM Miles;" and the whole material was put in binder's hands that same afternoon,—including the first 100 pages from the press of the bankrupt Springfield Printing Co. The latter's unaccountable delays writes K. K., prevented me from getting my property to N. Y., even in unfinished shape, until the 20th of July. Thus, for no fault of mine, the pamphlet is published after four months after time promised, or on the very day named as latest allowable time for delivering to the binder those 96 of its pages which I venture to reproduce in the Publisher's Trade List Annual.

"Sleep is the cyclist's heritage," says Dr. B. W. Richardson. This is perfectly true, but, notwithstanding, there are few cyclists who have not some time experienced a weary inability to sink into the arms of Morpheus. After a hard day's ride, when the body has been forced to undergo great exertion, the heart obstinately refuses to pulsate in the regular and pacific manner essential to sound sleep. It keeps pumping vigorously all night long, makes the brain throb, and keeps one awake as effectually as a shipload of cuckoo clocks going strongly.

What is the best thing to do in such a case? For our own part we have found the following a never-failing remedy, viz., crawling out of bed, quietly sponging down with cold water, wiping dry, and getting into bed again. After this we go off "like a top," and we recommend the plan to any wheelman who has not tried it. Our old friend Dr. Gordon Stables, in "Health Upon Wheels," gives a budget of recipes for the cure of sleeplessness. We would refer those of our readers who are chronically bad sleepers to this most useful little book. The latest tip from the doctor, however, appears in that healthiest of magazines, *The Girl's Own Paper*, in which he recommends the sleepless to keep their feet warm, lie on a hard bed, and lay a piece of paper over the face. Paper so placed acts as a narcotic.



THE SIDE SHOW OF THE FUTURE.

Odds and Ends.

The second of the series of hill climbing contests between Greenwood and Wells was to have been held at Eagle Rock Hill, July 28, Greenwood was on the ground but Wells was not, as he took the wrong train when he started for the hill. As Greenwood could not delay his return to St. Louis he rode up the hill in 7m. 37½s. and now makes an offer to Wells that he come to the hill August 4, and ride it in the presence of competent timers and witnesses, and that if he succeeds in climbing it in less time than 7m. 37½s. he can consider he has won the second climb of the series and the final decision of championship will be made on Sun of a Gun hill near St. Louis.

In case Wells refuses to accept this proposition Greenwood will consider himself "champion hill climber of the world."

With a rush and a yell
They go pell-mell
In a heap all over the shining dell.
They're mashed and mangled,
Bunched and tangled,
And all out of tune their souls are jangled;
But after the run, in a bee line path
They'll strike for the Turkish bath.

The St. Louis wheelmen have felt slighted and hurt at not being allowed to enter the Pullman Race that was recently held in Chicago; they know they can beat Chicago on hills and do not hesitate to say they can do them in their own country. Rumors are afloat that there will be a team race between Chicago and St. Louis at no distant date, over the Pullman or some other level course. Just imagine a race between St. Louis and Chicago!!!

Temple of Chicago, won the twenty mile bicycle championship at Leicester, England, Aug. 4, defeating Howell and Wood. Temple also defeated Howell in a five mile race. The American team sails for New York on Aug. 11, on the steamer Aurania.

Indianapolis has been particularly blessed with tourists during the past month there have been wheelmen here from Brookville, Ind., Kankakee, Ill., Crawfordsville, Ind., Piqua, O., Fort Wayne, Ind., Dayton, Ohio, and Boston, Mass.

Mr. J. S. Dean, associate editor of the *Bicycling World* was married to Miss Smith, daughter of the late Prof. Walter Smith of Bradford, England, at St. Judes Church, Bradford, England, Aug. 2.

We wish them every joy.

Both the American riders, Temple and Woodside, who are now in England, will take part in the annual tournament of the Hartford Wheel club next September. Howell will also probably enter some of the races.

Richard Howell, the champion, defeated H. G. Crocker of Boston in a 10 mile cycling race at Wolverhampton, Aug. 1. The distance was covered by Howell in 36m. 25½s.

Col. A. A. Pope sailed for Havre from New York last Saturday on the French line steamers. From Havre he will go to Paris, and then make a trip over the continent.

Manager Eck and his team have not been in luck on the other side, and they will consider it good fortune to get safely home.

The Waioutha Club at Richfield Springs, N. Y., will hold a race meeting at Richfield Springs, N. Y., August 15.

Ralph Temple has temporarily lost his memory since his fall in Holland, though he is all right otherwise.

Van Sicklen is in training and will enter the Buffalo tournament if he can train to proper speed.

H. B. O'Byrne the one armed wheelmen of Brookville, Ind., was in the city for a few days.

Salamon Bros. of Denver are the only manufacturers of cycles west of Chicago.

Will Davis was elected Chief Consul of Illinois, defeating Oliver and Roe.

Denver Notes.

On Sunday, July 22, W. S. Doane a member of the Dorchester (Mass.) Club left Denver, on his wheel, for Boston. He expects to make the trip in forty-five days. On the evening of July 19, Mr. Doan was elected an honorary member of the Denver Ramblers, which club escorted him as far as Greeley 56 miles east of here.

The Denver Ramblers are a great crowd of fancy riders. Every one of their three dozen members does the pedal mount, while not a few of them have the one wheel act down fine.

July 30 the Ramblers challenged the Social Wheel Club of Denver, to a team road race of 25 miles. In reply the Social's said they would accept it with certain changes, and also invited the Ramblers to call at their club rooms in the evening to make more definite arrangements. After a "smoker" and a little chatting the boys came to order and the race was talked up in detail. It looked as though Mr. Gerwing, Captain of the Ramblers had his instructions and stuck right to them. Be that as it may neither club gave way to the other and the affair is no nearer a settlement now than it was before. Most likely both clubs are waiting until after the Buffalo meet, as some of the best men from both expect to participate in the World's tournament.

Sid Eastwood, member of the Social Wheel Club and champion of Colorado, is in Buffalo, training for the big races. He is a big man, rides a big wheel, has a couple of big records and is apt to catch something in size, so boys look out for him.

Sunday, July 22, the Ramblers and Socials had a century run to Greeley and back a total distance of 112 miles. After being on the road for quite a while some of the members of each club got to scorching with the result that two of the Socials got into Greeley 50 minutes before the first Rambler. This is what really lead to the Ramblers challenge mentioned above.

For the last month the roads in this vicinity have been fine, the occasional showers never bothering us. The last one however, or as it really was a rain and hail hurricane, was the heaviest known in this country. The way it swept down upon us for about ten minutes was a caution. It has put the streets in an awful condition and it will be three days probably before we can ride comfortably again, though some of the boys are riding right along. It has been four months since our riding was interfered with in this way. We're used to good weather and this surprise party of the weather clerk's is quite an oddity.

VELOX.

WHEELING IN AUSTRALIA.

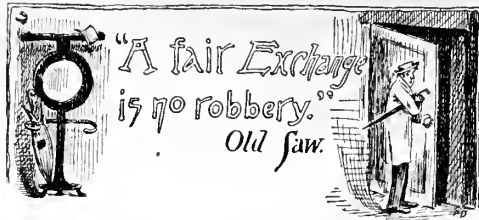
Let poets sing of English spring
Of flowery meadows glowing,
Of summer prime, or winter time,
And landscape white with snowing;
But we would choose a bike to use
On cool, calm days alluring,
In this new land, Australia grand,
And go in autumn touring.

Ere pearl dew drops pass from off the grass,
Or southern sun grows heated,
When skies are bright and heart is light,
Upon a cycle seated,
Who does not feel his steed of steel
Is strong and long enduring?
Though roads are rough he's good enough
For any autumn touring.

Who does not love to feel the move
Of pedals swiftly spinning?
If not for wealth, at least for health
The prize he's surely winning.
Then never sigh, pass trouble by,
For life they're re-insuring;
Who take the road, east care abroad,
And start on autumn touring.

Let poets rhyme of summer prime
When buttercups are golden;
Of England grand, that great old land
By surfy seas enfolden;
But yet, in these Antipodes
We, too, have charms alluring—
With climate fine, perpetual shine,
And cyclists' autumn touring.

—A. Fry, in *Australian Cycling News*.



The cycle is becoming a regular theatrical property nowadays. Not only have we tricycles at the Strand every evening, but the bicycle played an important part in a none too successful *matinee* at that theatre last Tuesday. One of the cycle dealers was there to show that if the play was too bad the bicycle he lent was not, and we only wish the quality in each case had been equal.—*Wheeling*.

HER ANSWER.

'Twas at a german, long ago,
I told her of my love,
And begged of her a keepsake dear—
A handkerchief or glove.

Alack! She smiled a cruel smile
At me, by Cupid smitten,
And said she had no gloves to give,
But she could spare a mitten.

—E. L. M., Yale Record.

We have been told a story on a certain bicycle rider in New Haven that is said to be true. His temper is easily ruffled, and nothing makes him so angry as to take a header. A while ago, while in the act of taking off his hat to a couple of ladies he took a header, and upon picking himself up he began kicking the bicycle in a furious manner, much to the amusement of the young ladies as well as many other lookers on. The result was that he bent half the spokes in the big wheel out of shape and it cost him in the neighborhood of two dollars for repairs. Last Sunday he took a run with the boys, and while watching a country maiden who was driving some cows he ran into a ditch. Again he picked up his machine and started to kick it, but remembering his last experience he dropped the machine and picking up a club began to hammer the fence. After knocking two boards off, and swearing enough to tear down a whole house, the farmer came out and made him pay fifty cents for damages done the fence.—*New Haven Union*.

While riding from our home to our place of business recently, we overtook a team containing two "way backs," and as it was up a sandy hill we were forced to dismount, not having a chance to pass. About the time we dismounted the oldest "hayseed" looked around and saw us for the first time. He proved to be a very knowing and talkative old fellow, and he commenced his conversation with us by saying: "Can't ye ride them things up hill? What's one of them things cost?" On being informed of the price he replied: "Don't see how ye git one hundred 'n twenty dollars inter one of 'em." We replied that he could not see it all. He could not understand how that could be, as he said: "I don't see why I can't see it all," and turning to the young man he said: "one-r-them be a good thing for you ter have, John." John said, "I dun' no; think I'd do better with a horse." The old gentlemen asked us why we did not ride up hill. We told him we could walk the hills and then go further in a day than he could with his horse. He did not think we could; said he could drive his horse 90 miles. At the top of the hill mounted, and at a slow pace kept within a few rods of him, he all the time whipping his horse and looking around and saying: "Why don't ye keep up?" We kept along at about such a distance until reaching a good stretch of road, and on quickening our pace we shot past the old gentleman to his surprise. He said: "Gosh, see that thing go!" We did not see him again on the road.—*Star Advocate*.

The *Wheel* in commenting on the stand taken by the New York City Y. M. C. A. against Sunday cycling says:

To retain its present influence on the public, to keep young men within its fold, the association for the propagation and extension of Christianity must advance and be abreast with the times. In the same way that a man will not take a bone-shaking, head-splitting bus in preference to a steam-car nowadays, neither will he consent to make his life burdensome that he may gain a glorious hereafter. So long as professors and the doctrinaires of Christianity prohibit moral pleasure and advocate a life of subjugation of every pleasurable motive, just so long will they continue to lose their grip, as they are doing to-day. Make Christianity broad, manly and pleasant, and the masses will accept it.

In this matter of Sunday riding, the body of cyclists, who have just enough education to produce independent ideas, will refuse to agree with the Y. M. C. A. The Association would not think of prohibiting Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Depew, two of its earnest supporters, from enjoying a Sunday drive behind a pair of trotters, though this involves labor on the part of several people. Yet the cyclist, who is out for recreation, and involves no one but himself, is ordered not to ride. The Association has as much right to prohibit the walk of the citizen who owns neither carriage nor cycle. We should advocate the members of the wheeling annex to appeal to the Association to withdraw its prohibitive by-law. They might incorporate in their petition the sermon preached at the Baltimore meet, which contained the following sentiment:

"A practical question was presented when some one said to me: 'You want to get us in your tabernacle and then abuse us for riding on Sunday.' I am not going to abuse you, and the question of Sunday riding will admit of debate. I say you can ride your bicycles on Sunday and do no worse than if you rode a horse. You can ride them to church and back home again." * * *

Thomas Steven's portrait, lithographed in colors, faces the 65th page on "Newspaper Notices and Subscribers' Opinions," the 150



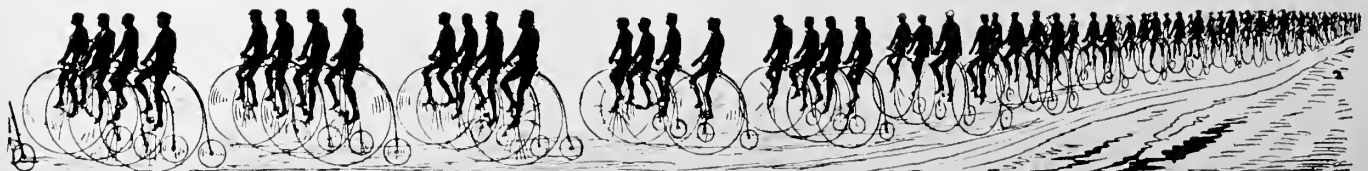
R. D. GARDEN, MANAGER OF THE CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE POPE MFG CO.

any wheelman who is opulent enough to own a postal card.

page gift book which is now being freely mailed to everyone who files a postal card application for it with Karl Kron, at the University Building, N. Y. Eighty distinct titles show the great variety of matter classified on the first 80 pages (and many of these were given on p. 73 of May GAZETTE,) and the following 16 are from new plates, while the final 48 are specimen reprints, showing the quality of the matter which fills the 908 pages of "Ten Thousand Miles." Altogether, the collection makes a cent's worth, worth securing by

The Elliott Quadricycle.

A GREAT deal of interest has been evinced in regard to the new wooden wheel quadricycle made by the Sterling Cycle Co., of Newton, Mass. Mr. Sterling Elliott has for the past two or three years been at work on a problem in cycle construction. There are several very radical departures and novelties in this wheel, which can be enumerated as, first, the use of wooden wheels instead of the ordinary spider or suspension wheel; the mode of driving independent wheels without the aid of the usual balance gear; the use of wood for frame-work instead of steel tubing; also the use of two steering wheels and the adoption of double steering.



An Illustrated Story in 6 Chapters.--Chap. 4--The Parade at Buffalo.



An Illustrated Story in 6 Chapters.--Chap. 5--Sight-Seeing at Buffalo.

California News.

LOS ANGELES, July 12, 1888.

Editor of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE:

Seldom has there been an opportunity to enjoy a more satisfactory day's sport than was offered by the races held in connection with the annual meet of the California Division, L. A. W., at Stockton on July 4th last. Four existing coast records, namely, the half, the one, the two and three mile, were lowered.

The first event on the program, a quarter mile dash, brought out A. W. Allen of Los Angeles, formerly of Indianapolis, Ind., A. S. Ireland of the Alameda Scorchers, and R. A. Smythe of the Bay City Wheelmen. Allen won very handily in 40½s. failing however to break the existing coast record of 37¾ seconds.

For the one mile novice O. C. Haslett, Almeda Scorchers; J. E. Hickenbotham, A. L. Wulff, and J. H. Read, all of the Oak Leaf Wheelmen came to the scratch. Hickenbotham won in 2:58 with Wulff and Haslett second and third.

Next came the one mile State championship. F. D. Elwell of the Bay City Wheelmen, W. G. Davis of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, W. S. Wing of the Los Angeles Wheelmen, and B. C. Toll of the Capital City Wheelmen faced the starter. Toll was soon out of the race, while the other three rode well bunched; with Wing setting a good hot pace. When the bell rang for the last lap the pace grew hotter, until on entering the home stretch Elwell shot ahead with Davis and Wing right on to him. Elwell won by about six inches, Davis second with Wing third by about a foot. Time, 2:48½, lowering the coast record from 2:50½ made at Santa Cruz, July 4, 1887.

For the three mile handicap there was but two starters, Ireland and Hickenbotham, both scratch men. Ireland announced that he would ride for a record, and succeeded in lowering it from 9:28¾ made by him at Santa Cruz last year, to 9:07¾.

In the half mile dash another record went, Allen of the Los Angeles Wheelmen again winning in 1:22½, with Wheaton of the San Francisco Bicycle Club second by about fifty feet. The previous record was 1.27¾ made by W. G. Davis at Oakland, November 25, '87.

In the one mile for safeties of the rover type, Fonda won in 3:11 with Off of the Los Angeles Wheelmen a good second.

The five mile National L. A. W. Championship was next called, amid great excitement for Elwell, Davis and Wing were to meet again for championship honors. As the three men appeared on the track, they were each received with enthusiastic cheers. From the start it was evident it would be a waiting race, as lap after lap was reeled off, the men riding easily, joking and laughing as they passed the grand stand. When half way around on the next to the last lap, Elwell shot ahead with Wing close behind and Davis bringing up the rear. In this order they finished, Elwell first, Wing second by two feet and Davis a poor third. Davis lost his pedals on the last lap, which accounts for his being so far in the rear.

The mile handicap brought out a large field of starters, Wheadon was the only scratch man, with Toll at 15 yards, Baker of the Los Angeles Wheelmen, Wulff, Read and Southworth at the limit, 35 yards. Wheadon caught his limit men soon after passing the second lap, and riding a plucky race, won in 2:52, Wulff second, Read third.

The two mile handicap brought out Ireland at the scratch, Wheaton at 35 yards, and Haslett at 75 yards. It was too soon after the mile race for Wheaton, and he quit after the second lap. Ireland won in 6m. lowering Elwell's record of 6:10½ made on the 9th of last June.

Time not allowing, the twenty mile championship had to be indefinitely postponed.

The Pacific Coast records as they now stand are as follows:

¼ mile,	Fred Russ Cook,	.37½
½ mile,	A. W. Allen,	1:22½
One mile,	F. D. Elwell,	2:48½
Two mile,	A. S. Ireland,	6:
Three mile,	A. S. Ireland,	9:07½
Five mile,	W. G. Davis,	15:49
Ten mile,	C. E. Adcock,	32:00½

In the evening, of the fourth, the Wheelmen gave an entertainment and dance, which was largely attended.

Little Ledru B. Kinney, (the midget) aged 10 years gave an interesting exhibition of fancy and trick riding. This youngster puts up an exhibition that would make some of the best of professionals hustle to equal. He was born and raised in Los Angeles and has had no one to show him any of his tricks.

Here in Los Angeles on the Fourth in connection with the Tribune's Field day, two bicycle and a tandem tricycle races were run. D. L. Burke won both of the bicycle races, a half and a three mile, while W. J. Allen won second in both. Tufts and Burke won the quarter mile tandem race with Woodworth and Archibald second.

L. A. W.

On the important point of the suitability of tricycling for women, Dr. Richardson had some very valuable observations to make. He had not the least objection to female tricycling, but, at the same time, he uttered a note warning. "Women," he said, "should be careful not to overtax their strength. Women have ridden 150 miles in the day, but the performance is more remarkable than commendable. There's really nothing unladylike in tricycling. Something depends on the machine, however. The most graceful lady can hardly look so on a heavy and ugly machine." Dr. Richardson is rather doubtful about children. About fourteen or fifteen is the proper age, he thinks, for learning to ride. The exercise is far too fatiguing for young children, but this may be because we have as yet no proper children's machines—they are all too heavy.

Harry T. Harsey has been appointed agent for Indianapolis and vicinity for the Columbia cycles.



An Illustrated Story in 6 Chapters.—Chap. 6—The Races at Buffalo.

While our story faithfully portrays the many incidents to occur at Buffalo, Sept. 4-8, should you miss seeing the same, you will be haunted by remorse and regret the remainder of your life.

MORAL:

Profit by the above and bring your wheel on one of the many excursion trains which will leave for Buffalo, Sept. 2, 3, and 4,

Loose Spokes.

The Buffalo track was completed July 22.

* * *

Maltby goes to France sometime in August.

* * *

Have you met a man who is not going to Buffalo?

* * *

Church parades are features of Sabbath cycling abroad.

* * *

The Buffalo tournament will see a smattering of English, French and German wheelmen.

* * *

Morgan and the American team sailed August 11 from Liverpool on the Steamer Urania.

* * *

McCune, Midgley and Wendle were in the Binghampton race meet the 2d of August.

* * *

George B. Thayer has arrived in Scotland. He ran across James G. Blaine and the Carnegie coaching party.

* * *

An Indian rajah has ordered a specially constructed tricycle in England which is to be ridden by a baby elephant.

* * *

George M. Hendee, C. P. Adams, and William C. Hull, the latter of San Francisco, have been re-instated as amateurs.

* * *

Howell has been presented with a handsome gold medal by Mr. Woodcock, of the Rudge Co., in commemoration of his victory over Rowe.

* * *

W. A. Rowe has secured a new trainer in the person of F. L. Alley of Glenmere. Rowe left July 30, for Buffalo to train for the races.

* * *

A convict with a ball and chain attachment gave as an excuse for not taking a summer vacation, that he was too closely tied to business.

* * *

The New York *Illustrated News* devotes two pages to cycling pictures. There are the usual impossible wheels, but the work is boldly done.

* * *

It has been finally decided by the management of the World's tournament to hold cycle races on four days instead of three as was first announced.

* * *

Now that the Buffalo track is open, Windle, McCune, Foster and Midgely are in training there. Corcoran will look after Fred Foster. Daniels will look after McCune and Midgely.

* * *

Wheeling in supporting Sunday cycling, claims it is a great reformer of the young as it keeps them from playing cards, drinking, and indulging in other excesses in their chambers.

* * *

The California Division issued a very neat and pretty program of races at their meet at Stockton, July 4, something after the style of the one the League issued for their Baltimore meet.

* * *

Besides the tournament of the Hartford Wheel club, which follows the Buffalo tournament very rapidly, others will occur at Rosedale, N. J.; Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Worcester and Lynn, Mass.

* * *

A. H. Overman sailed on the German line steamer Ems last week Wednesday, the 18th. He will stay in England for about three weeks, and he will be back in Boston by the first part of September.

* * *

There is at present a law in force in Paris that wheelmen shall carry both lamp and bell while riding on the principle streets, failure to do this gives the officers of the law a right to confiscate the wheel.

* * *

The many friends of G. N. Osborne, the well known Philadelphia Club man, will regret to learn of his illness. Mr. Osborne has been sick ever since the Baltimore meet, confined to his bed, but is now on the mend.

* * *

The *Cycler* is the name of a new monthly magazine that is just announced. It is to be published by N. R. Jessup of Stamford, Conn., it is not decided as yet when the first issue will appear, probably as soon as they get a page or two of advertisements.

Joseph M. Chase who was convicted of manslaughter in causing the death of Prof. E. A. Paul while recklessly riding down Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C., on horseback, some months ago, was last week sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 and spend thirty days in jail.

* * *

The Dresden police have been contemplating nothing less than the prohibition of street riding in that old delightful capital of Saxony, but thanks to the strong opposition of the Dresden Council, the sinister intentions of the police have been frustrated, and the old liberty continues to exist.

* * *

S. G. Whittaker writes us that he is fast recovering from his nasty spill, and expected to again mount his wheel by July 25. The team of which Mr. Whittaker is a member expects to compete in a 15 mile championship race on August 4, and in 20, 25 and 50 mile championship events within a month after that date.

* * *

McCune and Leavitt ran a race on the Boston reservoir track on July 28, McCune beating him by about 40 yards. McCune riding a Springfield Roadster and Leavitt a Columbia, which is one more victory to be added to the already lengthy list the Springfield Roadster has won this season. Time, 3:30½, distance 1½ miles.

* * *

The Overman Wheel Company has just shipped to Hi Henry, two Victor safeties, one of which is full enameled and the other full nickeled. Both machines will be used by Henry in his minstrel parades, Henry riding the full nickeled machine and one of his men, in black face and minstrel costume, riding the full enameled wheel. The machines present a novel and striking appearance.

* * *

A German company is, we understand, in possession of a patent for brazing and soldering bicycle and tricycle parts by the means of electricity. Several American gentlemen in the cycle trade have gone over to Germany to witness this novel process of brazing, and having expressed themselves favorably on the results, there is little doubt but that it will be taken up by the American makers.

* * *

The police regulations respecting bicycles in Paris are somewhat severe. They must not be ridden on the Champs Elysees, Boulevard de la Madeleine, Rue de Rivoli, Rue de Saint Honore, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Rues Vivienne, de la Paix, Saint Martin, Saint Antoine—in fact, a considerable number of the principal streets and avenues are places upon the prohibited list. Every bicycle ridden in the city must bear the owner's name, and every rider must be provided with a bell and lamp. Tricycles have not these restrictions placed upon them, every street being open to three or more wheelers.

A Correction.

Editor WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—On page 102 of your July GAZETTE "Phoenix" of Chicago makes a statement which is entirely wrong. He says that the Rock Island route "utterly refuses to carry wheels." If "Phoenix" will look the matter up he will find that he is mistaken in this matter. The Rock Island route carry wheels free in baggage cars on presentation of permit which any wheelman can obtain by applying to J. D. Marston, General Baggage Agent, at the Chicago offices of the Company. I have made a good many trips over the Rock Island route and have never paid any thing for my wheel.

More than this I have found the Baggage men in Chicago especially accomodating when I have entrusted my wheel to them.

I am in no way connected with this road but would like to see so misleading a statement corrected in your next issue.

Very Fraternaly,

ROBT. L. THOMPSON.

BEN L. DARROW, Indianapolis.

Dear Sir:—I was wrong in stating that the Rock Island route refuses to carry wheels. I was talking to Burley Ayers at the time the unfortunate impression was received. I have entirely recovered and take it all back, only craving the sympathy of previous victims of Burley's phenomenal vivacity, when it is properly oiled up and adjusted.

PHENIX.

Chicago, July 30, 1888.

Now is when the wheel comes into use—to ride into the country to some shady nook, and spend a quiet day out in the pure air.

A WHEEL AROUND THE BAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND OF MONTEREY.

BY JOSEPH J. BLISS.

In Four Parts.

THIRD DAY.

MY bill for supper, lodging and breakfast amounted to \$1, which was very reasonable, considering that I had two very good meals and for a sleeping apartment a nice, clean, well furnished room. It is also worth bearing in mind that a convenient place in the hotel office or bar-room was furnished for my machine, where I could devote as much time as I pleased to its cleaning, oiling and adjusting.

No doubt better accommodations can be found in Monterey, but not, I think at the same price. I was prepared to pay higher figures, for Monterey is a sea-side resort, which I imagine depends chiefly upon what it can collect from visitors for its support, and they usually charge enough at such places. Probably no more delightful place for a tourist can be found anywhere than at the magnificent Hotel Del Monte, but the charges I believe are \$4 per day and upwards there, and I would rather, I think pay equal rates at a less pretentious place than intrude in the Del Monte dining room in my flannel shirt and stockingette jacket, and they certainly would not allow me to clean and oil my machine in the hotel office. It would therefore be necessary for me to delay at the first convenient place on my journey next day for that purpose.

At seven o'clock I left the Bay View house and made a bee line for the beach a few yards distant, trundling my machine before me. Reaching the beach I find the sand apparently pretty solid near the water's edge, but I do not attempt any riding until I have left the town a short distance behind me, then on a favorable spot I mount my machine. There was no question now but the broken saddle was most uncomfortable, but how I broke it I could not imagine. For a short distance I rode along all right, the wheel making a slight indentation in the moist sand, but I quickly found a place where the tire sank deeper and caused a dismount, and probably I did not make the dismount any too soon to avoid being thrown by a monster wave which immediately after broke very near me, and though I hastened landward as quickly as possible I was not in time to avoid being overtaken in its advance and soaked well up to the knees.

I found that riding would be impracticable, for the moist sand, which alone was sufficiently hard to support the machine, was too close to the surf, and at certain intervals, every five minutes or less, a larger wave than ordinary would not only cause a dismount but would also wet me to the knees, and I had no assurance but an extraordinarily high wave might drench me entirely. It seemed therefore that there was to be nothing but walking for the entire 30 miles to Santa Cruz, if I followed the beach, (for I had no idea that it was a less distance,) but even this seemed to me to be preferable to returning by way of Salinas City, with the knowledge that it was uncertain on the return how I was to cross the Salinas river unless I forded it.

I continued my walk along the beach for about two miles, and then I found that the walking was not so good, as the sand was washed into dunes which were soft and made it hard work to push the wheel through them, and I was already sweating profusely from the exertion. After considering the matter I resolved to quit the beach and take a straight shoot over the sand hills for the interior, trusting to luck to bring me to some kind of a road eventually.

The next half hour was tough work. To get the machine over a dry sand-hill, although the height was insignificant, was exhausting in the extreme. At times it seemed as though I must give up the attempt and return by way of the beach to Monterey, but I determined to first reach the top of the highest sand-hill near by and see what prospect the view then offered. Having at length reached the top of the hill, I was rewarded by the sight of a little lake surrounded by green verdure, that certainly looked, after my struggles in the sand-hills, most charming, and near by ran the railroad. As it was down grade I soon succeeded in reaching the railroad, and some distance along it, in the direction I must pursue for Santa Cruz, I could see a man walking. The railroad was ballasted with sand so it was not good traveling, except by comparison with the sand-hills.

In half an hour or so, I found myself overtaking the man ahead, who as yet seemed to be unconscious of my presence, and he must be deaf or the sound of footsteps behind, in so lonely a place, must certainly induce him to look back. My machine was within a foot or so of him, when he at last perceived it, but he was apparently a stoical old fellow that nothing could astonish much for although I was convinced that he had been unconscious of the presence of a bicycle till the very instant that I overtook him, yet he showed no signs that it was in the least unusual for a bicycle to be trundled along the railroad track. He did not appear to be deaf. He had a gun and was he said making for the timber in search of quail. It was 16 miles he said from Monterey to Castroville, the next town, (about four of which I had already traversed,) and from Castroville to Santa Cruz, about 30 miles, he guessed the road was pretty good. The road to Castroville crossed the track a little ahead and I might then see whether it would be better to follow it or the R. R. track, for his part he thought the track would be better walking.

Arriving at the road I concluded to follow it, for even if the walking was no better, there was less bumping for the machine, and an occasional grassy spot induced me to attempt a ride, but it was scarcely worth the effort of mounting, so quickly was a dismount necessary. The road was simply the trail made by a wagon in crossing the sandy ground which was so light that I expect the first wind obliterated the trail. It was, however, of some assistance in forming a way for my wheel for it would run along the rut better than over the unbroken ground.

After a few miles of very sandy walking, over an undulating country, mostly through sage-brush, I was gladdened by the sight of a long stretch of green, grass covered, country which afforded good walking, and I have no doubt portions of it were rideable over the young grass, but with a broken saddle I did not feel like attempting what must necessarily be rather rough riding, and so continued my walk. No signs of habitations were visible anywhere during the eight or ten miles I had traveled. I passed some wheat fields of large extent and one place where some men were ploughing, and while so engaged and until seeding was finished their habitation in common with their animals was evidently in a canvas structure I could see near by. The land I presume would then be left with little or no protection until harvest time. Some fields were fenced, others not. At length about 10 miles from Monterey I come to some small lakes partly filled with rushes in which there a number of ducks, and near by was a deserted house and a well, but a trough near by partly filled with perfectly clear water (probably collected from the rains) afforded me a drink. Soon after I find a fence crossing the road and it is necessary to open a gate, and I am then in a cattle country, and large numbers are scattered over the surrounding hills and valleys.

I leave the trail made by the road, for shorter cuts across the grass, and the young cattle generally scamper away at my approach. One large bull however shows no signs of scampering, but eyes me I fancy rather ungraciously, and I take the trouble of departing slightly from my straight route rather than run the risk of provoking any hostilities on the part of his majesty. The railroad track is usually in sight, and along here I come to a mile or so of small birds. I say a mile or so for they were extended along the telegraph wires for I considered as much as that distance, at intervals perhaps three to six inches apart. Their weight made the wires between the poles sag considerably. Viewed obliquely from my standpoint they appeared to be a solid string of birds, all singing away their little songs in a chorus that was well worth listening to, and I have no doubt was well worth walking some distance to hear, but I had had so much walking this morning that I was anxious to reach the town of Castroville in the hope that I might then obtain some riding.

At 11 o'clock the roadway leads across the R. R. track, and here is Bardins (or Martins as I read it on the sign board,) evidently a shipping point on the R. R., but there is no station house. There is a farm house near by. At some distance along I can see the bridge across the Salinas river, so I follow the R. R. track, knowing that it affords the only means of crossing. Across the bridge is a trackman's house, and I stop there to get a drink, and then continue along the railroad a mile or so to a station called Morocojo, from which the town of Castroville is visible to the left. Here I take a slight rest

while I remove the sand from my shoes, for I find one of my heels is getting sore.

The railroad leaves Castroville about three quarters of a mile distant to the left and at Morocojo I leave the track and take the wagon road. The material of the soil I find is now changed from sand to adobe, which was encouraging, for as soon as I reach a road on which there is any considerable travel it will probably be ridable; here at present it was too rough, and as there are no fences the cultivators of the adjoining ground plow up their fields and also the roads promiscuously.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sturdy Beggars of the Orient.

PROSPERITY is ours, abundant harvests fill the granaries, elevators are overflowing, hundreds of miles of new railroad are built every year, the national treasury has more money in it than the Government knows what to with. But with all this wealth and prosperity, abject poverty is still the lot of vast numbers of the people. All our triumphs of civilization fail to abolish poverty. The best that Western civilization has yet been able to do it to establish measures of temporary relief for the destitute and to suppress in a measure the outward evidences of abject want.

Western civilization has well nigh abolished the trade of mendicancy. Gangs of tramps wander about the country during the summer and pick up a precarious livelihood without work, but they are not genuine mendicants. They render themselves liable to the law every time they ask for a bite of anything to eat or a night's lodging. The law in its majesty believes that it has abolished all excuse for beggary by establishing work houses and similar institutions where relief may be obtained. The slipshod individual, with his hair protruding through the big, jagged fissure in his hat, and with one or his coat-tails tacked on with a pin, who skulks in the shadow of a by-street and whines out his supplication for a nickel to pay for a bed, does so in fear and trembling. He dreads detection by the policeman on the corner, who, if he saw him, would arrest him for vagrancy.

These observations, with certain modifications, apply also to England, France, Germany and other European Nations that are far advanced in civilization. In the green lanes of Merrie England one meets occasionally a "vagrom man" who respectfully touches his cap and proceeds to tell the stereotyped tale of woe. But before he ventures to accost you, he looks this way and that to make sure that no lynx-eyed rural "bobby" is anywhere nigh at hand. In France I saw no beggary, and none in Germany to speak of. I remember an individual case in Wurtemberg where a poorly-dressed man halted me and stated that he was trying to get money enough to emigrate to America, and would I give him a few pfennigs. As it takes four pfennigs to make 1 cent I thought the request remarkably modest in the way of rolling up a sufficient sum to pay his fare across the Atlantic. I asked him what he worked at, and he said he was a chimney-sweep.

No mendicancy is met with to speak of until one gets as far east as Hungary; unless, of course, one strikes off down into Spain and Italy. In these lands of the lazzaroni, beggary flourishes with the same exuberance that it does in the Orient. The chief mendicants in Hungary are the gangs of vagabond Gypsies one sees camped by the side of the roads. As you ride along you see ahead of you in the road a troop of swarthy urchins, the largest clad in picturesque rags and the smaller ones in *puris naturalis* only. They are dark-skinned, almost as natives of India, and their gleaming white teeth and the whites of their eyes are conspicuous while you are a hundred yards distant. As you draw nearer, the whole group commences to shout "Kruetzer! Kruetzer!" and to extend their eager palms in your direction. You toss them a coin as you ride past. One instantly picks it up and rushes off with it to the little smoke-begrimed apology for a tent just off the road, where the elder Romanies are watching the scene with keen interest.

In tossing this coin to the group of twenty, you have only gotten rid of one; and in doing this you have stimulated the cupidity of the remaining nineteen to an extent that causes their eyes to glisten with eager avarice. After you, they all come, the whole nineteen, pell-mell, with outstretched hands and tattered caps aloft, calling

after you in eager and pathetic cadenza "Kruetzer! Kruetzer!" Swiftly, too, they run, these youthful Romanies, and for hundreds of yards they keep up the chase, some on one side of you and some on the other.

As you get down into the Orient, you begin to see in the towns and villages miserable-looking vagabonds, who make a regular profession of mendicancy. They are seen seated beside the fountains, the places of worship and other public resorts. Their garments consist of rag patched on rag until they look like animated patch-work quilts. From out this conglomeration of remnants and tatters there peers an unwashed face with a pair of furtive black eyes, and topped with unkempt hair. This is a typical Oriental mendicant. Part of his business is to present as loathsome and miserable appearance as possible, in order to awaken the pity of the charitably inclined and open the strings of his purse.

Our wandering friends, the Gypsies, are seen in numbers down in Turkey, but a change has come over them there. The Turks regard the Gypsies as the most despicable of all the human race, and not only place them outside the pale of humanity, but religiously abstain from giving them alms. From the inability to obtain a livelihood by begging among the Turks, the Gypsies of Turkey have apparently abandoned mendicancy altogether.

All through Asia Minor every town and city is swarmed with professional beggars. In the larger cities they are almost as numerous as the prairie dogs, and a ten times greater nuisance. The Moslem, however, regards mendicancy as a calling in which there is no disgrace; and does not consider the loathsome crowd that hangs around the entrance of the mosque to importune him for alms as he goes to his devotions, a nuisance. He dispenses charity among them according to his means, and feels that his prayers will be the more efficacious for having done so. The ranks of the mendicants now embrace big, burly, able-bodied men who do not hesitate to elbow to one side those of the same ilk that are feeble and deformed. There is no disgrace attached to their profession here, and the sturdy ragamuffin strong enough to fell an ox, wallows in his filth and rags and plys his calling with no more feeling of shame than the miserable cripple who lost both legs in the Turko-Russian war.

But the true land of the mendicant is Persia. It has been estimated by observant travelers that one-tenth of the Shah's subjects are beggars by profession. Not only is the professional mendicant tolerated in Persia, but he is regarded as holy, and his calling as eminently respectable. The streets of a Persian city are full of beggars of every imaginable description. Some are regular fixtures at certain spots, occupying their posts as regular as the days come and go.

As you walk down the street, one miserable wretch shuffles out of his corner, and thrusts into your notice some horrible deformity; a little farther, and you meet a pitiable object with his nose cut off and eyes entirely gone from their sockets. The next one will perhaps be without hands, and the next without feet. These are poor wretches who have been mutilated for theft from some provincial official, or other crime which would be punishable in a civilized country by a few months imprisonment. In Persia they are mutilated and turned adrift to spend the rest of their lives in mendicancy.

Not all are cripples, however; far from it. Many of lusty frame and robust health follow mendicancy as a profession, because it pays better than work. An English telegraphist, a friend of mine in Teheran, once took a kindly interest in an intelligent-looking fellow whom he saw begging on the corner every day, and offered him a place in his service at current wages. The beggar thanked him politely for his kindness, and told him that he had a family to support and he could support them in better form by begging than he could by work, and consequently was not looking for work.

One of the most eccentric landmarks in the streets of Teheran that I remember was a man whose peculiarity was attitudinizing in the middle of the road. In the keen rivalry of attracting the notice of passers-by, in a community swarming with professional beggars, all sorts of ingenious devices are resorted to. This person was all but a living skeleton, and in this country would naturally gravitate to a dime museum as such. He was as much of a picture as a post. In the summer the sun baked him, and in the winter the cold rains kept him in a perpetual shiver; but, summer or winter, he wore

nothing but a thin, greasy clout, which barely sufficed to cover his nakedness. He always stood with arms folded, so that each claw-like hand grasped the opposite equally bony shoulder. From morning until night he never uttered a word of supplication, but used to turn his big black eyes with mournful appeal on such passers-by as he thought fair game. When a coin was handed him he mechanically released one shoulder, quietly slipped the coin into a handy pocket, and immediately clutched his shoulder again. It was ascertained that he had occupied that same spot for years; everybody had come to regard him as a permanent landmark of the street.

The most interesting class of mendicants in Persia, and probably in the whole world, are the dervishes. These wierd members of the mendicant fraternity are met with all over Persia, on the roads, in the villages and the cities. Their usual dress is the skin of some wild animal, preferably a tiger-skin, thrown carelessly about their shoulders, and a pair of white cotton pantalettes. If the dervish can not obtain a tiger-skin, he will, as the next best choice, secure the skin of a leopard or panther, or even the hide of a deer or antelope. In addition to this striking make-up he carries a huge spiked club or a small battle-axe, and an alms-holder made from an oblong gourd-shell or the outer shell of a cocoa-nut. Thus fantastically, and even ferociously arrayed, the dervish stalks through the thronged bazars of a Persian city shouting out "hakk, yah hakk!" and thrusting his alms-holder right and left among the people.

The dervishes are regarded as holy mendicants by the common people, and spend the greater portion of their lives in wandering about from one distant Central Asian city to another. They might, perhaps, aptly be compared to the wandering friars of England and Europe five hundred years ago. Everybody regards it as lucky, as well as meritorious, to give alms to the dervishes. The average Persian gives a tenth part of his income away in alms to beggars, the greater part of which goes to able-bodied men and dervishes who are well able to work for their own living.

In India begging is discouraged as far as possible by the British authorities, and measures of relief similar to those in vogue among western nations have been introduced. Among a teeming population of two hundred million Orientals, however, any sweeping change in such a time honored profession as mendicancy is a question of time, and not to be easily affected. Beggary is far from being so common as it is either in Turkey or Persia. There is a recognized mendicant caste in India, known as faquirs. The faquirs are regarded as eminently holy, and subsist upon the charity of the people. Like the Persian dervishers, they wander about all over the country, spending most of their lives making long pilgrimages to various holy

shrines.

The Indian faquir is a loathsome-looking creature, with long black hair matted about his head and shoulders with an accumulation of filth, and he generally plasters his body with mud. His sole raiment is a calico waist-clout; his face is fantastically streaked with red paint; he has probably registered a vow never to apply cleansing process to his person from one year's end to another. The filthier and more disgusting he can make himself look, the holier he is considered by the superstitious Hindoo peasantry. The faquir is a crafty rogue, with little, ferret-like eyes, black as ink, and which twinkle avariciously through the bushy masses of unkempt hair that falls about his face. He knows the superstition and reverence with which he is regarded by the people, and makes the most of his opportunities to trade upon their ignorance and credulity. He always carries with him a little brass bowl attached to a long string. With this he draws himself drinking water from the deep roadside wells, and also uses it as a receptacle for alms, to eat food from and various other uses. In Benares there is a "faquir temple" where priests bestow a handful of gram upon every beggar who applies for it. The gram is supplied by wealthy Hindoos who make the feeding of faquirs their special religious hobby. It is considered a disgrace to allow a faquir to go away from this temple without being fed.

As might be expected, the most abominable specimens of the mendicant fraternity are to be found in China. The loathsome appearance of the Chinese professional beggar is beyond the powers of description. All sorts of horrible deformities are voluntarily endured to work upon the sympathy of the people. Eyes are blinded, faces mutilated and limbs twisted. All that is done in the way of mutilation by the authorities of Persia in the punishment of criminals is inflicted by Chinese mendicants upon their own offspring as tricks of the profession. Horribly misshaped victims of this atrocious custom are encountered at the gates of Chinese cities and in the streets.

In Japan there is nothing revolting about mendicancy. Begging is here, as in several other countries named, recognized as a regular profession. The Japanese beggar is a model of politeness and honesty. It is the custom of shop-keepers and others to save themselves the trouble of answering the numerous calls of mendicants, hanging a number of small copper coins in front of their shops, one coin on each nail in the wall. When a mendicant comes along he sees the coins, knows what they are there for, and steps up and transfers one of them to his wallet. He never abuses the confidence thus placed in him by the charitable shop-keeper by taking more than one.

THOMAS STEVENS.

TOURING IN THE OLD COUNTRY.



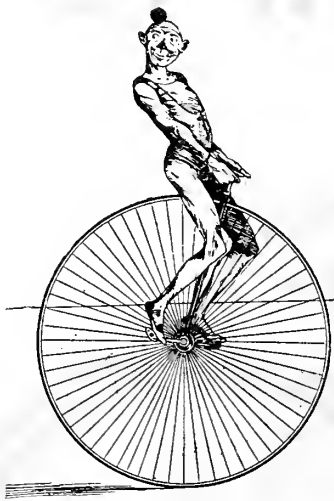
AMERICAN TOURIST.—"How convenient 'tis to understand German. Now there is an inn sign, I guess I'll stop and get a bite."



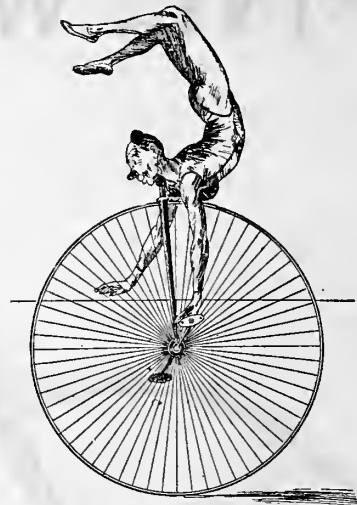
He got the bite.

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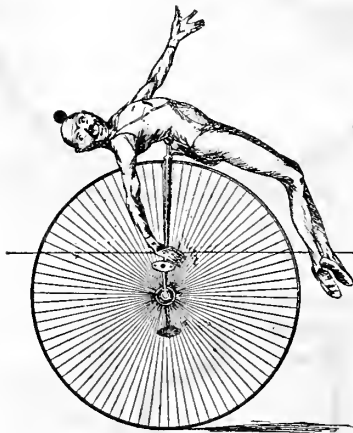
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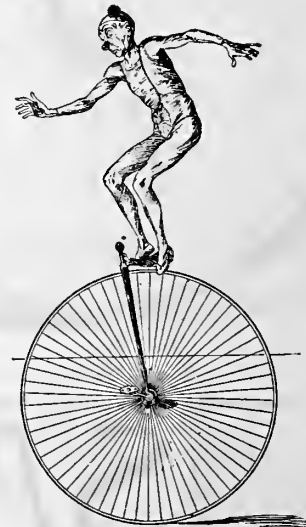
No. 1.—Grand Entree.



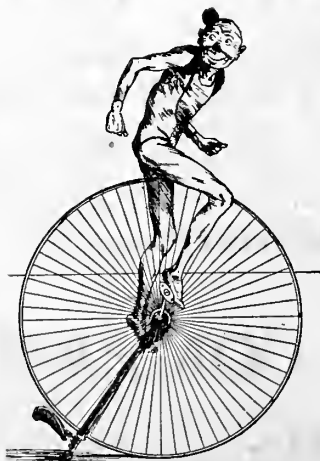
No. 4.—The Plot Thickens.



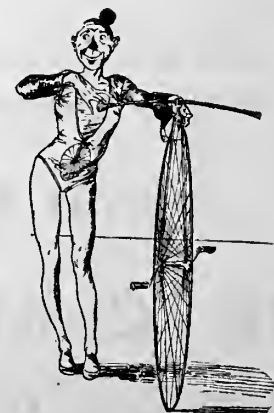
No. 2.—The Contest Opens.



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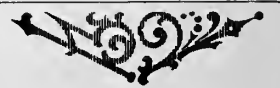


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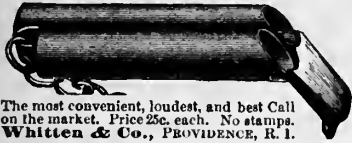
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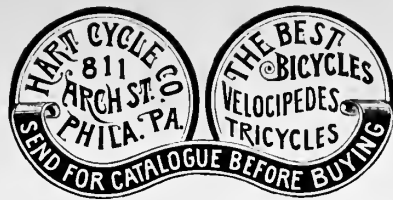
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WHEELMEN, how can you enjoy the wheel? By keeping fully posted, and subscribing for so excellent a journal as the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Only fifty cents a year. tf

FOR SALE—Standard Columbia Bicycle, 50 inch, splendid order, \$40. Also 50 in. Springfield Roadster, new, perfect order, \$60. Address, **BICYCLE**, Washington, Warren Co., N. J. 8-1

FOR SALE—51-inch hollow frame light roadster Star, latest pattern, rams-horn bars, spade handles; perfect condition; been run 200 miles; cost when new \$155; will sell cheap. **A. E. DAVENPORT**, North Adams, Mass. 7-2

TO EXCHANGE—Three good Violins and Cases, and small lot of fine plated Jewelry (balance of stock) towards good Bicycle, Safety or Ordinary, or Remington or Hammond Type Writer. **W. B. KERNAN**, Hornellsville, N. Y. tf

DO YOU want to change your mount this season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word. tf

A. W. Gump & Co., in this issue, publish a supplementary list of their second-hand wheels. Any one wishing to purchase a second-hand bicycle or tricycle can surely find one to suit them in this firm's advertisements in the June or July GAZETTE.

We Call Special Attention of all Athletes to our

JERSEY FITTING GARMENTS.

Jersey Fitting Supporter.

This Supporter is in use by Bicycle Riders, Baseball Players, Athletes and Gymnasts, and we are told that it is the best and most satisfactory supporter made. Let every sportsman try them. Price, \$1.00. Will send by mail on receipt of price. Send size of Waist and Hip. Send for Illustrated Catalog and Price List.

MANUFACTURED BY

HOLMES & CO.,

17 Kingston St., BOSTON, MASS.

Please mention this paper.

HOW to be HEALTHY though CLOTHED!

USE THE

Jaeger All Wool Clothing

WHICH ALLOWS THE SKIN TO BREATHE AND PROTECTS FROM CHILL. Adopted by Thousands of Thinking People. Highly Praised by the Doctors. **CAUTION!**—Look for the Diamond-Shaped Trade Mark, enclosing Dr. Jaeger's Portrait. Descriptive Jaeger Price List, with List of Agents, Sent Free.

We make a Specialty of Bicycle Stockings, Knitted Bicycle Jackets & Bicycle Knee Breeches.

DR. JAEGER'S CO.,

182 Wabash Ave.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

C. H. & D.

THE PROPER LINE

TO AND FROM

CINCINNATI,

DAYTON, TOLEDO, DETROIT,

And All Points

East, South, and South East

For rates and full information, call at the Grand Union ticket office,

Or address—

W. H. FISHER, Gen'l Agt

C. H. ROCKWELL, G. P. and P. A. CINCINNATI.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

THE

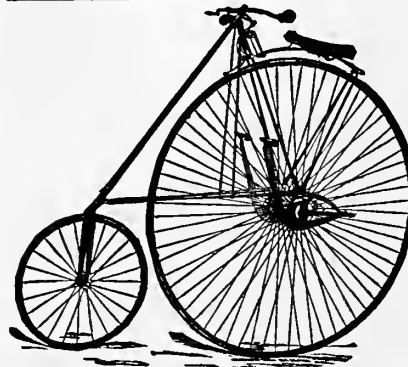
Kellogg Bicycle Shoe.

Made of kangaroo or dongola, as may be required, hand sewed, and possessing merits superior to any other Bicycle Shoe made. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, \$4. Liberal discount to dealers. Manufactured by

W. H. KELLOGG & CO.,

PALMER, MASS.

When answering advertisements please mention the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, and thus confer a favor on both advertiser and publisher.



Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881.

Send for Catalogue.

H. B. SMITH MACHINE CO.,

Smithville, Bur. Co., N. J.

***** **LOOK AT THIS!** *****

NEW AND SECOND-HAND **BICYCLES.**

Our Specialties:

Repairing and Nickel Plating AT LOWEST PRICES.

If you want the best New Machine in the Market for 1888, or a bargain in a Second-Hand Bicycle, send 2-cent stamp for Catalog and Second-Hand List to

H. T. HEARSEY,

147 North Delaware Street,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SECOND-HAND BICYCLES TAKEN IN TRADE FOR NEW ONES.



We are prepared to make this year a fine line of TROPHIES, MEDALS and PRIZES of all descriptions, including

Cups, ** **MEDALS,** ** Stop-Watches, ** Jewelry, ** Trophies.

Illustrated Catalog and Price List Sent on Receipt of Stamp.

Pedersen & Buckingham

4½ Maiden Lane, NEW YORK CITY.

TO THE FRONT AGAIN!
Eagle Rock Hill 12 Times
Without a Dismount!
ON WHAT?



A SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER 50-inch geared equal to a 52-inch ordinary.

BY WHOM?

J. HARRY SHURMAN, of Lynn, Mass. Witnessed by E. H. Banks, N. Y.; L. S. Kloz, E. N. Y.; Harry Spence, Newark, N. J.; W. H. White, Newark, N. J.; and C. S. Silver, of Concord, N. H.

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J. R. Weld, Medina, N. Y., writes: "We believe in the Springfield Roadster out here. In a club of twenty members, sixteen of them ride your make of wheel and still we want another."

You May Draw Your Own Inference.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE, SPEEDY. THE BEST HILL-CLIMBER AND ALL AROUND ROAD WHEEL EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC AT A MODERATE PRICE. CATALOG FREE.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. COMPANY, 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Bargains in Shop-Worn and Second-Hand Bicycles

A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio.

NO.	SIZE.	PRICE.	NO.	SIZE.	PRICE.
274	36 Kangaroo, ball bearings, fine shape	\$60.00	298	52 Columbia Light roadster, ball pedals, spade handles, new	105.00
275	36 Invinceable Safety, built like the Columbia Safety, good order ball bearings, fine shape	55.00	299	52 Expert, D' finish, ball pedals, new	107.00
276	44 Otto Special, good as new	20.00	300	52 American Challenge, standard finish, new	60.00
277	44 Otto Special, new, spade handles	27.00	301	52 Rival, ball bearings, cow-horn handle bars, new	55.00
278	44 American Safety, ball bearings all over, No. 1 condition	50.00	302	52 American Champion, all nicked but wheels, new, ball pedals	95.00
279	44 American Safety, plain bearings, standard finish, good order	40.00	303	52 Expert, 1887 pattern, new but shop worn, ball pedals	100.00
280	44 Special Facile, 1887 pattern, almost new	60.00	304	54 American Champion, all nicked but wheels, ball pedals, fine condition	78.00
281	46 Otto Special, as good as new	21.00	305	54 Victor, cowhorn handle bars, spade handle, ball bearings, ball pedals, good running order	60.00
282	46 Otto Special, new, spade handles	27.00	306	54 American Light Champion, ball bearings, ball pedals, standard finish, ramshorn bars or cowhorn bars, new	100.00
283	48 American Ideal, all nicked but wheels, new	48.00	307	54 Singer Challenge, ball bearings to both wheels, ball pedals, cowhorn handle bars, No. 1 condition	55.00
284	48 Otto Special, as good as new	23.00	308	54 Harvard, tires almost new, cradle springs, dropped handle bars, ball pedals	50.00
285	48 Otto Special, new, spade handles	32.00	309	54 Royal Mail, new tires, nickel and enamel finish, cowhorn handle bars, ball bearings and ball pedals, fine shape	75.00
286	48 Standard Columbia, all nicked but wheels, good order	35.00	310	55 Sanspariel Light Roadster, ball bearings, ball pedals, good running order	50.00
287	48 American Star, number one condition	43.00	311	56 Humber, cowhorn handle bars, enamel finish, ball bearings, ball pedals, new	60.00
288	48 Rudge Light Roadster, ball bearings and pedals, cow-horn handle bars, spade handles	55.00	312	56 Expert, cowhorn handle bars, spade handles, Kirkpatrick saddle, ball pedals, good running order	75.00
289	48 Otto Special, all nicked but wheels, spade handles, cow-horn handle bars, new	40.00	313	56 Harvard, cowhorn handle bars, ball bearings to both wheels	40.00
290	50 Springfield Roadster, in splendid condition	50.00	314	58 American Challenge, ball bearings, standard finish, No. 1 condition	55.00
291	50 Volunteer Columbia, ball pedals, shop worn only	90.00	315	58 American Challenge, all nicked but wheels, No. 1 condition, Lillibridge saddle, ball bearings	65.00
292	50 American Champion, standard finish, ball pedals, new	95.00	316	60 Yale Roadster, new tires, all nicked but wheels, cowhorn bars, ball bearings, ball pedals, almost like new	75.00
293	50 Harvard, all nicked but wheels, ball bearings, new tires, good condition	50.00			
294	50 Harvard, nickel and enamel finish, ball bearings to both wheels, dropped handle bars, No. 1 condition	50.00			
295	50 Victor, ball bearings and ball pedals, cow-horn handle bars, No. 1 running order	60.00			
296	52 Light Champion, all nicked but rims, special built, a bargain at only	75.00			
297	52 American Champion, spade handles, ball pedals, standard finish, fine order	78.00			

Also 250 More Second Hand Bicycles. List Sent Free.

BICYCLES AND GUNS TAKEN IN TRADE.

Order quick, as these prices can not be duplicated.

Largest Retail stock of Bicycles in America.

A. W. GUMP & CO.

DAYTON, OHIO.

REMARKABLE

is the increase of Safety riders, and yet not so remarkable when one considers the perfection reached in the construction of this style of bicycle, and the undeniable fact that there are many old as well as prospective riders who prefer the Safety type of machine; and this number shows an

INCREASE IN

nearly every section of the country. Attention is called to the VELOCE COLUMBIA, new this season, a Rear Driving Safety of the most improved pattern, combining the best features of other Rear Driving Safeties, with many original improvements and additions, including EASY AND TRUE steering and the improved Kirkpatrick saddle, which all

SAFETY RIDERS

appreciate. A fully illustrated description of the Veloce is found in the Columbia Catalog. The Veloce has not been extensively advertised this season, simply because an unprecedented number of orders have made it, up to this time, impossible to fill orders with our customary promptness. All orders for the Veloce, as well as for other style of Columbias, will now receive immediate shipment.

THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE CYCLING CATALOG FREE.
POPE MFG. CO., GENERAL OFFICES, 79 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON; BRANCH HOUSES: 12 WARREN ST.,
NEW YORK; 291 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

THE FAMOUS,
STAUNCH,
RELIABLE

* RUDGE * LIGHT * ROADSTER * BICYCLE,

AN INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION.

A few slightly shop-worn new Rudge Tandems and Rudge Humber Tandems, and also a limited number of shop-worn Rudge Bicycles at a reduction.

RUDGE CATALOG FREE.

H. M. SABEN, Mgr.,

152 Congress St., Boston.

IS THERE AN AGENT FOR THE RUDGE IN YOUR VICINITY? IF NOT APPLY AS ABOVE.

Capital City Club
409-5th

THE

WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 9.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., SEPTEMBER, 1888.

50 cents per Annum.

A Letter That Needs No Comment.

Detroit Mich. Aug. 21, 1888.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.,

Gentlemen—,

I have just returned from Michigan's L. A. W. Division Meet, and I trust the comparison I am about to make will be of interest to you. At the Meet in 1887 there were 60 wheels and only one of them was a Champion, and that was looked upon as rather a curiosity. This year at Grand Rapids nearly all makes of high grade wheels were there, but out of 112 wheels in the parade, there were 34 American Champions — an increase from $\frac{1}{50}$ to about $\frac{1}{3}$. I can prove that there have been more American Champions sold in Michigan this year than any other two makes of high grade wheels. They have given good satisfaction, and I expect twice as many wheels will be gold next year. The Champion is used by the best riders too. Three out of five races at St. Johns were won on Champions.

A \$250 Marlboro Club Tandem has been discarded for a Challenge Tandem, and found to be decidedly the best.

Yours Truly, C. H. Smith

All Crank Records Pulverized.

by Jno. A. Wells on an ordinary

AMERICAN RAMBLER

taken out of stock.

Eagle Rock Climbed Nine times Thursday afternoon, August 23. Start was made at 4 P. M. and finish at 6:23 P. M., when darkness interfeared. This time is a two minute average per. trip faster than Shurman's professional record on a lever machine. The following gentlemen witnessed and will vouch for the performance—; E. R. Collins, Westfield, N. J.; Henry Waters. 246 N. Y. Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; Geo. Pfoor, 64 Washingthn St., Chicago Ill.; Herman Kneisel, 97 Webster St., Jersey City, N. J.; E. C. Wells, 365 Broad St., Newark N. J.; Howard A. Smith, Oration Hall, Newark N. J.

We are now delivering RAMBLERS with a reasonable degree of promptness.

Catalog on Application.

Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co.

CHICAGO, ILLS.

Largest American Manufacturers of Cycles and Sundries.

H. T. HEARSEY, Agent for Central Indiana, 147 North Delaware Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

IT WAS WORTH WAITING FOR.
WHAT?
WHY, THE WARWICK PERFECTION.

WARWICK

CYCLE

IT HAS
MORE GENUINE
IMPROVEMENTS
THAN ANY WHEEL

ON THE
AMERICAN OR
EUROPEAN
MARKETS.

WATCH THE

WHEELMEN'S
GAZETTE

MFG. CO.,

SPRINGFIELD,
MASS.



FOR ITS SPECIALTIES.

SPECIAL OFFER

New Rapid Bicycles,
Quadrant Tricycles.

**Do n't You Want to Trade Your Old Wheel for
a New One ???**

Having reduced our stock of Second hand machines we are prepared to take a limited number of

GOOD SECOND HAND WHEELS

following new ones

in part payment for any of the

New Rapid Roadsters, - - - - - New Rapid Light Roadsters,
Quadrant Tricycles, - - - - - Quadrant Tandems.

If you wish to avail yourself of this offer send full and minute description of your wheel, including name, pattern, age, size, condition, kind of handle bar, handles and saddle, and your estimate of its value, and we will make you an offer.

This is an opportunity to get a new mount for a very little outlay and realize on your old machine, which is daily decreasing in value,

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

Send for Illustrated Catalog.

**THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.**



TO THE FRONT AGAIN!
 Eagle Rock Hill 12 Times
 Without a Dismount!
 ON WHAT?

A SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER 50-inch geared equal to a 52-inch ordinary.

BY WHOM?

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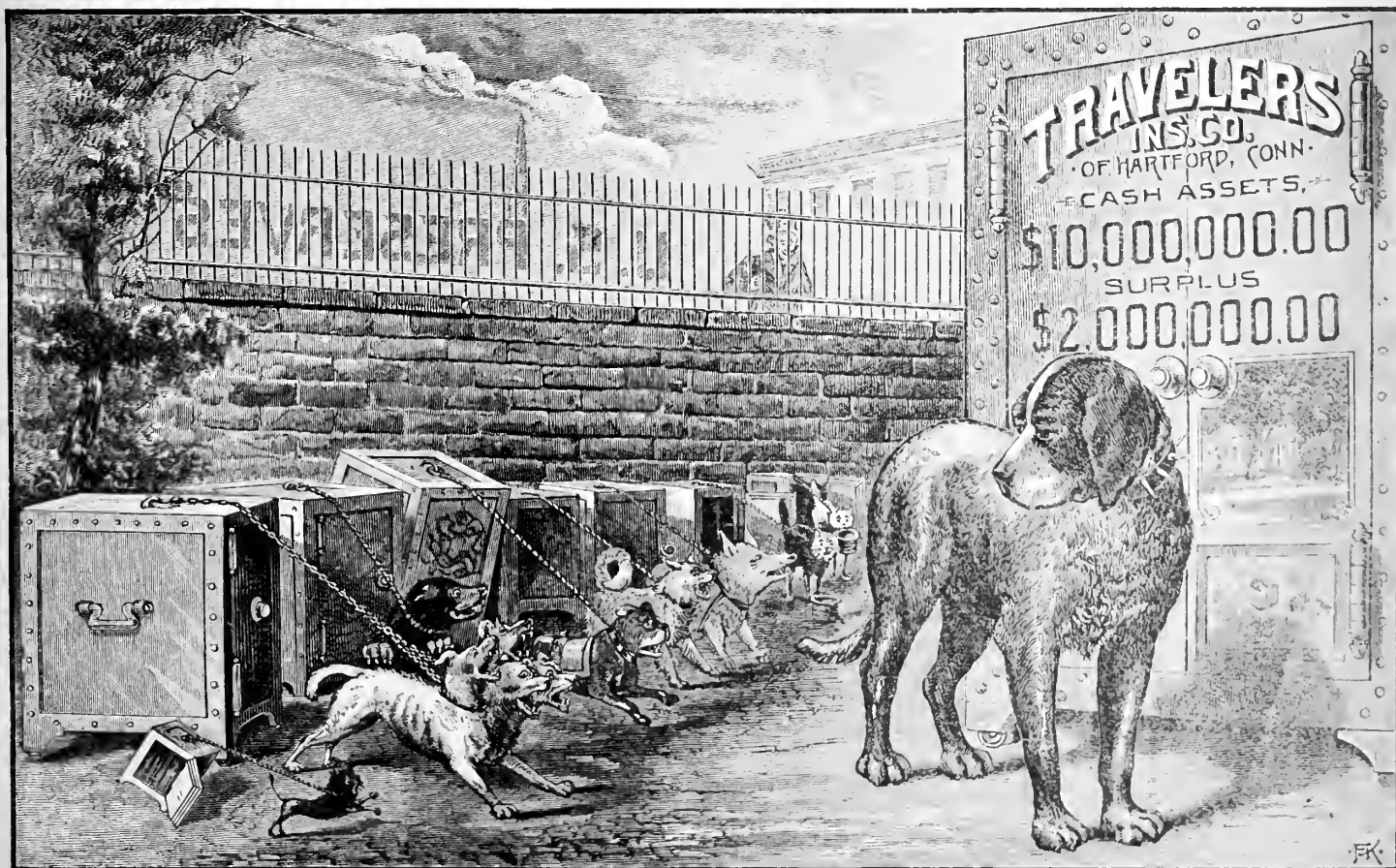
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SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. COMPANY, 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.



Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order. This department is only made for the convenience of wheelmen who can thus make their wants known at a trivial cost. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to sell or exchange his wheel, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The rate of one cent per word is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates which will be furnished on application.

VICTOR TRICYCLE—For sale. See page No. 4 of advertisements.

For sale cheap 50 inch Columbia Bicycle for \$65. Wright quickly to Judson Anten, St. Johns, Mich.

BICYCLE REPAIRING a specialty. Workmanship and material the best. JOHN T. STARR, Coldwater, Mich.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Rates on application.

Bargain :— 52 inch American Champion Bicycle, 1838 pattern only used a few times. Cost \$105; will sell for \$85. C. L. Rider, Kirksville, Mo.

NOW is the time to sell your Bicycles, Tricycles, etc. The best means of securing purchasers is by advertising in our **SALE AND EXCHANGE COLUMN.**

WHEELMEN, how can you enjoy the wheel? By keeping fully posted, and subscribing for so excellent a journal as the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Only fifty cents a year.

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STEEL BALLS FOR ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS. Of Best Cast Steel. HARDENED, GROUND AND BURNISHED 1.16" to 3" diam. Samples and prices on application. *Simonds Rolling Machine Co., Fitchburg, Mass.*



HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for **Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration**, from over-work or other causes. \$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 169 Fulton St., N. Y.

Bicycle AND Athletic Goods.

The Kingston Knitting Co., Of Boston, Mass.

Office, 27 Kingston St.,

Are manufacturing the most beautiful line of Bicycle and Athletic Garments in the country, from the finest *Worsted Jersey Stock*. Made in *Jerseys, Tennis Coats, Sweaters, Knee Tights, Knickerbockers, Full Body Tights*, and Pants, tastefully trimmed and elegant fitting with trunks and hosiery to match the color of the garments, and all selling at very reasonable prices. References to hundreds of the best clubs throughout the country who recommend our garments as unequalled for comfort, durability and good taste. Send for our catalog of prices and styles.

Kingston Knitting Co.
27 Kingston St., BOSTON, MASS.

Why not sell your old wheel? Well, then advertise it in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the **Wheelmen's Gazette.**

Subscribe for



EDITORS:

Art. Munson, (*Stamson*) and N. R. Jessup.

An illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to the interests of cycling.

Send a postal for a sample copy.

Advertising rates on application.

FOR SALE CHEAP.



Victor Light Roadster TRICYCLE

The lightest and best Ladies Tricycle made

This machine has been ridden about 6 months and is in first class condition, ball-bearings all over. No parts broken or rusty. I will sell it for

\$90 CASH.

For further particulars, apply to

Ben L. Darrow,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

AGENTS & MANUFACTURES



Exhibiting Bicycles at fairs and other places will find the **Eureca Home Trainer and Bicycle Stand** a great convenience besides displaying cycles to the best advantage, manufactured by **M. A. Woodbury,**

Dealers in cycles & sundries. *Bradford, Pa.*

THE BEST WAY

To get a **First-Class Watch** is in our Co-Operative Clubs.

FINE WATCHES

AT THE **LOWEST CASH PRICES**

Only \$1.00 a Week.



Thousands of the best **\$38.00 Gold Watch** ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.

This is the **Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient,** and **only** co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only **Dust and Dampproof Movements** made in the World, and are jeweled throughout with **GENUINE RUBIES.** The **Patent Stem Wind and Set** is the strongest and simplest made. They are **fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any \$75 Watch.** Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.



THE KEYSTONE WATCH CLUB CO.

926 Chestnut St., P. O. Box 928. **Phila. Pa.** We refer to any Commercial Agency. **AGENTS WANTED.** Clubs Constantly Forming. Join Now and Save Money.

WE HAVE AGENCIES IN EVERY LARGE CITY. **WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE.**

When answering advertisements please mention the **WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,** and thus confer a favor on both advertiser and publisher.



C. H. & D.

THE PROPER LINE TO AND FROM

CINCINNATI,

DAYTON, TOLEDO, DETROIT,

And All Points

East, South, and South East

For rates and full information, call at the Grand Union ticket office,

Or address—

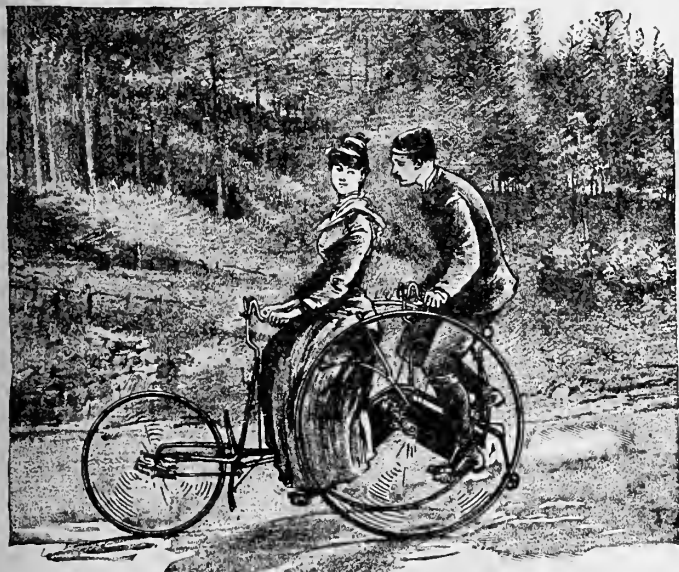
W. H. FISHER, Gen'l Agt

C. H. ROOKWELL, G. P. and P. A. CINCINNATI.

QUADRANT

What's in a name? Possibly, nothing; but if it is applied to **TRICYCLES**, and that name is **QUADRANT**, then there is indeed much.

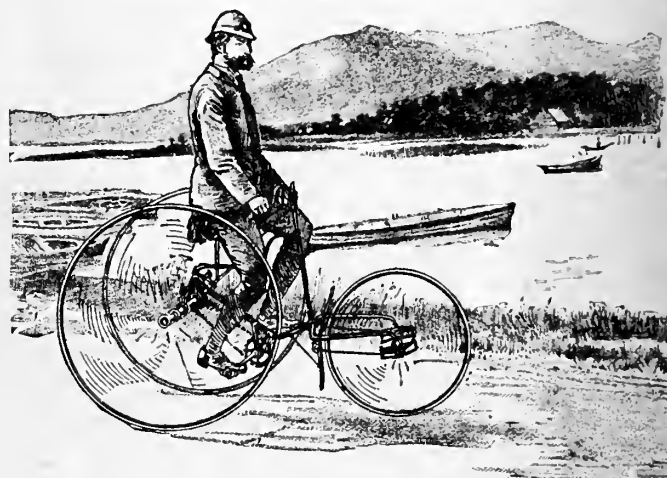
It tells you at once of a machine "not only distinct, but distinctly superior to others;" of one that has set the fashion in such important features as a *large steering wheel*, an *extended bridge over the main axle*, the use of more than two bearings over this axle, and a perfectly rigid frame without a joint in it. It is a name that for years past has carried with it a guarantee of perfect workmanship and honest materials—consequently, satisfactory Tricycles.



"It is the hour when from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard.
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word."

QUADRANT TANDEM No. 15.

WINNER OF THE TWO-MILE OPEN HANDICAP AT THE L. A. W. MEET RACES, BALTIMORE, JUNE 19, 1888. THE FASTEST AND BEST HILL-CLIMBING TANDEM EVER BUILT.



"Air—I want air and sunshine and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my cheek
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops,
Then I am free and strong."

QUADRANT TRICYCLE No. 8. For Gentlemen Only.

WINNER OF THE L. A. W. ONE-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP, BALTIMORE, JUNE 19, 1888. HAS MADE A MILE ON THE ROAD IN 2 MINUTES AND 38 SECONDS.

QUADRANT TRICYCLE No. 14. For Ladies.

BUILT LIGHT THROUGHOUT, AND ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR LADIES' USE. ALSO SUITABLE FOR LIGHT GENTLEMEN.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG, FREE.

THE CLARK CYCLE COMPANY,

2 and 4 Hanover St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Washington Branch, 908 Pennsylvania Ave.



THE KING BICYCLE.

Is greatly improved for 1888, and is appreciated by experienced riders as a ROADSTER, because the Levers give a constant application of power: FOR SAFETY as the treadles in the rear of the hub prevents headers: FOR ECONOMY OF POWER because the new motor raises the levers without Cogs or Springs, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands enables the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals, gliding through mud or sand or up hill: FOR BEAUTY, EASE OF RUNNING, and speed. LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS. Send for price-list and catalog to

THE KING WHEEL CO.,

51 Barclay St., New York.

\$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for \$93; it now sells for \$30. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequalled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this?—easily enough! We often get as much as \$2,000 or \$3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free. Address at once, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

L. M. PRINCE & BRO.,

Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC

INSTRUMENTS,

Apparatus and Supplies of every description.



Cameras, Lenses, Stands, Printing Frames, Dry Plates, Sensitized and Albumenized Papers, Chemicals, etc.

Amateur outfits in great variety from \$8.00 upwards.

Regarding this new method of PHOTOGRAPHY, any body can make good photographs with the Dry Plate Outfits. No previous knowledge of the art necessary. Business suitable for everybody. Process simple and sure. Catalogue of 180 pages, with complete instructions of How to make Pictures, sent on receipt of 20 cents to pay for postage. Address,

L. M. PRINCE & BRO.,
148 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OHIO AGENTS FOR THE BLAIR CAMERA.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine



THE
“ROVER”

For 1888.

LORD BURY WRITES:

“I HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN SAYING THAT YOUR ‘ROVER’ IS A VERY PERFECT MACHINE.”

New Light Rover, about 40 pounds weight now ready.

The prettiest machine made.

STARLEY & SUTTON,

“METEOR” WORKS,

West Orchard,

Coventry, England.

— THE — WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 9.

Keeping a Cycle in Order.

THE first thing which naturally comes under this head is the cleaning of the machine. For this purpose we require either cotton-waste or "cleaning cloths," along with a little oil. If there is only dust to be removed, the cloths or waste, with little or no oil, rubbed over the machine will suffice, but mud requires a little oil on the cloths, which can afterwards be removed with a clean cloth. If the mud is thick and hard it is well to remove the greater part of it with a cloth dipped in water, or the friction required may be so great as to scratch the paint.

If the nickel-plated parts are kept in good order, no more cleaning than this will be required, since the fine dust from the road on the cloth acts as polishing powder; but if it has been allowed to become tarnished, it must be cleaned with one of the "polishing powders" and plenty of elbow grease. On no account must glass paper or emery paper be used on nickel-plating.

Bright parts, which are not nickel-ed, can be cleaned from rust with emery paper, but great care must be taken that none of the emery is allowed to get into the bearings, as it is extremely hard, and therefore grinds away a bearing very fast. A little sweet oil or vaseline left on the nickel-ed or bright parts in wet weather, or when the machine is not in use, will prevent their rusting.

Cleaning the chain of safeties and tricycles is a troublesome and dirty job, but a clogged chain adds greatly to the labor of driving a machine. The best way to clean it is to rub it first with a dry cloth, and then with one with some oil on it, working the oil well into all the chinks between the links, so as to remove the dirt, then once more wipe the chain with a dry rag and put on a little vaseline, black-lead, or one of the preparations sold for lubricating chains.

Cleaning the bearings is very important, if they have been allowed to become clogged, but it is rarely necessary when plenty of oil is used, unless the machine has been left lying by for a long time. Ball-bearings are best cleaned by running coal oil through them. To do this, hang up the machine, so that the wheels can revolve freely, and having filled an oil-can full of coal oil squirt it liberally into the bearings. Spin the wheel, and if the oil has gone in properly, black, dirty oil will flow out, carrying all the dirt with it. This should be done two or three times till the oil coming out seems fairly clean. Then before the machine is ridden some good machine oil, such as sperm, must be put in. If, however, the bearing has got so choked that the oil cannot be got in, it must be taken to pieces—a risky job, unless done by a fairly good mechanic.

Hind wheels are especially liable to become choked in muddy weather, but they can generally be cleared by loosening the bearings, putting the spout of the oil-can well down into the oil hole, squirting oil vigorously in, and shaking the wheel from side to side with an occasional spin. We have succeeded in clearing a very refractory bearing by loosening it well and turning the full force of a garden hose on the oil hole. Of course, plenty of oil had to be put in afterwards to displace the water. When cleaned the bearing must be properly tightened up again.

If it is decided to take the bearing to pieces, great care must be taken that all bolts, screws, nuts, etc., are put back exactly as they were before, since in many cases, especially on the cheaper classes of machine, nuts, etc., nominally the same size will only fit properly on their own bolts. Wheels pins, bearings, etc. must also be replaced exactly as they were before, as often, although both sides of a wheel or bearing were originally the same, they cease to be alike from the surfaces being worn unevenly.

Pedals are especially liable to become totally choked on safeties and tricycles, but even in this case by loosening them well, and with a little patience, oil can generally be worked in.

Oiling the machine is too often either partly or in whole neglected by the rider, a neglect which not only makes the machine wear faster but causes great extra friction, and, therefore, greater labor in its propulsion. In Prof. Kankine's "Civil Engineering," it is stated that there is more than double the friction in a badly oiled bearing than there is in one well oiled. This consideration ought to make the lazy man, who will not oil and look after his machine, reflect whether the extra labor of propelling it is not more than the trouble of keeping it in good order. The frequent oiling which used to be necessary in the old

days of cone bearing has been done away with by the more modern ball bearing, but no greater mistake could be made than that a ball bearing does not require some oil. In the case of bearings, where there is a good deal of motion, and which are not exposed to much dust or mud, it is good practice to oil cone-bearings every 15 or 20 miles, and ball bearings every 75 to 100 miles. But in the case of bearings which are exposed to a great deal of dust and mud, as the pedal and crank-shaft bearings of safeties and tricycles, or the hind wheels of ordinary bicycles, it is often necessary to oil them more frequently.

I have seen hind wheels with both cone and ball bearings quite

The March of Progress.



The aristocratic element among the hand-organ grinders have long felt the want of an apparatus calculated to save time and labor and increase their daily income, and incidentally, to offer means of escape from inflated citizens, threatening mobs, etc. The GAZETTE offers a suggestion to fill this U. S. W.

full of mud, and requiring oil badly after about five miles' riding, and their liability to being clogged should be remembered by those who ride all through the winter.

Do not oil only the principal bearings of the cycle, but also at regular intervals oil all the minor ones, such as the head, automatic steering gear, joints of the brake, etc.

In tricycles the balance gear, axle, and loose wheel require to be oiled regularly, and many axles have been broken from the surfaces getting dry and locking; for the first time a corner is turned, after this occurs, the axle is liable to be twisted off. The way to try whether the balance gear is free and in good order is to lift one driving wheel off the ground and see whether it will revolve freely. In axles which are divided in the center, oil is only required in the balance gear at the center, and at the plug joining the two halves of the axle; but in those in which there is a through axle, and the balance gear at one side, there are several places to be oiled. The loose wheel, that is the one on the side next the balance gear, runs on the through axle, and must be oiled through the oiler provided for the purpose in the hub, and care must be taken that the oil goes down. The balance gear also requires oil, and there is generally a hole in the gear box to reach it. The long sleeve is, perhaps, the most difficult to oil, but, generally, small holes will be found at each end for that purpose.

As to oil, any good machine oil will do, and a great number of oils are specially prepared to suit cycles. I have found good sperm oil to work well, but in winter it is apt to freeze, and then it requires the addition of from 5 to 10 per cent. of paraffine.

Oil is a bad lubricant for chains, as it is apt to collect dust and mud. The best is vaseline and blacklead mixed, or one of the special pastes sold for lubricating chains.

Tightening the bearings is by no means such a frequent operation as it used to be in the days of plain bearings, but even still it must be done occasionally, and the life of a bearing largely depends on its being kept properly adjusted.

LEARNING.

THE BICYCLE.

LET our would-be bicyclist procure a wooden-wheeled "boneshaker," such as agents keep for learners, or a safety, or an ordinary suspension wheel of small size. Selecting a smooth stretch of gentle down-hill in a quiet locality, and placing the left foot on the step, and pushing the machine off with the right, let him stand on the step. The machine will immediately evince a tendency to topple over. To counteract this, turn the wheel slightly in the direction to which it is inclined to fall, and when you feel that the machine *must* topple over sideways jump lightly off behind. At the first attempt you will most likely hardly have raised yourself on to the step before you will be compelled to leap off, but every time you repeat the process you will improve until, at length, you will be able to run ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred yards without a dismount. Persevere until you have quite mastered the steering and balance, which you may easily do without sustaining a single fall.

Up to this is better not to have an assistant, as the learner will gain confidence quicker if he depends on himself alone. The next step, however, is more likely to end in disaster. He must now get into the saddle. Starting the machine as before, and, standing on the step, stretch forward the right leg, and resting the thigh on the saddle, descend the hill two or three times in that position. Then when you have gained confidence, gently and quietly glide into the saddle. Great care must be taken not to jump off the step. The weight of the body should be lifted by the right leg and arms, and the left leg should be merely drawn after. The principal danger except, of course, in the case of the safety is going forward too far and heavily, and falling right over the handles—in bicycle parlance, a "header," but in the case of a machine meant for learning, there is, in reality, little danger of this occurring. Practice running down hill a few times, until you feel at home in the saddle. You can easily get off by toppling gently over when near stationary, putting out one leg to meet the ground, or, if you have an attendant with you, by getting him to hold the machine.



The next step is to learn how to pedal. A little practice on a home trainer, which may be used at many of the agents' depots, will greatly facilitate matters. Getting into the saddle as before, try to "catch" the pedal with the feet, and follow them round without venturing to do any real work. The first attempt will cause the machine to wobble and steering power to be lost; on this occurring, better remove the feet instantly until your balance is regained, and then repeat the operation, and at each attempt it will become easier, until at length you acquire the rudiments of the art of pedalling.

In one case we saw this stage reached after two hours' practice, but it generally takes three or four lessons of an hour or two each, and sometimes much longer. Another rider of our acquaintance has taken two weeks to learn, and we have heard of others taking even a month or six weeks. Confidence is the great factor of success in learning.

Before venturing on the high machine it is better to practice for some time, and to learn to get off by the step as hereinafter described.

Some riders may not be able to get a boneshaker, safety or low-sized bicycle, and be compelled to learn on the tall machine. In such a case it will be necessary to get the assistance of an experienced cycling friend, or professional teacher, who should stay by during the initial attempts, and afterwards remain at the foot of the hill to hold the machine and assist him off. In getting into the saddle also greater care must be observed. The learner should practice for some time with the machine stationary, his assistant grasping the backbone and handle-bar, and when he ventures to mount in motion the assistant should keep alongside ready to grasp the backbone and handle-bar, should he jump too far forward and the machine show a tendency to go over. It might be advisable also to remove the pedals at first, and when the learner commences to make practical use of them he should take great care, for an irregular stroke or too violent back pedalling will bring him over. There is also considerable danger of inserting the heels in the spokes.

Some riders are too nervous to learn by themselves, and have not sufficient confidence to adopt the step system. Let such a friend or professional teacher to assist as before. Having removed the pedals the teacher should hold the machine by the handle-bar, and as he slips into the saddle grasp the backbone also and gently wheel the machine along so as to give the learner confidence. Next the teacher should let go the handle-bar, still holding the spring or backbone firmly with his right hand and keeping his left in position to catch the handle-bar again should the machine show a decided tendency to topple over. By degrees the learner will be able to steer and balance the machine. Now the pedals should be replaced, and the teacher should hold the machine by spring and backbone, as before, until the learner is able to use the pedals. He should next be taught to dismount by the step, and may then change on to the tall machine, the teacher still accompanying him until he can mount, pedal, steer, and dismount, with confidence.

Great care should be observed as many bad headers result from first attempts. A friend or teacher should always be present at first, ready to catch the machine, and the learner should glide into the saddle as gently and evenly as possible. Too long a stretch or a saddle with high back are frequent sources of disaster.

By the step, as in the case of the ordinary, or get the left pedal at the top but a shade past the dead point, and placing the left foot on it, and holding the handles firmly, mount into the saddle, the weight resting momentarily on the pedal starting the machine. Care must be taken that the foot does not slip, or a nasty accident may result.

When the novice first finds himself in the saddle of the ordinary the feeling of insecurity is appalling. The handle-bar appears to completely hamper his movements, and such a large expanse of front wheel shows in front that he thinks every moment he is about to fall over it. The great desideratum is to conquer this feeling of insecurity, and when making the first attempt to dismount from the ordinary it is better to have a friend near to catch the machine should the learner start to fall. With a fair amount of confidence, to dismount when in motion is easier than when the machine is stationary.

Dismounting by the step is the easiest and the safest, especially when descending very steep hills. As the right pedal ascends raise

yourself in the saddle, and, gliding back as far as possible, remove the left foot from the pedal, and, following the backbone cautiously, reach for the step, taking great care not to insert your toe amongst the spokes. Then, resting on the step, leap lightly off to the left, still holding the left handle, and grasping the saddle with your right hand. With a little practice the rider can find the step without a moment's hesitation.

Adopt the same *modus operandi* as in the first method, but instead of reaching for the step curl the foot across the backbone, and, resting the weight on it momentarily, jump lightly back. This method has several drawbacks. In the case of a sudden fright the toe may be placed amongst the spokes by mistake, or should the wheel be turned towards the right the foot may come in contact with the rim before touching the backbone. The constant rubbing of the foot also will remove the paint, and some tool bags are in the way.

Placing the right hand on the peak of the saddle, and still holding the handles with the left hand, vault lightly backwards, supporting the weight of the body as much as possible by the right hand, and alight on the left side of the machine. This method can be safely learned by utilizing the pedal as an aid, springing off it as in the pedal mount, and gradually resting less weight on it, until it can be dispensed with altogether.

The pedal dismount is a neat and effective one, but is difficult to put into practice when going at a good pace, and especially so down hill. Confidence and quickness are essential, and the learner should take care and not hesitate when making the first attempt, or he will most certainly come to grief.

Just as the descending pedal gets to the dead point rest the weight of the body on it for a moment, bringing the other leg sharply round the backbone and jumping lightly to the ground. The danger lies in commencing too soon or resting the weight too long on the pedal, when a header is the almost certain result. This dismount can be made at either side, but the left is the easiest. Both should be practiced in case of an emergency. It is also possible to step off the pedal when at its highest point.

Slipping back on the saddle, spring sharply from the handles and pedals, alighting with one foot on each side of the small wheel. Care must be taken to spring well out and to keep the feet well apart, or the ankles may come into contact with the steps or nuts of hind wheel. It is not safe to dismount this way when going very fast, and on the rear-driving safety it is extremely dangerous especially for a short-legged man.

Before attempting this method, practice carefully throwing your legs over the handles when running down hill. Having become proficient in this, select a smooth, level piece of road, and raising the right leg, remove the right hand from the handles and pass the leg over the handles, and replacing the right hand, remove the left, and bring the right leg on until both legs are at the same side of the machine; then replace the left hand and slip off sideways. With a little practice, this can be done very rapidly, and looks well. It is a safe way of dismounting, even when going at high speed, and is easily acquired; but the beginner should be very careful, lest he falls over the machine.

Having now learnt to mount and dismount the ordinary, the beginner will find the rest easy. He must learn to walk, however, before he can fly, and should be very careful at first. He should always pedal with the ball of the foot, and not the instep, and should select a fair level road for his earlier essays. A few miles a day will be found quite sufficient, and he should never persevere until exhaustion sets in, or he will be discouraged with his progress, and, perhaps, even suffer permanent injury. It takes several months to develop the muscles brought into play with cycling, and until these are developed he cannot expect to ride long distances with impunity, or to find the work light even when riding short distances. Hills are a great bug-bear to the novice. He should walk those which are at all steep, and he must be very careful going down lest his machine gets beyond his control, or lest he back pedals unevenly, and so cause the hind wheel to ascend and pitch him over the handles, or lest he puts the brake too hard or too suddenly, with a similar result. All these things must be learned by experience, and the novice should take every precaution not to buy this experience too dearly. He should strive to make steady uniform progress, and not attempt to develop all at once into a first-class rider.

Ladies on Bicycles--How Ladies Should Ride on Tandems.

VIOLET CORNE gives some excellent advice to ladies on methods of learning to ride safety bicycle, and how to properly ride on a tandem. We reproduce Violet's remarks:

Let my sister cyclists who contemplate disporting themselves upon two wheels take encouragement from the emphatic announcement that the lady's safety is by no means so difficult to learn as it looks.

My experience has been acquired on a "Sanspareil," a most perfect and beautiful little machine, built by Messrs. Andrews, of Birmingham. Let me confess that my first attempt had the effect of filling me with a profound awe and veneration for the most unworthy specimen of the other sex who chanced to career past me on a bicycle with that airy grace which comes of careless confidence in his own powers of balance.

Then I said to myself dispassionately, "Let us consider the matter in a reasonable light. If a woman's mental powers can equal a man's in point of balance, why should not she be as blest physically?" No contradiction making itself heard to this proposition, I put it to the test, and lo! the result was victory! The feeling of complete subjection to a masterful machine entirely betook itself to the winds, and by a sudden inspiration I found that the situation was my own.

Yes, I can understand now why men are so loud in their praises of two-wheeled cycles. There is a sensation about bicycling which a tricycles does not give—and certainly a fearful joy altogether absent on the more sedate machine. I should not advise any woman to attempt safety riding till she has made herself past mistress of the arts of pedalling and steering on a tricycle. Those initial letters of the cycling alphabet being her own, should say it would be a woman of feeble intellectual power who could not easily learn to run on two wheels.

The mounting alone is perhaps the hardest part of the whole performance; but that need not be undertaken till the rest has been achieved. Of course, a good teacher is a very necessary factor in the transaction. Those ladies who are darkly hinted at as having solved the mysteries of the safety entirely unassisted, may have found that the secrecy thus insured to their first faltering efforts compensated for the added trouble involved. I can only say I found masculine aid a great comfort in my bicycling education. If my advice on the subject be followed, the intending safetyist will begin by securing a teacher plentifully endowed with strength and patience.

After this, let no one ever dare to breathe a doubt as to Irish chivalry and gallantry towards our own sex. The *I. C. and A.* last week quoted a new police order in the sister isle, whereby tricycles are banished from the joys of footpath riding, except when they are ridden by the aged and infirm or by ladies. Of course no woman ever is aged, however infirm, so a special provision has had to be framed for feminine privilege, to include womanhood of all ages. A ladies' cycling club has been formed in the same enlightened country, and the *I. C. and A.* wonders if it means to ride *en masse* on all the footpaths.

"How few men," says *The Cyclist*, "appear to know how a lady should sit the front seat of a 'Humber' tandem. The majority of the fair whom we meet * * * are generally sitting too low, and riding with a great deal too much crank. Now nothing looks more ungraceful than lovely women riding with knees and chin in close proximity, and feet whirling in a high circle. Members of the sterner sex who take ladies a-cycling should not, in all common gallantry, expect them to do much work. The throw of the crank certainly should not exceed 4 inches, if so much. The nose of the saddle should be over the centre of the treadle spindle, and high enough to obviate any bending of the knee when the pedal is at the bottom of the stroke. Further, when mounting, our fair companions should stand upon the pedals while the dress is being pulled down from behind. * * * An ordinary walking dress can be worn with propriety when cycling, if it is properly arranged while the lady is taking her seat." With all of which I agree, except in the arbitrary bestowal of all the work upon the man. Most women would feel uncomfortable with such an arrangement.—*Bicycling News.*

"The Flying Dutchman."—Hans Dunder taking a header from a bicycle.

ALONE TOGETHER.

Come closer, Love, and press your dear,
Soft cheek to mine, and feel no fear,
Though ghostly winds without complain,
And scare drops fly against the pane;
For you are here, and I am here.

And storms will vent their spite in vain,
If love look forth in sweet disdain,
And thou, within the firelight's cheer,
Cling closer, Love.

More bitter storms of grief and pain,
In after years will vex us twain,
Ah, then, in light of love sincere,
Come near, my Sweet, and still more near—
Ever, in time of Life's dark rain,
Cling closer, Love.

—George Horton, in America.

Hints on Repairing a Bicycle.

AS A CYCLE gets old the spokes either stretch a little or get unscrewed, with the result that the rim does not run true between the forks. Only riders having some practice in things mechanical should attempt trueing up a cycle wheel, as it is the easiest thing in the world to damage it permanently.

To true a wheel it should be lifted off the ground, so as to spin freely. Rest your hand steadily upon some fixed point, cause the wheel to revolve, and hold a piece of chalk so that it will mark the part of the felloe which swerves. Tighten the spokes on the opposite side, wipe out the chalk mark, and spin the wheel. Before tightening any spokes see that those opposite, or at the same side of the wheel as the chalk mark, are moderately loose, otherwise you will draw that part of the rim nearer to the center of the wheel. If the spokes have stretched and will not screw farther into the hub, they must be withdrawn, and shortened a little by making a new head. To do this it is necessary to have a spoke header of some kind. What is used by professional repairers is something with a pair of jaws like those of a blacksmith's tongs. There are grooves cut transversely and opposite on the jaws, and on one end of each pair of grooves a countersunk hole is drilled, so that, by rivetting, a head may be formed in it. These jaws are caught in a common vise with the spoke between and projecting about an eighth or three-sixteenths of an inch; a good head may then be made upon it. If you try to form a head in a vise without any appliance you will fail to do it successfully.

Cementing a tire is what anyone should be prepared to do when necessary. If only a very short piece be loose, say three inches, a hot iron rubbed over the cement and the tire will make it all right. The practice in repair shops is to scrape the old cement out of the rim and take off the rubber, unless it appears fresh and good; the new cement is then melted in a ladle and poured in all round the rim. Next, the rubber, which must be quite clean, is put in its place, and heat is applied to the rim, until the cement melts again and oozes out at the edges. Put the wheel by, but before it is quite hard scrape off any surplus cement which will be found between the rim and rubber. If a tire comes loose often after being carefully cemented, it is probably too large for the rim, and must be either shortened or changed for a new one. It is better to get a new tire, if possible, as even at the best the splices which are made on old tires are liable to break again.

If a tire comes loose on the road a piece of twine lapped round rim and rubber will make it perfectly secure for twenty or thirty miles. There are tire clips sold specially for temporary repairs; some are little semi-circular straps of steel. Lucas, of King of the Road Fame, sends out little straps with eyelets at either end, and short bits of copper wire to tie it round the rim and rubber, at a spoke if possible. The leather meets the ground, and will, of course, wear for a long time. There is also on the market an elastic band with hooks, which seems a good thing, and quickly applied. It is gross carelessness to continue to ride a bicycle, especially without trying the tires from time to time, say three or four times a month. Usually a little bit comes off first, and this increases until suddenly the rider takes a terrible fall and cannot possibly account for it.

A buckled wheel looks to a beginner especially the greatest calamity that could befall a wheel. It may, however, in any good

make be easily remedied. Lay the wheel flat upon the ground, and with the assistance of a friend press down the two high points of the rim, and it will go back into its place with a bang. If a very badly made wheel, it refuses to take its proper shape again, probably because of a cheap quality of rim or the uneven tension upon the spokes. The 'buckle' simply moves from one point to another like the movement of a wave at sea. Even in the best wheel the rim will be a little out, and unless you are clever at trueing up wheels it is better to take it to a first-class professional repairer. Rims which have once buckled are more or less liable to do so again. A hollow rim is not nearly so likely to 'buckle' under a given amount of pressure as a crescent felloe.

A strained backbone often results from a bad fall. If it touches the front wheel it renders the machine, of course, unrideable. It may, however, be remedied in most cases. Turn the machine up on the handle-bar, place one foot upon one of the pedals, and pull the backbone out. The tubes from which backbones are made will bear being bent cold, so that there is little danger of a breakage. It is much harder to take the twist out of the tube if the wheels be not running in the same line. Indeed, in either case it is well to heat the tube if it be bent more than an inch or two out of its proper place.

A bent handle may be set sufficiently straight to finish any journey if it cannot even be made perfectly right. Lay the machine over towards you, put your foot on the pedal or crank boss, and pull the handle up as far as desired; any man can bend the ordinary solid or tubular bar in this way. If it be bent back towards the rider it could only be set right by being caught in a vise. The bars of an iron gate are often made use of for the purpose. If one-half of the handle be broken off altogether, lash a stout stick to the head and remaining half, and it will serve admirably for the rest of the journey.

A broken spring, if it be of the old type may be put into sufficiently good condition to last a long time by lashing a piece of wood under the broken part with copper wire or stout cord.

If broken behind the saddle and the front part is screwed to the neck, it is easier to tie the lot down to the backbone. It is not near so unpleasant as you might imagine to ride without a spring.

SHAKESPEARE ON CYCLING.

"To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first."

—Henry VIII., Act I.

Popular Songs Illustrated.



The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
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DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
 25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis.

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The Buffalo Tournament.

Buffalo's first bicycle tournament may be set down as a big success. Although not the complete success of some of the old Springfield tournaments, it showed what Buffalo can do, and promises big shows for the future. To be sure the track was in bad shape, so bad that the last day's races had to be run on the horse track. This was the result of insufficient rolling, caused by the limited time in which the track was laid out and built. After the first day's races the surface of the track had the appearance of being run over with a harrow, so sharply did the tires of the wheels cut its surface. Then the weather was not the best for bicycle racing. A constantly increasing cold breeze for the first three days, and a drizzling rain for the last two were a deadner on fast times certainly. But Mr. Ducker says the track will after the fair be immediately plowed up and in the spring a new and heavy top dressing put on; then if a day can be struck when there is no breeze, and the right man tackles it, some of Springfield's records will have to go. For the clear, rare atmosphere if this lake city is far more favorable for speed on a bicycle than in the sea air of Springfield.

The field of entries was large, and the attendance was large, and in this lay the main success of the tournament. Of course it was the liberal prizes that drew together so many of the best professional riders of this country and elsewhere, and it was these same large prizes that probably led to what may be called a fair set of professional races. There was very little hippodroming indulged in, and it was plain to see that every man was for himself and bound to win if possible. Of course there were a few self-evident combinations; as where Dubois fell back a full lap and paced Morgan in on the handicap and where Rowe was cleverly "boxed" in the first heat of the World's Championship. But these, though scarcely legitimate, were not unexpected.

Temple here made his first appearance since his return from England, and was accorded a warm reception whenever he appeared on the track; not so much though as was Rowe and Woodside. Between the first two the whole tournament was a battle for blood; neither going in any event without the other, and each apparently spending his best efforts on the other. Temple claims he was not fairly treated by the judges and referee. Be this as it may the end of the tournament left Rowe decidedly the better of the two. Woodside seems to have lost nearly all prestige as a racer, though he still holds a grip on the enthusiasm of his audiences. He did not go on the track after the second day, as he considered the track too cut up for safety. Woodside, by the way, has recently by the death of his father, come to quite an extensive landed estate in Ireland, which may account for his abnormal caution on this occasion. The English visitors were well received. One of them, West, is a one legged rider, but he handles his machine, both ordinary and safety, in a remarkable skillful manner. He entered only the handicaps

and was always given the limit distance, but was unable to come in no where near the finish. Both Allard and Lec had considerable reputation ahead of them, and it was probably this reputation that beat them as much as anything, for they were out handicapped in nearly every instance. They rode only safeties and tricycles, and prettier handling of both machines has never been seen here before. The remarkable accuracy with which they steered their safeties and the way they held their tricycles to the pole on the turns was wonderful. Of the two, Lee is the taller and more muscular; he is, in fact, an almost perfect type of an English athlete. Allard is smaller of lighter build but wirey and muscular. He could probably do as well, if not better on an ordinary than on a tricycle or safety. Dubois, hails from Paris and is styled the champion of Europe. How he comes by this title is not exactly clear, as he failed to show us any wonderful speed, and on long distances he is out of the race entirely.

Of our "home talent" of course Rowe won and received most of the honors. Crocker and Knapp were also great favorites with the crowd, especially the latter. Crocker has improved wonderfully since last season—who would have placed him last year on the scratch with Rowe? Nielson is an old-time favorite who still retains his popularity and speed, Crocker and Nielson make a strong team on a tandem. Their winning from the scratch over Allard and Lee shows what they can do with worthy opponents. Whittaker, although entered for nearly everything was not here. He has been putting up some safety records in France, which accounts for his absence.

Of the amateurs the field was certainly a large one and fully representative. Nearly all the old-time flyers were here but they were almost to a man given a second place by some new aspirant for honors on the track. Such riders as Crist, Phil Brown, Hall, Jr., Fred Foster, Van Sicklen and Wilhelm, used to be considered almost invincible in the amateur ranks. Now we have a new set of champions in Windle, McCune, Midgley, Kenneth Brown, Lumsden, Winship and the two Bankers. Truly, Windle may be said to be the coming man. His spurt is simply wonderful. It makes the other riders look like they were standing still. He reminds one of Hendee when he was winning his spurs. Seven firsts and one second out of eight starts, is certainly a very high average. His one second was made when he refused a ten yard handicap and lost by about a wheel's length. We doubt if either Rowe or Hendee ever made such a record in any one tournament.

It is plain that the style of racing wheels are changing from those in the old tournaments. The Springfield Roadster, (hadn't this name ought to be changed when applied to a racer?) has now appeared on the track, and as for speed is no mean competitor for the crank wheels. The rover type safety is young yet on the track in this country, and so is the tandem bicycle. Racing tricycles and tandems appear to be changing also. The three wheels are approaching each other as to size, and all three of them are growing smaller. With the single exception of Hall, Jr., no Star appeared in any of the races. It used to be that no race meet could be held without more or less Stars being present to contest for honors. Now the change is marked, indeed. When shall we see another Weber?

The officering of the races was not all that could be desired. The referee of an event like the Buffalo Tournament, should be a gentleman who could make his decisions without accompanying them with profanity. He should also be grounded in some of the elements of common politeness and civility. Such is not Mr. Merrill. A largely signed and freely circulated protest against anyone connected with the trade being a judge or other official, showed that there was some dissatisfaction in this regard. The handicapping was woefully and wonderfully done. Scarcely any of the handicap finishes were close. George Hendee made an excellent starter.

Of the first day's events, a summary of which may be found in another column, the one mile professional handicap, deserves special mention; being run in 2:43½ against a stiff breeze on the back

stretch. Crocker was the winner from ten yards start, with Knapp and Nielson with twenty and sixty yards start, so near for second and third as to be scarcely distinguishable. Rowe who started from scratch was "boxed" on the home stretch and unable to take a place. The one mile amateur bicycle 3:15 class, strange enough run under three minutes (2:54 $\frac{1}{2}$) and won by Bert Meyer on a road wheel against several racers. This was the fastest amateur time made the first day. In the eighth race, amateur tandem, for road wheels only, Davis and Hill's machine was thrown out, for no other apparent reason than it sported a set of rat-trap pedals and racing saddles. Here is the place for our racing legislators to step in and give us a definition as to what constitutes a road wheel. The first day's races were subject to numerous delays, incident of starting the tournament, but without any mishaps of any kind. Everyone seemed to enjoy the sport and the large crowd went away only to appear in still greater numbers the next day.

The second day opened with the same head-wind on the back stretch, somewhat strengthened if anything. The half mile professional was very prettily won by Knapp from both Rowe and Temple, in 1:23 $\frac{1}{2}$. The three mile professional handicap was won by Morgan on his start of 400 yards, though it is scarcely likely he would have won on that but for the accommodating Frenchman, Dubois who dropping out of the race on the first mile, fell back a full lap and starting in ahead of Morgan, paced him for a couple of laps and fairly pulled him across the tape, first. Of course this raised a protest, but as no rule was found covering such a case, nothing could be done, more than to immediately frame such a rule as should disqualify any one indulging in like practices in the future.

In the amateur club team race that followed, the Worcester Club was thrown out on account of the alleged non-residence of Windle, one of the team. Here is another point that needs settling. What constitutes membership in a club team? and has a man's postoffice address anything to do with his club membership? In the five mile professional tandem Allard and Lee were out handicapped and they fell out after a desperate attempt to gain ground on Crocker and Neilson. These finished first on their own time. In the final race for the second day there were twenty-two starters. It was a one mile amateur handicap. Kingsland, of Baltimore, from seventy yards took first in 2:47, Myers, of Peoria, from one hundred yards, second.

The third day witnessed some very sensational racing, and was attended by some very narrow escapes. The weather was clear and cool, a fast wind from the east interfering with the making of fast time. In the first race—three miles L. A. W. Championship—just as the riders had passed the stand on the second lap, and were beginning to get down to work, McCune who was ahead, looked back—lost control of his wheel and took a header. He picked himself up in a hurry and managed to get himself out of the way. But his wheel lay on the track and Van Sicklen, the second man, coming along head down ran into it and fell. Kingsland coming after Van Sicklen fell over him and his wheel. The other racers—some by narrow escapes got safely past. All this happened in less time than it takes to read it. Kingsland was able to walk off the track, but Van Sicklen lay limp and motionless. He was carried to the side of the track, doctors were summoned, and the crowd and broken wheels scarcely cleared away when the racers came whizzing by again. Van Sicklen's injuries were plainly internal. He was carried to the judges stand before regaining consciousness. Later an ambulance was called which took him to the hospital. Windle had no trouble in winning the race by thirty yards. With the tragedy of the first race still in mind, the next race made the spectators heats leap for fear another was at hand. This was the second heat of the one mile professional championship. Rowe and Temple both seemed determined to win. All went quiet till the last lap, when each one started out at his best gait. At the quarter pole Temple had the pole with a half wheel length ahead of Rowe. Both were coming at a 2:15 clip. Temple, instead of sticking to the pole as he should have done, veered to the outside and by cutting a diagonal course gradually crowded Rowe toward the outside fence; so that when they crossed the tape Rowe was within six inches of the outside fence, with Temple close beside him half a wheel ahead. Only Rowe's wonderful control of his machine kept him from colliding with the fence; in which event, considering the fearful gait at which

they were going, a frightful accident must have occurred. Rowe on his return to the stand immediately entered his claim for a foul. His case was well stated, the crowd took it up and the cries for Rowe became deafening. The judges reserved their decision till evening when they finally sustained Rowe's claim; declared Temple out of the race, and moved each of the other contestants up one figure. The one mile professional tandem, after some radical changes in the handicap from that announced on the score card, started with Crocker and Nielson on the scratch with Allard and Lee. Dubois and Knapp with a start of fifty yards. To the surprise of everyone Crocker and Nielson won after a hot spurt with the Englishmen on the home stretch. The half mile amateur tandem bicycle race, resulted in a walk away for the Banker Brothers, who rode together admirably. There were fourteen starters in the two mile amateur handicap. Winship with the limit of 250 yards, had the lead and was never headed. The finish was long drawn out. Here is a specimen of the handicaps—two miles remember: Crist scratch, Windle thirty yards, Fred Foster forty yards, and Winship 250 yards. In the last race—the Buffalo City Championship—another fall occurred by Brinker when within a few yards of the tape, striking a hole. He was considerably bruised but not otherwise injured.

Saturday, the day set for the conclusion of the tournament, was so rainy that the events were held over till Monday. Even then the bicycle track was so wet that the mile horse track had to be used. The one mile amateur tandem was a brush between Crist and Brown, Davis and Hill, and Banker brothers. Each team took turns at leading. The first named though forged ahead at the finish with the Bankers second. In the two mile professional handicap, the scratch men, Rowe, Temple and Crocker, easily succeeded in catching the starters. On the home stretch Rowe and Temple were wheel and wheel, but at the distance point, Rowe forced himself to the front and came in a winner by half a yard. Crocker third, Morgan fourth, Knapp last.

The great event of the day, was the last heat of the three mile World's Championship. Temple indignant at his treatment of the day before refused to go in. Rowe, Crocker, Knapp and Nielson, were the starters. Each of the first two were credited with a heat so the contest was really between them. The race was closely contested throughout, but on the home stretch Rowe drew away from the crowd and won amidst enthusiastic cheering.

An Ingenious Invention.

An ingenious New England mechanic has invented a device for which he is about to apply for a patent. He has turned the "nickel-in-the-slit" idea to a practical use in the letting of tricycles. He clamps his device to the axle, near the sprocket wheel. It is a small box of tricks, in the top of which is a slit large enough for a half dollar. Dropping a half dollar into this sets machinery in motion, which runs for an hour. At the end of this time a bolt shoots out and locks the sprocket wheel, and the machine will go no longer. Another half dollar gives another hour. The great objection to the thing, at present, is, that the bolt shoots out and stops the machine at once. This may occur in coasting a hill, or spurt and the unlucky rider may be made to shoot out from his saddle, but the inventor assures us that he will correct this by employing a core which will press slowly and steadily against the sprocket, bringing the wheel gradually to a standstill. This little device will be a blessing to renters of machines. It will be ready for the market next year.

The Indiana Bicycle Mfg. Co., of this city, has leased a large four story building on North Tennessee St. opposite the State House, which will be used as factory and sales-rooms. They will commence the manufacture of wheels about Oct. 1 and will have a complete line on the market by next spring.

When the sweet cool breezes of September steal across the daisied meadows, and toy with the swaying golden-rod that is just making its appearance on the hills, and all Nature seems to sigh with relief at the disappearance of the sweltering Summer, the small boy feels sadder than at any other time of the year. Not the forbidden rosy apples that glow by the wayside make him brace up and feel happy; because, in short, vacation is over, and he must again monkey with the rule of three.

Program of Races Held at the World's Tournament, Buffalo, September 4, 5, 6 and 10.

First Day—September 4.

One mile Professional Tandem. Open. Three starters. F. W. Allard, Coventry, Eng., and Jack Lee, Nottingham, Eng., first. Time 3:16 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$200

One mile Amateur Bicycle. Novice. Thirteen starters. Kenneth Brown, Cambridge, Mass., first. Time 3:3 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$50 medal.

Ten Mile Amateur Bicycle. L. A. W. Championship. Ten starters. Will Windle, Millbury, Mass., first. Time 31:37 $\frac{1}{2}$. Prize \$300 medal.

One Mile Professional Bicycle. Handicap. 150 yards limit. Ten starters. H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., first. Time 2:43 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$100.

One Mile Amateur Bicycle, 3:10 class. Nineteen starters. Bert Meyers, Peoria, Ill., first. Time 2:54 $\frac{1}{2}$. Prize \$50 medal.

Two Mile Amateur Bicycle, State Championship. Six starters. W. S. Campbell, Niagara Falls, N. Y. Time 6:22 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$75 medal.

Three Mile Professional Bicycle, First Heat World's Championship. Eight starters. H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., first. Time 11:7 $\frac{2}{3}$.

Three Mile Amateur Tandem, Road Wheels Only. Open. Four starters. W. E. Crist, and P. S. Brown, Washington, D. C., first. Time 9:48 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$200 medal.

Two Mile Professional Rover, Handicap, 200 yards limit. Five starters. F. W. Allard, Nottingham, Eng., ten yards, first. Time 6:20. Prize \$125.

One Mile Amateur Tandem Bicycle, Open. Three starters. A. C. Banker and W. D. Banker, Pittsburg, Pa., first. Time 3:00 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$100 medal.

Second Day—September 5.

Two Mile Amateur Bicycle. Novice. Eight starters. Kenneth Brown, Cambridge, Mass., first. Time 6:25 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$75 medal.

One-Half Mile Unicycle. Three starters. W. H. Barber, Rochester, N. Y., first. Time 2:22. Prize \$100.

Half Mile Professional Bicycle. Open. Five starters. W. F. Knapp, Denver, Col., first. Time 1:23 $\frac{1}{2}$. Prize \$100.

Five Mile Amateur Bicycle, State Championship. Four starters. W. S. Campbell, Niagara Falls, N. Y., first. Time 18:26. Prize \$150 medal.

Three Mile Professional Bicycle. Handicap, 450 yards limit. Ten starters. W. J. Morgan, New York, N. Y., first. Time 9:5. Prize \$150.

Three Mile Amateur Rover. Handicap. 200 yards limit. Road Wheels Only. Four starters. R. H. Davis, Cambridge, Mass., first. Time 9:57 $\frac{1}{2}$. Prize \$100 medal.

One Mile Amateur Bicycle, Club Team Race. Eight starters. N. H. Van Sicklen, Fort Dearborn Cycle Club, Chicago, Ill., first. Time 2:58. Prize \$50 medal.

Five Mile Professional Tandem. Handicap. 500 yards limit. Three starters. H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., and Robt. Neilson, Boston, Mass., first. Time 16:20 $\frac{1}{2}$. Prize \$600.

Five Mile Amateur Tricycle, L. A. W. Championship. Two starters. W. E. Crist, Washington, D. C., first. Time 21:47. Prize \$150 medal.

Two Mile Amateur Tandem, Open. Three starters. A. C. Banker and W. D. Banker, Pittsburg, Pa., first. Time 6:51. Prize \$150 medal.

One Mile Professional Rover, Handicap, 100 yards limit. Five starters. F. W. Allard, Coventry, Eng., first. Time 3:4 3-5. Prize \$100.

One Mile Amateur Bicycle, Handicap, 100 yards limit. Twenty-two starters. H. L. Kingsland, Baltimore, Md., first. Time 2:47 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$100 medal.

Third Day—September 6.

Three Mile Amateur Bicycle, L. A. W. Championship. Twelve starters. Will Windle, Millbury, Mass., first. Time 9:27. Prize \$100 medal.*

Five Mile Professional Bicycle,* Second Heat World's Championship. Six starters. W. A. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., first. Time 18:3 $\frac{2}{3}$.

Two Mile Amateur Rover, Open, Road Wheels Only. Three starters. R. H. Davis, Cambridge, Mass., first. Time 6:59 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$75 medal.

Five Mile Amateur Bicycle, 16:00 Class. Seven starters. A. C. Banker, Pittsburg, Pa., first. Time 17:50 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$150 medal.

One Mile Professional Tandem, Handicap, 100 yards limit. Three starters. H. G. Crocker, Newton, Mass., and Robt. Neilson, Boston, Mass., scratch, first. Time 2:58 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$200.

Half Mile Amateur Tandem Bicycle, Open. Four starters. A. C. Banker and W. D. Banker, Pittsburg, Pa., first. Time 1:26 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$100 medal.

One Mile Amateur Bicycle, Open. Six starters. Will Windle, Millbury, Mass., first. Time 3:5. Prize \$50 medal.

Five Mile Professional Rover, Handicap, 400 yards limit. Four starters. F. W. Allard, Coventry, Eng., scratch, first. Time 17:51. Prize \$300.

Two Mile Amateur Bicycle, Handicap, 250 yards limit. Fourteen starters. H. R. Winship, Chicago, Ill., first, Time 6:9 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$100 medal.

Three Mile Professional Tricycle, Open. Four starters. Jack Lee, Nottingham, Eng., first. Time 12:7 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$150.

One Mile Amateur Bicycle, Buffalo City Championship. Six starters. J. B. Milley, Buffalo, N. Y., first. Time 3:22 $\frac{1}{2}$. Prize \$50 medal.

* Temple crossed the tape 1-5 second before Rowe, but the judges decided that he had fouled Rowe on the home stretch and gave the race to Rowe, disqualifying Temple.

Fourth Day—September 10.

(Postponed from Sept 8 on account of rain)

One Mile Tandem, Amateur. Three starters. Crist and Brown, of Washington, D. C., first. Time 3:4. Prize \$100 medal.

Half Mile Amateur. Four starters. Will Windle, Millbury, Mass., first. Time 1:22 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$50 medal.

Two Mile Professional, Handicap. Nine starters. Wm. Rowe, Lynn, Mass., first. Time 5:34 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$125.

Ten Mile Amateur, Handicap. Six starters. Lumsden, of Chicago, first. Time 32:15. Prize \$300 medal.

Third Heat of the One Mile Professional World's Championship. Five starters. Wm. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., first. Time 2:52 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$1,000 and Championship of the World.

One Mile Amateur Tandem. Three starters. W. D. and A. C. Banker, of Pittsburg, Pa., first. Time 2:47. Prize \$100 medal.

One Mile Amateur, 6:20 Class. Eight starters. Rosicco, of Woodstock, Ont., first. Time 3:2. Prize \$50 medal.

One Mile Professional Tandem, Handicap. Three starters. Crocker and Neilson, of Boston, first. Time 2:56 $\frac{1}{2}$, *breaking the American record of 2:58*. Prize \$200.

One Mile Amateur Dash. Seven starters. Will Windle, of Millbury, Mass., first. Time 2:58 $\frac{1}{2}$. Prize \$50 medal.

One Mile Professional, Rover, Handicap. Four starters. Dubois, of Paris, France, first. Time 2:51 $\frac{2}{3}$. Prize \$100.

One Mile, Consolation Race. Three starters. Cochran, of LeRoy, N. Y., first. Time 3:9. Prize \$50 medal.

SUMMARY OF THE FOUR DAYS RACING.

Crocker won 5 firsts, 2 seconds, 2 thirds.

Neilson won 3 firsts.

Allard won 4 firsts, 2 seconds.

Lee won 2 firsts, 3 seconds, 1 third.

Dubois won 1 first, 2 seconds, 1 third.

Knapp won 1 first, 3 seconds, 2 thirds.

Rowe won 3 firsts, 2 seconds.

Morgan won 1 first.

Temple won 2 seconds, 2 thirds.

Windle won 6 firsts and 1 second, entering seven races, which is the best record made at the tournament by an amateur.

A family tricycle, carrying a whole German family, and in addition a large bowl of some cool drink to a suburban picnic, meandered leisurely through Berlin the other day.

From France.

She: Why do you call that a bicyclette?

He: Because that is the feminine bicycle.

She: Oh, I see; them "homme" will be in the feminine "omelette" on the same plan; very good, I see what you mean.



It is reported that a Harrison and Morton Bicycle Club, 30 strong, has been organized at Fostoria, Ohio.

It is rumored that the G. & J. Co. intend to bring out a ladies' bicycle as one of their novelties for 1889.

John Wells will shortly attempt to climb the hitherto invincible Murder Lane Hill of Pittsburg, on his American Rambler.

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the cyclist muddy, and spoil the tours he planned"

Nightblue, long distance champion of Australia, arrived in San Francisco recently. He intends to try to break the American record for 100 miles and over.

A. A. McCurdy, the well known professional Star rider, once the champion long distance rider of the country, has enlisted in the regular army, and is now stationed at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis.

It is pretty nearly time for the different manufactures to have a go at the road records. Every road record for one mile up to twenty-four hours has remained with the Champion and Light Champion for the past year.

They are going to try a new kind of pavement at Burlington, Iowa. The pavement consists of a course macadam upon which will be laid four inches of sand and then a course of common brick laid flat. Upon this will be placed the top course of hard brick properly bedded and set on edge.

Until quite lately the Utica, Ky. turnpike has been closed to wheelmen. A short time since a number of wheelmen rode over the pike in spite of the prohibition, and in consequence of the discussion thus aroused, the pike has been opened to wheelmen, and for the use of same they have to pay toll.

Large touring parties should avoid large cities *en route*, and parties of more than fifteen, unless of picked material, should never plan to ride more than forty miles a day. This will enable them to rise early and ride fifteen or twenty miles before the heat of the day, and complete the run late in the evening, allowing a long stop over for dinner.

Inventor Thomas A. Edison is investigating cycling, having already taken several spins on a tricycle. If Thomas takes it into his head he may produce something startling in the way of improved cycles. The Wizard of Llewellyn Park is made if he can give us an electric cycle, the electricity to be applied on the hill and as an adjunct to the rider's power.

This is the month of September; the blue sky is dotted with cloud ships;
The breeze through the rose-bush steals, and shakes off the delicate pedals,
The grasses are turning brown, and butternut on the hill-top
Looks like a sentinel grim, as it stands in the murky twilight.
And this recalls to my mind that I must corral me some shekels;
Or ride my old dinkey wheel another accursed long season.

The Gormully & Jeffery Mfg. Co have recently been making large shipments of bicycles to Japan. The Japanese are of small stature and of light weight so that the American Ideal bicycle, which in this country are used only by youths are very popular in Yokohama and other Japanese cities among adults, and are amply strong

to do the work. The Ideal is fast crowding out English machines in that most progressive of the far Eastern countries on account of its strong and thorough construction and very reasonable price.

Indiana wheelman as well as Kentucky riders, will be expected to take a prominent part in the Drummers parade to be held in Louisville Sept. 18th. The invitation of the Travelers' Protective Association to wheelmen, has been accepted, and the Louisville boys invite all wheelmen to join them in educating public opinion on this day. The jubilee will last three days, the 18th, 19th and 20th, and reduced rates will be given by all railroads. Messrs. Huber and Allison, 448 W. Main Street will furnish and necessary information concerning this parade.

In regard to the protest entered against the professional handicap race ran Tuesday at Buffalo, being given to Morgan, on account of his being paced by Dubois, it was decided that the race should stand as was first announced as there was no rule applying to this particular case. It was, however recommended that the following rule be adopted to prevent similar cases in the future: That no competitor be permitted to fall behind one or more laps and continue on the track with the other contestants for the purpose of pacing. That pacing if so attempted shall disqualify both the competitor and pace maker.

At the German and Austrian Bicycle Festival, which was opened at Vienna on August 12, the Englishmen were especially applauded. There was a "Cyclist Corso" on the Ringstrasse, witnessed by many thousand people. The procession, which did not go much quicker than a walking pace, included bicycles and tricycles of some 200 different systems. The monotony of the brown, grey, and drab suits worn by the men was relieved here and there by cyclists of the fair sex, attired for the most part in gay colours. There were deputations from most of the large towns in Germany, and from all the Austrian provinces, with badges and medals innumerable, preceded by the flags and banners of their respective clubs. The chief interest of the "Corso" was, however, in the various systems of vehicles; and in that respect it was certainly remarkable. The races commenced in the afternoon at three o'clock, when the thermometer was over ninety. Herr August Lehr, of Frankford, covered the distance of 6½ miles in less than nineteen minutes, thereby becoming champion of Germany and Austria.

Something we have often wished for.



A good spade hand(1e.)

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With the celebrated and now universally copied

TRUE TANGENT WHEELS

of which we were the originators and inventors. Although weighing but 47 pounds, by reason of its tangent spokes and peculiarly stiff framing it is conceded to be the strongest yet simplest safety extant. Guaranteed to be interchangeable throughout. Dust proof ball bearings to both bearings to both wheels, crank shaft and pedals. The best selling Safety now on the market. One agent has sold 77 this season.

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Clark Cycle Co. Dear Sirs:

Baltimore Aug. 23 1888.

I am so much pleased with the results obtained by my New Rapid Safety that I cannot refrain from sounding the praises of so staunch a wheel and companion. It has carried me over the roughest and smoothest roads and I ever find it able to go further or bear me safely home. I weigh 170 pounds and feel satisfied that none but the New Rapid Safety with its wonderfully stiff framing would stand the rough roads and hard riding which my business and pleasure trips have forced upon it.

My experience has taught me that it is a phenomenal hill climber and coaster, and, having tried nearly all styles of safeties, I feel so proud of my New Rapid that no other machine on the market to day could fill its place.

The roads about Baltimore are replete with New Rapid and their owners, with whom I have conversed fully concur in all I have said. Congratulating you on your success, I am Yours Very Respectfully,

L. C. Kenton.

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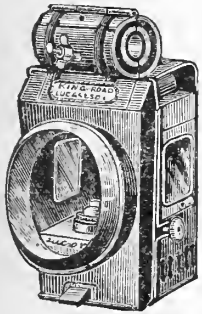
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No better time for riding than these cool Autumn evenings, but night falls early and one cannot enjoy the luxury of a spin without a good serviceable lamp which will throw a brilliant light. No lamp on earth can equal the world wide celebrated

KING OF THE ROAD.

Riders should insist upon their dealers giving them the KING OF THE ROAD and take no other. See that you get one with the 1888 improvements. If he cannot supply you send direct to us.

All patterns, head lamps and hub lamps, in Nickel and Japan, fully described in our catalog, which will be sent to every one mentioning the "WHEELMEN'S" GAZETTE.

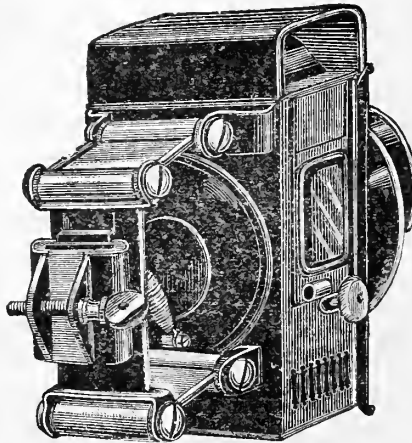


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They do not leak.
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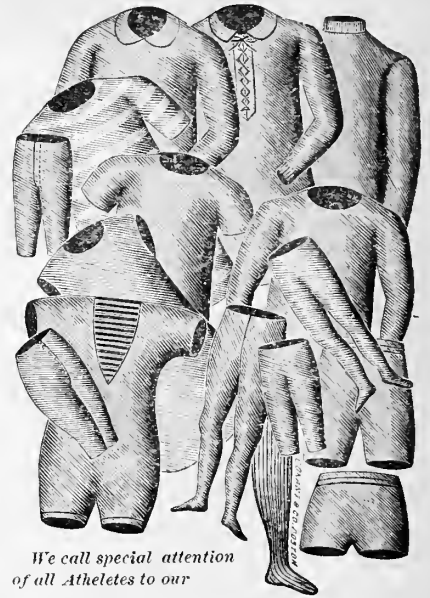
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JERSEY FITTING GRMEN

FOR Bicycle riders, Lawn tennis players, Yachting and Rowing, Base Ball, and Foot Ball, Gymnasium.

League Color, Grey Mixed, Black, Navy Blue, or any Color, Plain or Stripe.

Every Wheelmen and sportsman will give our jerseys his approval when he examines the Shoulders, Arm Holes and Neck as they are made to fit. These goods are PATENTED, and all infringements will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Full Pants and Knee Pants,

Buttoned in Front same as Pantaloons, without certain Objections.

We offer them to the trade and clubs as SOMETHING NEW, and invite all to examine them.

Knee Tights, Full Tights Trunks, Leotards.

We understand, first of all, these garments must be elastic, so they will not bind or impede the free use of the limbs, and to stand the strain brought upon them. This can only be accomplished in Ribbed Goods. For this reason we make all of our best goods with a fine rib, ELASTIC AND STRONG, and from worsted made by the best manufacturers in the country, of the combed wool of a long, elastic staple, which gives it ELASTICITY AND STRENGTH.

We make all of the above goods in three different qualities.

Ladies Jersey-Fitting Tricycle Pants.

A new thing. These pants are close fitting, come three inches below the knee, are very elastic, and the most comfortable garment a lady ever wore. Made in Cream-Colored Cotton, Drab, Red, or any colors in Worsteds.

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DR JAEGER'S

Sanitary Woolen System Company of Philadelphia, call attention to their specialties in sporting goods, such as

Knitted All-Wool cycling suits and hose, Cycling Drawers, and Underwear generally, Outing Shirts in natural gray and white, including also a full line of Taffeta Shirts in beautiful patterns.

Cool in Summer.

Warm in Winter.

Adopted by thinking people, highly recommended by physicians.

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Scribner & Sulzer, 1104 Chestnut St., Philadelphia Pa.

Sale and Exchange.

Advertisements inserted in this department at the rate of one cent per word for each insertion, cash with the order. This department is only made for the convenience of wheelmen who can thus make their wants known at a trivial cost. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to sell or exchange his wheel, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The rate of one cent per word is only made to wheelmen unconnected with the trade. To the trade, regular rates which will be furnished on application.

Continued from Page 11.

\$100 NEW MAIL 51 inch. 1888 Pattern, spade handles, enameled with nickel tips. Never been used. Cost \$128.75. L. B. COSCE, 210 Lenox St., Baltimore, Md.

\$85 BRAND New Special Star. Silent clutch rams horn bars, never been used, perfect condition. Cost \$117.00 at factory. E. S. McCLEARY, 124 N. High St., Baltimore, Md.

FINE CHANCE for a Safety, good as brand new, with out chains or gearing; Facile, latest pattern 46-inch; cost \$134, sacrificed for \$75. J. W. HILLMAN, Cape Vincent, N. Y.

CYCLING TOURISTS

-CAN AVOID-

SORENESS

And Increase Pleasure by Using the Self-Adjusting Hinge Cradle or Rocker Saddle.

COPPER CYCLE SADDLERY, 343 Pearl Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Jersey-Fitting Underwear.



This Supporter is in use by Bicycle Riders, Base Ball Players, Athletes, Gymnasts and Bathers, and we are that it is the best and most satisfactory supporter made. Let every sportsman try them

Price \$1

Will send by mail on receipt of price. Send size of Waist and Hip.

Manufactured by

Holmes & Co. BOSTON MASS.

Wheelmen's

Exchange and Visiting card. Fine steel plate work and embossed samples sent on receipt of 5 cent stamp if you mention the

Wheelmen's Gazette.

100 Steel Plate Emblem Cards with name and address

Be Mail \$1.00

Robt. Snyder,

96-98 Fulton Street

New York, N. Y.

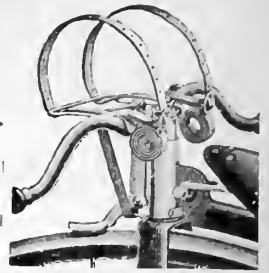
Why not sell your old wheel? Well, then advertise it in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the Wheelmen's Gazette.

PREMIUM LIST.

LAMSON'S LUGGAGE CARRIER.

The most useful of all attachments for bicycles.

Price \$1. Given for 1 subscribers.



SPOKE WRENCH.

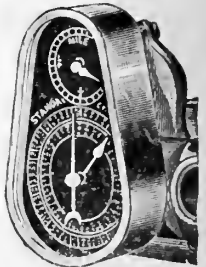
For adjusting direct spokes. One of the best in the market.

Price 75c. Given for 3 subscribers.

STANDARD CYCLOMETER.

One of the best cyclometers in the market. With each instrument the manufacturers furnish a certificate of accuracy. The action is positive and continuous: the dial can be read from the saddle; it can be used with or without a hub lamp. A lamp attachment is sent with each cyclometer. In ordering, give size and make of wheel, size of axle, and length of axle between the hub shoulders inside.

Price \$10. Given for 35 subscribers, or 20 subscribers and \$3.50.



COW-HORN HANDLE-BARS.



The handsomest, strongest, and best bars in the market. Complete, with brake-lever and bracket, all nicely nickel plated.

Price \$4.50. Given for 18 subscribers, or 10 subscribers and \$2.

CARTER'S STAR FOOT-REST.

Worth more than any other accessory to the Star. Especially adapted to riding down rough hills; without it the rider must bear a good deal of weight on the handle-bar, making it tiresome, but with this foot-rest he is kept securely in the saddle without any inconvenience, and controls the wheel far more easily and of course with much greater pleasure.

Price \$1. Given for 3 subscribers.



CHAMPION LAMP.

Fits any size over 50-inch. Nickel.

Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers.



THE KIRKPATRICK SADDLE.



This saddle aims at the health and comfort of the rider. It has springs at both ends, and is self-adjusting in width, the long cut allowing it to yield to the shape of the rider and removing pressure from the perineum. Give make of machine.

Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers, or 12 subscribers and \$3.

There's Nothing Surprising in that!

Being mounted on "VICTORS" they could n't help getting there first. It was at Buffalo, and the field of starters that turned up for

The Bi. World 100 mile Road Race.

was a great one and no mistake.

There were flyers from all over the country, and all "loaded for bear."

In the bunch were Frank M. Dampman of Honey Brook, Pa., and B. Frank McDaniel, of Wilmington, Del., mounted on their regular Victor Light Roadsters—regular in every respect.

Well it was a race from start to finish, and the above named gentlemen finished first and second, respectively. Only three others finished at all and two of these rode VICTORS.

All the principal road races for the past four years—Clarksville, Crawfordsville, Big 4, Boston, 100 miles, etc., etc., — have been won on VICTORS. That's why there's nothing surprising in the returns from Buffalo.

It's a pretty good score. We do n't care for third place when we can have first and second and four out of five at the finish. Probably you have heard it remarked before that VICTORS

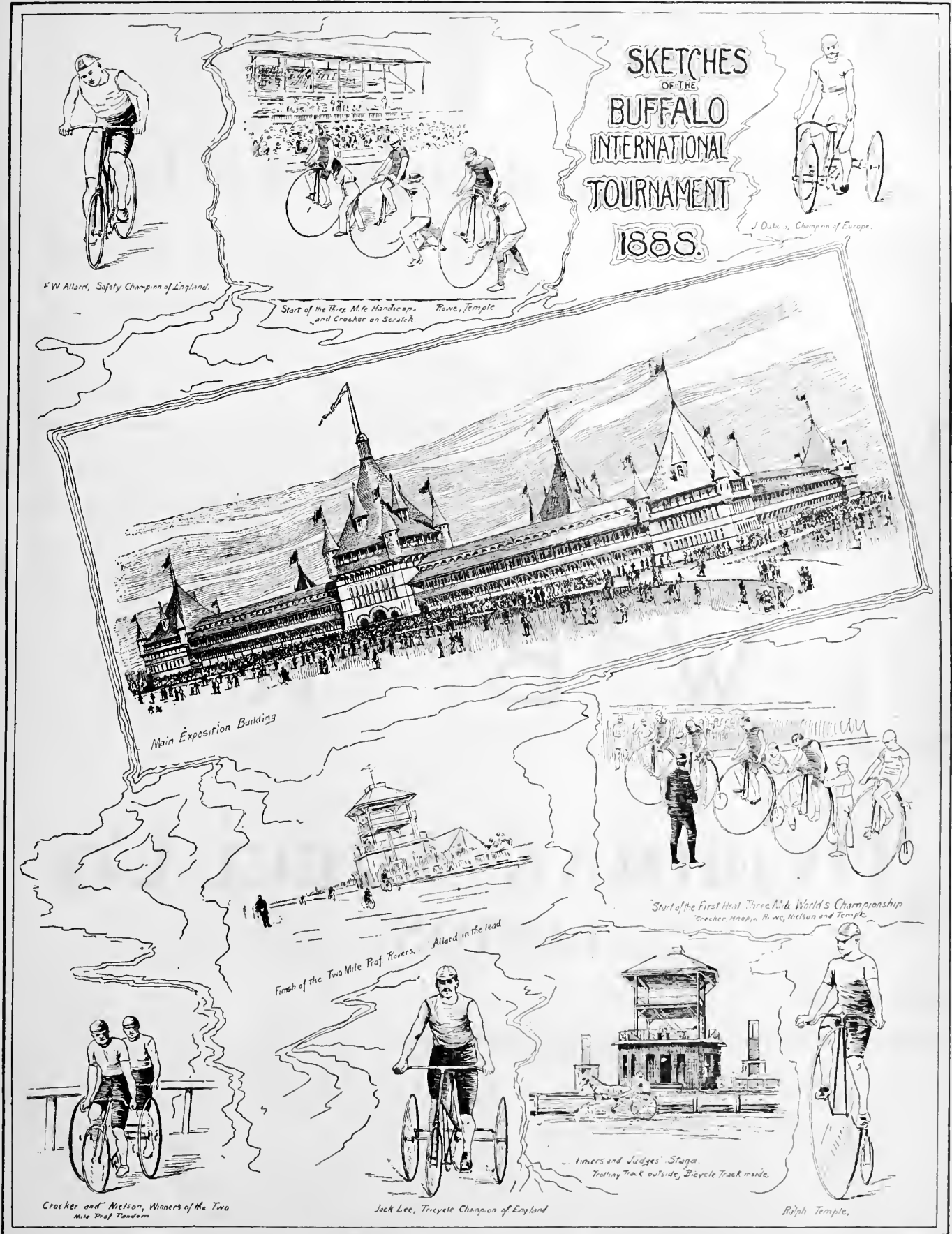
Were Built to Ride.

This has become a matter of history.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO. BOSTON.

Catalog Free.

The Amateur record for 100 miles is held by the Victor Light Roadster.



F.W. Allard, Safety Champion of England.

J. Duker, Champion of Europe.

Start of the Three Mile Handicap. Rowe, Temple and Crocher on Scratch.

Main Exposition Building

Finish of the Two Mile Prof. Flowers. Allard in the lead

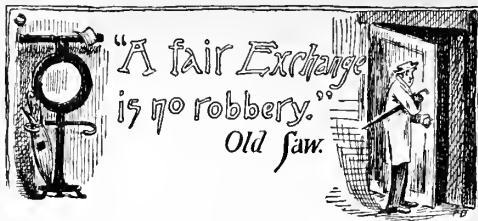
Start of the First Heat Three Mile World's Championship Crocher, Hoopin, Rowe, Nelson and Temple.

Crocher and Nelson, Winners of the Two Mile Prof Tandem

Jack Lee, Tricycle Champion of England

Timers and Judges' Stage. Trotting Track outside, Bicycle Track inside.

Ralph Temple.



We see it stated that, by the aid of a new patent "a lady can ride a bicycle in long skirts." This inventor is evidently a crank. A bicycle in long skirts must be a very awkward arrangement, and more difficult to ride than the machine that is exempt from skirts of any kind.—*Norristown Herald*.

The brightest 'cycling publication we know of is THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, published by the Messrs. Darrow at Indianapolis. It bobs up serenely every month, its pages replete with accounts of all the leading events in 'cycling circles. In short, it's a well edited magazine, with first-class contributed articles, and best of all, its wit is witty.—*Sports Afield*.

Here are some old adages remodeled:

There's many a slip if you don't use a toe-clip.

If wishes were cycles beggars would ride.

There is no place like Ripley.

All is not nickel that glitters.

A spoke in the wheel is worth two in the street.

A nut in time saves a whine.

A slow leg makes a wise head.

—*Bicycling News*.

"Boys and young men, we want you to sit down and think over what we now suggest to you: You can purchase a good looking and serviceable bicycle or tricycle for from \$50 to \$150. You can learn to ride on it in a week, easily. After that you will have a horse that cannot run away from you; which cannot get sick nor die; which requires no food or attention; which is obedient to every desire of yours, and never gets tired, nor balks, nor shies, nor 'bucks,' and which can be renewed by duplicate pieces, as they may wear out, and hence can never grow old. And it will carry you 100 miles in a day, and allow time plenty for rest, luncheon and regular meals.

"Now don't laugh and try to be 'above' such things, for we all know better than that. You not only do more ridiculous things than riding a bicycle for health and pleasure, every day of your lives, but you would be really glad to own one. They are growing in popularity and use every day. Some of our most expert riders now are boys who two months ago made sport of the 'bicycle craze.' As soon as a chance to get one occurred his real sentiments and desires were made known.

"Lay aside your pretended 'old-manishness' and be natural. If you will do so and follow the suggestions of pure nature you will get you a bicycle and organize a nice club, which would have its regular meets, excursions, picnics, entertainments, etc. You would find a healthy and pure enjoyment in this sport, elevating in its nature, and the hand maiden of truth and virtue. How much better than loafing around town, or galloping about over the prairie like a wild Indian, and smoking the deadly cigarette!"—*Crosby County News*.

Pride goeth before a fall. So does the big wheel of a bicycle.

Never say a word against your bicycle—you may want to sell it sometime.

You think the scarlet-runner is an Indian, do you? Well, it is n't. It's an Indian lacrosse-player.

There were by a few spectators who saw a bicycle following a wagon on the river road, West Springfield, recently. The horse had a habit of stopping suddenly when it changed from a trot to a walk, and when it made a change of this kind, a much disgusted wheelman gathered himself up out of that wagon and from among the cabbages therein.

Notes of the Buffalo Tournament.

The prizes foot up to \$6,500.

What do you think of Windle?

The old favorites had to play second fiddle.

Rowe won the three mile championship of the world.

There were 1,153 wheels in the parade Wednesday morning.

Windle is generally acknowledged to be the fastest amateur in the country.

Will Windle made the last lap of the ten mile amateur bicycle L. A. W. Championship race in 1:18½.

Thos. B. Jeffery, of the G. & J. Mfg. Co., attended the Buffalo Meet, returning to Chicago by way of the lakes.

The Zig Zag Club at Buffalo, when drawn up in parade front, presented an almost unbroken row of ram's horn bars.

A. T. Lane, the well known sporting goods dealer of Montreal, attended the Buffalo Meet mounted on the American Rambler. Where is the Premier you have hitherto been so fond of, Mr. Lane?

A long inclined stairway was erected on the trotting track, and Stout and Maltby gave exhibitions of fancy riding Friday afternoon. Stout is a deaf mute, and is the champion fancy Star rider of the world.

Many think that the accidents were the result of a poor track; others, however, contend that while the track is not the best in the world, yet the fault is that of the riders more or less. Which is right is hard to say.

One of the novelties of the tournament, if such he may be called was Jos. West, of Birmingham, Eng., the one legged racer, who rode both an ordinary and a rover and made very fair time considering the difficulties under which he labored.

Among the many visitors at the tournament were noted, Geo. Bidwell, W. W. Share, Luscomb, Butler, Bull, Emery, Bassett, all prominent members of the League; C. R. Overman, Thos. B. Jeffery, Sam Clark, LeCato, Oliver, Corey, McCune, Edw. Pope, Atwell and Hill of the trade and Prail, Newman, Hazzard and Wells, of the cycling press.

The H. B. Smith Machine Co. exhibited a chemical fire engine propelled by the Star bicycles, one in front and two on the sides. It is a very perfect machine, and should be very popular in small towns where there is no fire department. The machine was of course ridden in the parade and excited much comment, a great many of the spectators taking it for a new fangled milk wagon.

The women visitors who rode wheels were royally entertained at the pretty club house of the Buffalo Bicycle Club, on College street, September 5th. The ladies from the Buffalo Woman's Club, Miss Mabel Ducker, captain, tendered the visitors a reception, and during the forenoon the club house was visited by about thirty of the ladies from out of town and quite a number of Buffalo ladies who ride.

Among the novelties exhibited by the Pope Mfg. Co., were Karl Kron's old Number 234; Thos. Stevens' wheel on which he rode around the world; G. W. Nellis, Jr.'s wheel on which he rode across the continent from Herkimer, N. Y. to San Francisco, a distance of 3,369 miles; an old English wheel on very ancient design, which was imported in 1877 by Mr. A. D. Chandler; the wheel that was ridden by Hugh J. High from Pottstown, Pa., to Seward, Neb., a distance of 3,409 miles; an old Standard Columbia that had been sold twelve times; the racer on which Rowe rode twenty-two miles, one hundred and fifty yards within the hour; and several very old wooden bicycles and tricycles made by the riders themselves, one of them being the oldest bicycle in existence.

Run to the Famous Vineyards of Fresno, California.

I believe it is generally admitted that cyclers are about the happiest looking individuals on record. At least one would so infer from the jovial appearances of the "Fresno Wheelmen" as they started on one of their delightful club runs last Sunday. In response to the Captain's call, about a dozen Knights of the Silent Steed assembled at the club headquarters and, amid innumerable well deserved compliments, mounted, and wheeled merrily away followed by the admiring gaze of the quickly gathered crowd. Can any one imagine a gayer cavalcade than these twelve stalwart young fellows on their glittering wheels? The day was simply perfect, a happy medium between heat and cold. And the roads were such as would delight any cyclist's heart! The route lay towards the race track, thence along Poplar avenue to the Fresno vineyard, of not only Continental but Trans-Atlantic fame. Its splendid driveways, bordered on either side by magnificent umbrella trees, through which not a single ray of sun penetrates, cannot be rivalled, and the bicyclists enjoy them heartily. A dismount was made at the Superintendent's residence, where, on invitation of that courteous gentleman, a regal collation was partaken of. After a rest, the order "mount!" was given, and the boys bowled merrily along to the "Margarita" and "Butler," entering the latter through a superb pear avenue, whose yield last year was something over 57 tons. Here, also, wines and fruits were indulged in.

The next stoppage was made at Fancher Creek, where there was a general call for a swim. Onward again to the famous "Eisen" vineyards, where every one enjoyed himself to his utmost capacity, for here watermelons were more abundant than elsewhere, and were particularly delicious. Now, however, the boys found themselves in a dilemma, for unfortunately no one possessed a knife. Seeing an old darkey in the distance, some one accosted him and requested the use of such an implement. Jake, being an exceptionally good natured old "coon," betook himself to the kitchen and soon returned with a murderous looking knife, which he courteously handed to the President, after which he began a careful inspection of the various wheels. His enthusiasm was suddenly dampened by Dinah's shouting from the doorway: "Hi, dah, you Jake, you just gone fotch dat ar knife back. Dat am de o'ny knife I'se got in de house—you heah me? Run 'long now, honney, gone tote it back!" Having by this time satisfied themselves, the cyclists returned the aforesaid article, rewarding Jake gratefully, and started for the last two vineries, Forsyth's and Woodward's.

The return was made without any dismounts until Fresno was reached. Local admirers of the wheel were not to be outdone by the vineyardists, and—well who ever heard of bicyclists refusing hospitality? Altogether the boys had a fine time, and were the lions of the day, and on arriving at the Club rooms each and every one expressed his determination to "go again."

Fresno, Cal., Aug. 5, 1888.

W. W. S.

The 100 Mile Road Race.

The following wheelmen started from Erie at 6 o'clock Saturday morning: George F. Kahler, Millersville, Pa.; Fred A. Eldred, Springfield, Mass.; Frank M. Dampman, Honey Brook, Pa.; P. M. Harris, New York; Val H. Muller, New York; Robert Gerwing, Denver, Col.; Roy S. Blowers, Westfield, N. Y.; George McIntire, Erie, Pa.; Frank McDaniel, Wilmington, Del.; S. Wallis Merrihew, Wilmington, Del.; G. A. Tivy, St. Louis, Mo.; Frank G. Lenz, Pittsburg, Pa.; P. J. Berlo, S. Boston, Mass.; Austin Banks, Denver, Col.; C. H. Metz, Utica, N. Y. The heavy rains of the previous night had made the roads very heavy, and the race was not to the speediest, but to the strongest, and later on to the best walker, for the mud was so deep as they approached Buffalo that they were forced to walk.

The time and order of finish was as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
F. M. Dampman,	4	04	20 3-5
Frank McDaniel,	4	07	23 4-5
Frank L. Lenz,	4	16	44 4-5
G. A. Tivy,	4	20	21 3-5
S. W. Merrihew,	4	22	52 4-5

The actual riding time of those who finished was:

F. M. Dampman,	9	52	29 3-5
F. McDaniel,	9	55	23 4-5
Frank G. Lenz,	10	04	44 4-5
G. A. Tivy,	10	08	21 3-5
S. W. Merrihew,	10	10	52 4-5

The Hack-Driver's Lament.

A REMINISCENCE OF NIAGARA.



LAS, what sad and melancholly changes time does bring! Look upon me, look! The time was once when tribute on the world I laid, or on such parts thereof as came to look upon Niagara's vast expanse of H.² O. The porter on the Woodruff sleeping car, the waiter at the high priced French Cafe was naught compared to me. But look upon me now, sans wealth, sans prestige and sans pride!

What prince or potentate, who in the times now past has raised aloft his hands and yielded up his purse for the poor pleasure of a ride from the bridge to the Cave of the Winds, would recognize me at my daily task in hauling whole family loads out to Wolf's monument for a quarter. And yet this is not all. My grief is based upon something more robust than this.

As long as quarters came in an undiminished flood from all the eager crowd, I murmured not, but smothered up my grief in a large red bordered horse blanket, but just the other day there came a crowd of pleasure seekers, whom I waited for in longing expectation. By chance I learned their coming. They were a hundred strong from Buffalo, and I did estimate my revenue therefrom. (For I alone of all the drivers here had tumbled to the snap.) And then they came. I saw them from afar and knew the jig was up. Mounted on bicycles! Mounted to a man! And every mother's son of them rode past me here, and not a quarter in the whole blamed crowd! I never saw the like before! It broke my heart!

A Marvelous Performance.

21 MILES 126 YARDS IN THE HOUR ON A ROADSTER ROVER SAFETY.

At Bordeaux, on August 15, S. G. Whittaker, of Chicago, beat all French records, his mount being a light Rover roadster, manufactured by J. K. Starley. We append particulars of the ride, every precaution for the proper authentication of which was taken in the matter of time keepers, judges, scorers, etc.

LAPS.	M. S.	LAPS.	M. S.	LAPS.	M. S.	LAPS.	M. S.
1	0 37	24	15 36	47	30 33	70	46 03
2	1 17	25	16 15	48	31 13	71	46 44
3	1 57	26	16 55	49	31 53	72	47 26
4	2 38	27	17 35	50	32 31	73	48 06
5	3 17	28	18 14	51	33 15	74	48 47
6	3 54	29	18 53	52	33 56	75	49 28
7	4 32	30	19 33	53	34 35	76	50 09
8	5 11	31	20 12	54	35 15	77	50 51
9	5 50	32	20 50	55	35 55	78	51 32
10	6 27	33	21 29	56	36 34	79	52 13
11	7 05	34	22 07	57	37 14	80	52 55
12	7 43	35	22 45	58	37 53	81	53 36
13	8 20	36	23 24	59	38 36	82	54 18
14	8 58	37	24 03	60	39 16	83	54 59
15	9 38	38	24 43	61	39 55	84	55 40
16	10 18	39	25 22	62	40 35	85	56 20
17	10 58	40	26 00	63	41 16	86	57 01
18	11 38	41	26 38	64	41 57	87	57 43
19	12 19	42	27 18	65	42 38	88	58 24
20	12 59	43	27 57	66	43 19	89	59 05
21	13 38	44	28 37	67	44 01	90 laps and	
22	14 17	45	29 16	68	44 42	145 metres	
23	14 57	46	29 54	69	45 22	one hour.	

This being 21 miles, 126 yards within one hour, thus beating the World's Record.

COMING EVENTS.

- Sept. 26.—Race meet at Brownville, Pa.
- Sept. 27, 28, 29.—United Wheelmen's tournament at Kansas City and State Division meet.
- Sept. 28.—New Orleans tournament.
- Sept. 29.—Race meet of the Indianapolis Bicycle Club.
- Sept. 29.—Tioga Club, Philadelphia, race meet.
- Sept. 29.—Two mile handicap, Roseville, N. J.
- Sept. 29.—Races at Plainfield, N. J.
- Sept. 29.—Races at Queens, L. I.
- Oct. 3.—Maine Division, L. A. W., annual meet at Waterville, Me.
- Oct. 4, 5, 6.—Ladies' North Shore tour.
- Oct. 6.—Orange Athletic Club at Roseville, N. J.
- Oct. 15-20.—Six day, eight hours per day, race at Battery D Armory, Chicago, Ill.
- Oct. 23, 24.—Bicycle races in connection with Exposition, at Richmond, Va.

California News.

Mrs. Emmons made a trip from Alameda to San Jose on her tricycle, distance forty-one miles, on August 11, last. She was accompanied by her husband, Mr. Harold Emmons, who rides a safety. Both rode as far as Newark on the return trip next day, twenty-three miles.

The following is the result of the election of League officers in this division: Edwin Mohrig, of San Francisco, Chief Consul; J. Phil. Percival, of Los Angeles, Vice Consul; A. S. Ireland, of Oakland, Secretary and Treasurer; Representatives—George H. Frost, of Pasadena, C. C. Moore, of Stockton, and Thos. L. Hill, of San Francisco; Representatives from League clubs—J. J. Bliss, and C. C. Moore, Bay City Wheelman; Dr. J. M. Cavenagh, San Francisco Bi. Club; S. F. Booth Jr., Outing Bi. Club.

Mr. Mohrig is a well known and popular wheelman, and will make an energetic and able Chief Consul. He was elected by a large majority.

Mr. Ireland is one of the most genial and popular of wheelmen, and is also one of the grittiest and fastest of racing men. He has a record of six minutes for two miles.

The retiring Chief Consul, Mr. R. M. Welsh, has been an able officer, and has done much to promote the interests of the League and uphold the dignity of cycling in California. He had been in office over two years and had raised the division from less than 100 in number to upwards of 380 members. He leaves the office in splendid shape in every respect.

The Bay City wheelmen celebrated the fourth anniversary of their existence as a club, on Saturday evening last, by a smoker in their newly and elegantly furnished club rooms at 230 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco. The attendance was quite large, numbering upwards of fifty members, and some invited guests, filling the rooms and showing the popularity of this kind of an entertainment, which is really quite enjoyable.

The San Francisco Bicycle Club held a race meeting at Oakland on Monday, September 10th. The L. A. W. five mile state championship will be contested, and some very interesting races may be expected.

J. J. B.

Colorado News.

In the Labor Day parade, (Monday, Sept. 3,) only 145 wheels were counted. This is to be accounted for, in the fact, that many (I can name three dozen of them) of the boys were unable to leave their work in the morning, long enough to participate, while if the procession had taken place in the afternoon, when the stores were all closed, the number would have been nearer what it always has been on such occasions, three hundred. The Grand Marshall's idea of lining the boys up and down each side of the marching flank, didn't work. The people crowded us over into the ranks of the marchers, and the marchers, why, they would push us into a header or something that resembles one very much. It is to be hoped that in the next turnout, we will have a division of our own the same as we always have.

Some of the boys headed by Mr. John Rutherford have commenced the building of an eighth mile track. It is proposed to use the track for training purposes only, as the grounds on which it is situated are not in a condition to allow race meets. The track, though small, is fast, and anyone training on it will have all the conveniences (bath, rubbing down, etc.) free of charge. Mr. Rutherford's enterprise is to be commended.

We are very well satisfied with the way our boys, Knapp and Eastwood rode at Buffalo, as each of them took several prizes.

Denver, Col.

L. B.

Recent Indiana Election.

As the result of the election the following are the officers elected to positions set opposite:

J. Fred Probst, Terre Haute, Chief Consul; W. H. Pontious, Crawfordsville, Vice Consul; Josh Zimmerman, Indianapolis, Representative; A. N. Smith, Terre Haute, Secretary-Treasurer.

Respectfully

JOSH ZIMMERMAN,

Sec.-Treas.; Indiana Division.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM AUGUST 15 TO SEPTEMBER 25.

California. San Francisco Bicycle club, race meet and field day, Oakland, Cal., Sept. 10.

Connecticut. Hartford Wheel Club tournament, Charter Oak Park, Sept. 12 and 13.

Illinois. Race meet of Illinois Division at Cheltenham Beach, August 15. Opening Reception of Lincoln Cycling Club of Chicago, Sept. 18.

Indiana. Three days bicycle races held in connection with the fair at New Castle, August 15, 16 and 17. Race meet at Crowfordsville, Sept. 13.

Kansas. A. J. Henley of the Wichita Wheelmen breaks the five mile state record in 18:45.

Louisiana. R. G. Betts, of New Orleans, lowers the southern 24 hour record from 178 to 226½ miles, August 4. New Orleans tournament Sept. 14.

Maine. Division L. A. W. meet at Lewistown Sept. 14.

Massachusetts. First annual tournament of the Hyde Park Bicycle Club was held Aug 25.

Michigan. The St. John Bicycle Club held its annual meeting August 17. Michigan Division Meet was held at Grand Rapids August 18.

Minnesota. Race Meet at Minneapolis August 25.

New Jersey. Annual meeting of the New Jersey Division of the L. A. W. was held in Orange Sept. 21 and 22. The second series of Saturday afternoon's cycling races took place on the grounds of the New Jersey Athletic Club, Bergen Point, N. J., on August 25. First heat N. J. A. C. one and two miles open competitions at Bergen Point August 18, second heat Aug 25, third heat September 1, and fourth heat September 8. N. J. Division L. A. W. race meet at Roseville September 14 and 15.

New York. Thirteenth annual meeting of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, was held on the grounds of the Manhattan Athletic Club September 15. Third annual tournament of the Lockport wheelmen September 7. W. H. Barker, of Rochester, broke the world's mile record on his unicycle, making it in 3:27. Waiontha Bicycle Club held its first tournament at Richfield Springs August 15. Staten Island A. C. sports, September 3. N. Y. State Division Meet at Buffalo September 4 and 5. Grand International Tournament at Buffalo September 4, 5, 6 and 10. 100 mile road race from Erie, Pa., to Buffalo, September 8, won by F. A. Dampman. Race meet at Rochester, Aug. 30.

Ohio. Annual meet of the Youngstown Bicycle Club Aug. 31.

Pennsylvania. The Brownsville Cycle Club held their first annual race meeting on Tuesday, August 28. Pennsylvania State Fair Bicycle races at Philadelphia September 10. Juniata wheelmen of Huntington Pa., held their first annual race meet August 29. New Castle Bicycle Club held a race meet August 30. Road race at McKeesport, Pa., August 20. Race meet at Brownville, Pa., August 27.

Rhode Island. Rhode Island Division, L. A. W., gave a tournament to amateurs September 25.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Toronto Bicycle Club's Meet was held August 13.

England. Howell defeated Fred Wood August 8th in a mile championship race, and W. Wood, August 11th in a 20 mile match for \$1,000 and championship of the world.

Germany. German and Austrian Bicycle Festival commenced at Vienna August 12.

Russia. Race Meet at Moscow July 11.

In our August issue we quoted from the celebrated English physician, Dr. Richardson, his opinion on tricycling for ladies and young children in which he says that all of the tricycles on the market for children under fourteen or fifteen are too heavy and that it is injurious to their health for them to ride, while this may be the case in England, we wish to state that there is one high grade tricycle and tandem, for children, made in this country, the Ideal. It is a two track machine, side steerer, with brake, and all modern improvements, and is by far the finest child's machine made.

A WHEEL AROUND THE BAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND OF MONTEREY.

BY JOSEPH J. BLISS.

In Four Parts.

THIRD DAY, (CONTINUED.)

I REACH Castroville at 12 o'clock, a very quiet looking place. Here I conclude to get dinner, so stop at the only hotel I can see, called the American Hotel, and there obtain a fair meal at cost of 25 cents. Emerging from the hotel I find my machine is surrounded by a small portion of the population and one gentleman, (probably one of the leading citizens) who was addressed as Doctor, paid it the compliment of calling it a beauty, and enquired where I came from and where I was going, but as it was already past noon, with only 16 miles to my credit for the day, I made, I am afraid, but short replies, but sliding into the saddle indulged in the first continuous ride for the day of upwards of a mile. There was then a little rough road past a couple of cemeteries, and then after a turn to the right I came to a bridge, for the crossing of which I paid 10 cents toll. The toll man didn't know what to charge me as he had no tariff on such vehicles as I had with me, but I assured him it was no more usual to charge a man for such a vehicle used for his own locomotion, than it was to charge him extra had he a pair of crutches, so he charged me as a foot passenger only. There was then some villainous walking over a newly made piece of road, and at length I strike a fairly ridable piece of road over a rolling surface, all of the down grades of which were rideable, and I presume all the up grades would have been also, except that in the hollow between, there was usually a soft sandy spot which caused a dismount. I was now passing through what seemed to be a rich farming country, and everybody I saw was engaged in plowing or seeding. I strike another short piece of rough adobe land just before reaching Watsonville, which necessitates a walk, having passed which, at 3 o'clock, I am riding through the beautifully level and wide street of that very flourishing looking town.

The 13 miles from Castroville had taken me two hours and a half, still that was some improvement on the forenoon's traveling. As I ride along, I notice a bicycle in front of a store and dismounting I find the owner, Mr. Radke, who is the L. A. W. Consul at Watsonville, and he accompanies me to a gunsmith near by, where I enquire if I can get my saddle immediately repaired. Yes, I can; but to my inquiry how long it will take, I can get no other reply than "it will take till it is done, can't say if it will take one hour or two hours, or more." As the man will give me no encouragement to hope that he will get it done in about an hour, I conclude not to wait but to push on to Santa Cruz, in the hope that I may reach there before shutting up time, and induce some mechanic to repair the break that evening. I consider it ought to be done within an hour by any competent man.

Having had no opportunity to obtain a drink of any kind on the road from Castroville I am now quite thirsty and after indulging in a couple of glasses of beer, start on my way along a very fair road for a distance of four or five miles through a pleasant looking country over which I make good time in the effort to reach Santa Cruz at an early hour; but the road degenerates again and traveling through some gentle hills I walk and ride alternately for the next three or four miles, then after riding at a brisk pace down a hill I run into a boggy spot where a trickling stream crosses the road, and only succeed in avoiding a fall by a rapid backward spring. I had to let my machine go, and it buried one of the handles six inches deep in the ground as it fell.

The next two miles was all walking, over a poor sandy road, then it became rideable again as I near some more civilized spots, for here I pass a small lake near the roadside on which there was a small pleasure boat. The country all along was very pretty. A little further on I reach Aptos rance, and across the road here a clear rivulet was running, and I stop five minutes for refreshments. Ten minutes later I have traversed the intervening mile of roughish road and am at Aptos, a very pleasant looking little town whose population probably does not much exceed one hundred, but where there are three or four nice looking hotels, and I fancy it must be a resort

for pleasure seekers. Perhaps the Santa Cruz people when they want a change from the charms of their seaside town, take a drive to the pleasant tree embowered hills at Aptos. The gong for dinner at one hotel was just being sounded as I passed, and I am tempted to delay, but conclude to push on to Santa Cruz.

From Aptos the road is pleasantly rolling, and is all rideable, there is also considerable side path riding along here, and houses are scattered along here and there, at wide intervals, all the way to the next town, Shoquel. I am constantly imagining, on account of the houses after the first mile from Aptos, that I am on the outskirts of Shoquel, but the distance is nearly 4 miles between the two places. At length at about a quarter past six I arrive at Shoquel itself, which has about 150 inhabitants. A rough piece of road caused a dismount just before crossing the bridge into the place and I conclude then to trundle my machine till I find a suitable place for five minutes rest. This does not seem to a granger, standing in the doorway of the general merchandise store, to be the correct thing to do, and he shouts at me, "Why the — don't you ride? I would not give a — for a horse I had to lead half the way." To which I vouchsafe no reply, but after resting a few minutes against a tree in the middle of the town I mount again, and I presume leave the town in a manner satisfactory to the inhabitants.

I was now comparatively at home again, having been over the road from Shoquel to Santa Cruz once before, the previous summer, but after nightfall. It was now getting dusk but there was a bright moon, and after a walk up the hill out of Shoquel, I come to a wooden bridge over a very deep ravine, where I pause to look into the depths below, and then I get good riding for two miles or thereabouts till I strike a poor place in the hollow nearly midway to Santa Cruz. There is a stream of water here and I stop for another drink. It is astonishing what an amount of water I have drank through the day, the weather being quite warm without any wind, and the work tolerably hard. This, the shortest day's journey of the three, (48 miles,) has been by far the hardest day's work. Along here I overtake a talkative young fellow, and as the road does not appear to be in the best condition and the light a little uncertain, I walk with him the remaining two miles to Santa Cruz, then I ride the fine asphalt street as far as the League hotel, the Pacific Ocean House, which I reach at 7:30, and am informed that it is not too late for dinner if I will hurry my preparations as much as possible. This I do, and then enjoy an excellent meal.

My machine is locked up in the baggage room and there is no opportunity to clean it, so I retire quite early and am I find on this night too tired to sleep so well as on the preceding. I am inclined to think that it was the first hour's struggle in the morning on the beach and in the sand dunes which made this the hard day's work it was. Had I known exactly what road to take I should have avoided that part of the journey, and have had in its stead, good riding, *i. e.* the first two miles instead of being along the beach and thence across the sand hills, should properly have been traveled over a good ridable road to Del Monte. Now that I know the road I think the exertion required to repeat the trip would not be nearly what I spent on it, a part of it being through ignorance as to the proper route to pursue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We saw beneath a tree in the neighborhood of South Hampstead last Sunday morning a couple of cyclists, who had evidently started out for a day's run, and had, upon finding the rain beginning to fall, sought a convenient shelter. We thought of them at intervals during the day, and wondered how they fared, for unless they had gone through the rain they must have stayed there all day waiting for it to give over. Oh! how glad we were we had not risen with the lark and gone a-cycling. It is too awful to have to wait in a deadlively place with nothing to look at but rain, and vainly expect this heavy shower to clear the atmosphere, or that the break in the sky to spread its cloud dispersing influence. Riding through heavy rain, compared to this, is utter joy.—*Bicycling News.*

The Indiana Bicycle Mfg. Co. of Indianapolis Ind. has been reorganized with a capital stock of \$20,000, and C.F. Smith, W.T. Barnes, and H.E. Weikert as directors. The company will have a complete line of wheels on the market next season.

From an Australian Tourist.

One function performed by Karl Kron, in selling his book at the Antipodes, and in other out-of-the-way corners of the cycling world, is the securing of reports of personal experiences from elderly riders who do not usually contribute to the wheel press. The following is from a man who was born in Denmark, fifty-two years ago (at Odense, the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen), and who has resided in the colony of Victoria since 1858. For the last six years, he has been librarian of the Mechanics' Institute and Free Library, at Stawell, which is a great mining center,—and he has lived in that town since 1863.

An account of his longest straightaway trail made in Australia is given on pages 565, 566 of "X. M. Miles;" and the author thereof, in sending in this new contribution, asks us to reprint from the *Australian Cycling News* a testimonial of the international significance of his labors, thus: "Of all the many evidences of the kindly feeling of cyclists for one another,—or, in other words, the brotherhood of the wheel,—we think the successful publication of Karl Kron's book ranks highest. It brings before us, more forcibly than anything else we can record, the existence of a sentiment, unknown in almost any other branch of sport, that binds the hearts of wheelmen together, the world over."

The librarian's letter is as follows: "I have just been reading a large portion of 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle;' and though I felt a bit imposed upon when your Sandhurst agent mailed a copy with the request that I buy it, I am now greatly pleased that he did so. And for several reasons. Amongst others, it shows a thoroughness in its matter that is highly refreshing in these days of hurry and 'shamming.' As a cyclist of some extended experience, I can vouch for the correctness of your conclusions on many points. I agree with you about touring *alone*. I have tried both ways, and I must say that *alone* is the way to enjoy a tour. A fortnight spent on the wheel in '85, in the western parts of Victoria, in company of my terrier dog "Dandy" (alas! now no more!) was I think the most thoroughly enjoyed holiday I remember. Again, on the food and drink question, I can thoroughly bear you out. Once, and only once was I induced to break the rule of having no 'firewater', and it happened thus: At a place called Mortlake I asked the bar-keeper if I could get a cup of tea made, and was directed to call on the girl in the kitchen. She made the tea, but, in pouring it out, some leaves stuck in the spout of the teapot, whereupon, she put the spout to her mouth and blew the leaves into the pot! This proved too much for me, and I threw the tea away and took a small nip of brandy; but it made me so thoroughly uncomfortable that my rule, as it is yours, shall never again be broken.

"I have this evening read your remarks upon 'the hotel question,' and I must say that they are so pertinent and so thoroughly in unison with my own idea of comfort, and the fitness of things in paying for my comfort, that I cannot abstain from reaching my hand across the sea, and with an imaginary shake say, '*bully for you, Kron.*' I shall let one or two of our leading hotel keepers read this chapter of your book, and ask them to make note of it, and act up to it.

"Here in Australia the 'Union' has as yet gone no further, than to appoint Consuls where practicable, and these Consuls have pointed out what they considered the best hotels, which they generally are. But I am glad to say they have left the arrangements with hotel keepers 'severely alone,' and this I hope they will continue to do. This wise inaction seems probable, because touring here is not so general as in America, or England,—for two reasons: first, the roads are not very good; but, secondly and chiefly, because the population is comparatively sparse. In cities, of which only three are to say well populated (*viz.* Melbourne, Ballarat, and Sandhurst) there are no doubt plenty of cyclists, but they chiefly concern themselves about meets, racing and half holiday runs. There are as yet scarcely enough of people of, say, from 35 years and upwards, who have the leisure to make prolonged tours. Again, we have no cycling literature worth mentioning. In the two weeklies there are about half a column of paragraphs, but these are generally of a stereotyped order, such as, 'The Yernside C. C. had a run to Kensington where host Jones made them comfortable,' or 'The Mebb. C. C. had a run to Keilor on Saturday, where they spent a couple of hours pleasantly, and had a charming run home, only six attended.'

This sort of stuff does not tend to give people an interest in the thing.

"Still further, as all our cycles are imported, there are no great manufacturing firms to force the wheel upon the notice of our people. Whence I am forced to come to the conclusion that cycling has not reached that point of popularity that it should have reached.

"I have just sent a friend of mine away smiling with your book under his arm. He is a Canadian, manager of a local bank, and a cyclist of a month's standing. He saw your book on my desk and wondered if you had gone over the Canadian roads. Finding the chapter (XXI) in which you describe, 'Nova Scotia and the Islands Beyond,' he collared the book and is presumed deeply in it at the present moment.

"In conclusion, if for any purpose you should want any information from the Australian Colonies, and you will drop me a line, I shall be happy to give you any and all the assistance I can; and what I give you shall be authentic.

"I accepted the post of librarian in 1882, when I gave up active business, owing to a paralytic stroke on my right side. I partially recovered and took to gentle tricycle exercise, and with good habits, fresh air, and moderate cycling, I have quite recovered and can now go 50 to 70 miles without fatigue. My longest day's ride was from Warrnambool to Colac, a distance of 75 miles, but, as I overshot my road three miles and had to retrace it, I really made 81 miles in the day. This was in January, 1885, and the weather was very hot. I suffered no fatigue, and rode about 500 miles in 14 days, spending several days in sight seeing. I now (in May, 1888) ride a rear driving Safety and find it a nice comfortable machine." M. T.

"Somewhere, I Know not Where."

It was a hot day, a broiling hot day, the sun was certainly coming down with a vengeance on us, Sam and myself, as we toiled along on our machines. We were somewhere between Yonkers and Albany, New York; I cannot say exactly where, for I don't remember, nor do I care to, for my memory of the day itself is quite sufficient.

Part of the time we were compelled to walk, for we were in the hills. For an hour or more, we had been taking turns with a carriage in passing each other; when we walked the carriage took the lead, when we rode we went to the front.

Finally we arrived at the foot of a long hill. We both got off and took a survey of it, and decided that when we reached the top we could go no higher; finding some satisfaction in this fact, we put our machines *a-la-wheelbarrow* and got under way.

The carriage had now come up with us again, and the occupant, a gentleman not far from fifty years of age, alighted and walked so as to relieve his horse as much as possible on the long steep grade. I took this occasion to inquire whether we were in the vicinity of a good hotel; for both of us were beginning to be extremely hungry, and somewhat weary, because of the intense heat. He replied that we would run across one about ten miles farther on, though he wouldn't recommend it. I was now extremely sorry for having obtained the information, for Sam looked as though he was about to cave, and I certainly felt so, but made an effort to keep up a bold front.

At last we are up! and decidedly well pleased to get there. The gentleman of whom I had made the inquiry, had now disappeared around a bend in the road which passed into the woods. Just before driving off he remarked, "I don't know, but, that hotel is a trifle over ten miles, and it seems to me there is something of a hill between it and you." Sam thanked him very kindly while I smiled blandly.

Once more mounting we rolled along at a fair pace. We had been in the saddle but a short time, when we beheld four young ladies walking towards us, hand in hand, leaving no space for us to pass, nor did they seem inclined to allow us to do so by breaking ranks. For once in my life I was utterly non-plussed for a mode of action. I endeavored to fall behind Sam, who performing the standstill act, made me keep my vacative position. The ladies having now advanced, to where I stood leaning against my machine, came to a halt.

"Ladies, we beg to know your pleasure." I said in desperation, for I felt compelled to say something no matter how commonplace.

and all my ready wit had flown. "If you have come forth to captivate us, we surrender *sine conditione*, and are thy willing slaves."

A little maiden with dark mischievous eyes replied most unkindly: "The most stupid speech I have heard for some time."

Here, Sam came to my aid;—"Forgive him, I beg of you, for my poor friend is half starved, and further more is naturally uninteresting and stupid when trying to be gallant," and he bowed courteously to them.

While we talking the restraint, under which we first felt ourselves, wore off and left us more comfortable. We ascertained that they were staying at a large boarding-house or country-house close by.

"Do you see yonder gabled roof rising above the trees?" asked one of the ladies, as we come in front of a stably old house half hidden by the foliage, "well, that is our home for the summer."

"And I dare say, under those trees and in those hammocks you have dreamed of new bonnets, and a happy return to the city," said Sam.

"Oh, no!" said the little one with dark eyes, "we have no thoughts here, save of home-made bread and butter, and cream so thick," indicating nearly half an inch on one tiny finger, "and mince pies, and pickles and cold chicken." Here two most heartrending sighs caused her to desist.

Sam who for some time had been edging toward one of the hammocks, now tumbled into one. I looked longingly toward another and as the ladies suggested that I had better follow my companion's example, I forthwith did so, accepting one of the three offered, to which little "dark eyes" conducted me not far from where Sam was. I thanked her most politely, perhaps, somewhat tenderly, for I took her hand in mine. She withdrew it quickly and looked extremely indignant, which I felt rather foolish.

"You hurt my fingers awfully!" she said, stamping a cinderella foot on turf.

"Do you know," I said, after making a thousand apologies for my awkwardness, "that this poor crown of mine has pounded *terra firma* much more serenely than that angry little stamp of yours?"

"Then you certainly must have cracked it, and that accounts——" and without finishing the sentence she ran away before I could say "Jack Robinson," smiling so sweetly I could hear my heart thump, and I confess I felt a sort of regret at parting with her.

Looking over at Sam who was not more than a few feet from me, I saw he was sound asleep and in a few minutes I was neck and neck with him. I don't know how long we had been sleeping, but all at once the dingling of a bell and a merry peal of laughter awoke both Sam and me into a sitting position, so suddenly that we both come near pitching over-board. Sam looked at me and I looked at Sam. Again the merry laugh and then our waking senses returning to us, we both got up and were filled with astonishment at the scene before us.

Under the branches of the green and shady trees, where we were, our machines stood stacked together; from the handles bar of Sam's a pail of milk was hanging, while my machine had been converted into a hat rack, and appeared very gay, decorated as it was with broad-brimmed hats from which fluttered brightly colored ribbons. Around us were our newly made acquaintances and several others enjoying our embarrassment hugely. After a moment a gentleman advanced, whom we recognized as the occupant of the carriage we had met in the morning, and addressed us thus: "Tho' I took pleasure in being the author of the program, (that you have so admirably carried out this morning,) and sent these blushing school-girls to bring you hence,—and they have succeeded beyond my expectation,—yet, I now take as much more pleasure in inviting you to partake of our country fare. Now, gentlemen, let us all be introduced and be no longer strangers, but,—friends."

After this kind speech, Sam, who is considered an adept at after-dinner speeches, made a most fitting reply, expressing both his and my thanks for such kind hospitality to entire strangers.

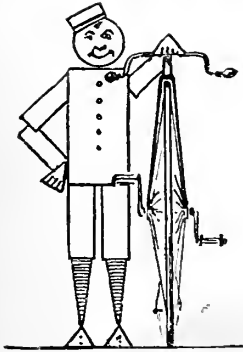
At last we all sat down on the grass to eat; and such a lunch as that was! worthy to be set before a prince! Could any spread in palatial restaurant equal that under these shady trees, with the birds singing over-head and the summer breezes playing 'round, and with companions fair and delightful! It was an occasion neither of us will soon forget, but rather treasure up as the happiest bicycle incident we had ever recorded; and 'little dark eyes' occupies my thoughts even now, so long afterward.

D. F.

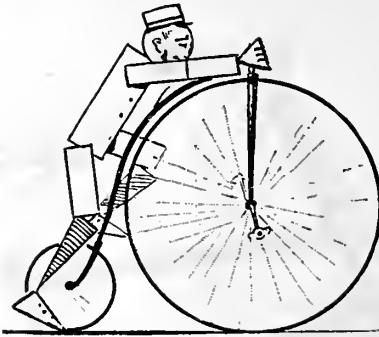
Some Early Bicycles.

It would not be an easy matter to say who was the originator of cycling as it exists at the present time, interwoven with our modern life, and multiplying its uses from day to day. The idea of a carriage propelled by means of the feet of the rider goes back a long way, and nobody, perhaps, could fix the date when it was first broached, but Ozanam, Member of the French Academy of Science, described in 1693 a carriage with four wheels, propelled by means of two pedals, which was known in Paris for several years, and which was said to be the invention of a doctor of La Rochelle, named Richard. Since that period a great number of inventors have tried from time to time to construct mechanical carriages, and we may instance, as perhaps the most important attempt of the kind, the effort made by Blanchard, the future aeronaut, about the year 1780, some time before he launched his project of a "flying ship." At the beginning of the present century a bicycle of a very ingenious kind was conceived. The two wheels were placed on the same line, and were equal in size—as were those of the wooden "velocipedes" in vogue some twenty years ago. The saddle was placed between the two wheels in such a way as to allow the rider's feet to touch the ground, and it was by pressing his feet against the ground that he propelled the machine. This prototype of the modern "safety" is said to have been invented by Nicephore Niepse, one of the celebrated inventors of photography. It attained considerable success in Paris after the troubles of 1815, and it reached its greatest popularity perhaps in 1818, the year which preceded the birth of cycling in England. Unlike the French machine, which was made entirely of wood, the English bicycle of 1819 was a light apparatus constructed of metal. It was based on the same principle as its wooden predecessor, and was called the "Pedestrian Hobbyhorse." At the same period there was manufactured a "hobbyhorse" for ladies. The saddle was mounted on a frame having the form of a letter U, so that the fair rider's dress was maintained several inches from the ground. The saddle was placed at the extremity of one of the branches of the U; in other respects the machine was the same as the companion one. An engraving of the period represents the interior of a riding school for those old-time bicyclists, kept by a man named Johnson, the place being situated in Brewer Street, Golden Square. The picture shows us that there were then, as now, very clever riders, some being represented flying over the floor of the riding-school with their feet resting on the nave of the front wheel. If the earlier bicycle was successful at Paris, this was no less so in London, as is proved by a remarkable caricature by Cruickshank, which we should like to be able to reproduce, on a small scale, here for the amusement of our readers. It bears the date of July, 1819, and is entitled, "Every man on the Perch; or, Going to Hobby Fair." It represents men of every profession and occupation, careering in single file, each mounted on a machine to suit his especial fancy. A soldier is seated astride a cannon which is mounted on four wheels, while a sailor is comfortably fixed up in a boat, which runs (by some unaccountable principle) on two wheels, one fore and one aft, with a rudder behind and a sail in front. Many other caricatures were produced in 1819, showing that in this year the bicycle became well-known in London. One picture represents a fantastic sort of machine, worked by a gentleman, who is astride the frame in front, while behind him is a lady in a comfortable seat mounted on the frame, and behind the lady is a little groom. Another picture, however, is much more interesting, for it gives us the semblance of a veritable tricycle, worked by pedals and very well constructed. The lady who is working it does not have her feet resting against the ground; she is seated between two wheels and works the apparatus by means of two long pedals operating a lever. A front wheel turns around an axis, and serves to guide the machine. This picture, which denotes the appearance of a new and more perfect invention in the way of cycling than anything previously known, is dated May 22, 1819, and is simply entitled "The Ladies' Hobby." After these curious innovations in Paris and London, the idea of cycling died away, and was forgotten, and it was not until towards the year 1870 that some ingenious mechanical constructors took it up again, and by their patience and skill paved the way for the appearance of the splendid and perfect machines of the present day.—*Sewing Machine and Cycle News.*

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He squares himself for a ride



His first efforts at mounting are very rhumb,



But he gets there by degrees.



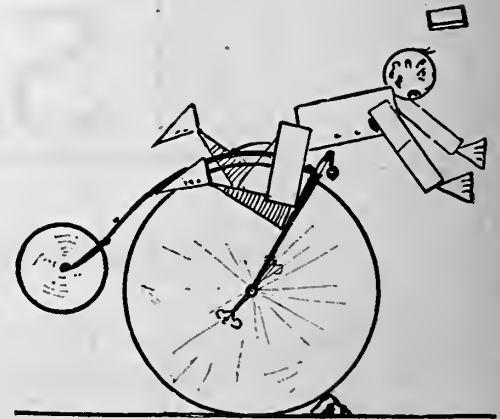
He circles around awhile,



and rides along like a Lord High Pothmuse.



But presently strikes an irregular polygon,



Whereat he flies off at a parabolical tangent—



Describes a hyperbolic orbit through space, till the centripetal equalizes the centrifugal force and overcome by gravity he lands a disintegrated mass.—*Quod erat demonstrandum.*

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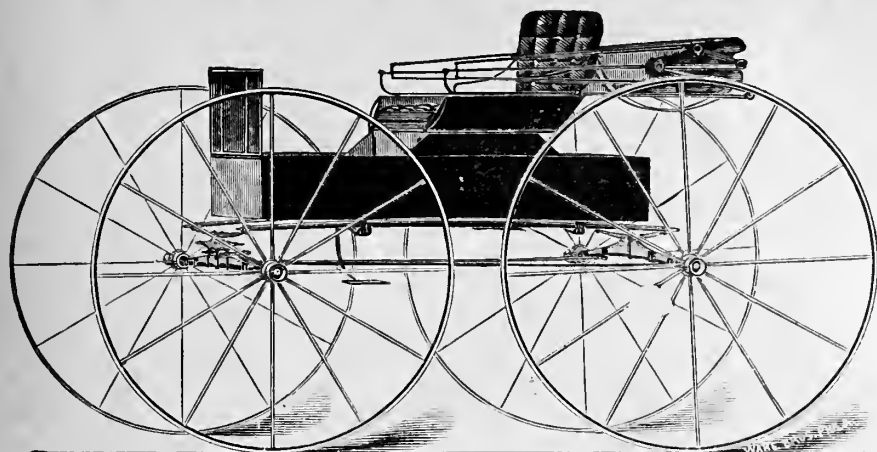
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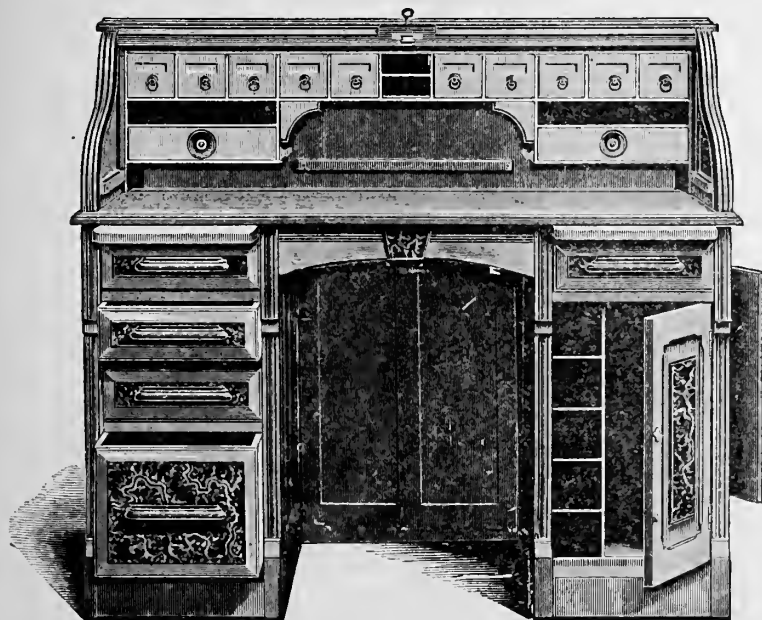
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Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Send for Second-hand List and our large illustrated catalog of Wheels and Accessories with full particulars of our terms of easy payments. Of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Liberal discounts to agents on second-hand wheels. Prices on all wheels guaranteed as low as the lowest



GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 9 G Street, Peoria, Ill.



Star Bicycles, Safe, Practical, and Fast.

No Headers or Dangerous Falls,

305 Miles in 24 hours.

Accepted World's Records on the Road from 150 to 305 Miles. World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles on the Track.

First American Machine to make more than 20 miles within the hour.

Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade. Won all First Premiums, when in competition, since 1881.

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NEW AND SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

Our Specialties:

Repairing and Nickle Plating AT LOWEST PRICES.

If you want the best New Machine in the Market for 1888, or a bargain in a Second-Hand Bicycle, send 2-cent stamp for Catalog and Second-Hand List to

H. T. HEARSEY,

147 North Delaware Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND. SECOND-HAND BICYCLES TAKEN IN TRADE FOR NEW ONES.



We are prepared to make this year a fine line of TROPHIES, MEDALS and PRIZES of all descriptions, including

Cups, ** MEDALS, Stop-Watches, ** Jewelry, ** Trophies.

Illustrated Catalog and Price List Sent on Receipt of Stamp.



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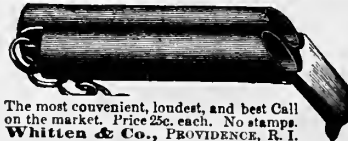
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The Best Bicycle Lock.



No chain; can not be picked or pulled open; neatest thing out. Price, \$1.00.

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Best facilities for Business, Short-Hand, Penmanship and English Training, Elegant Catalog free.

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Akron, Ohio.

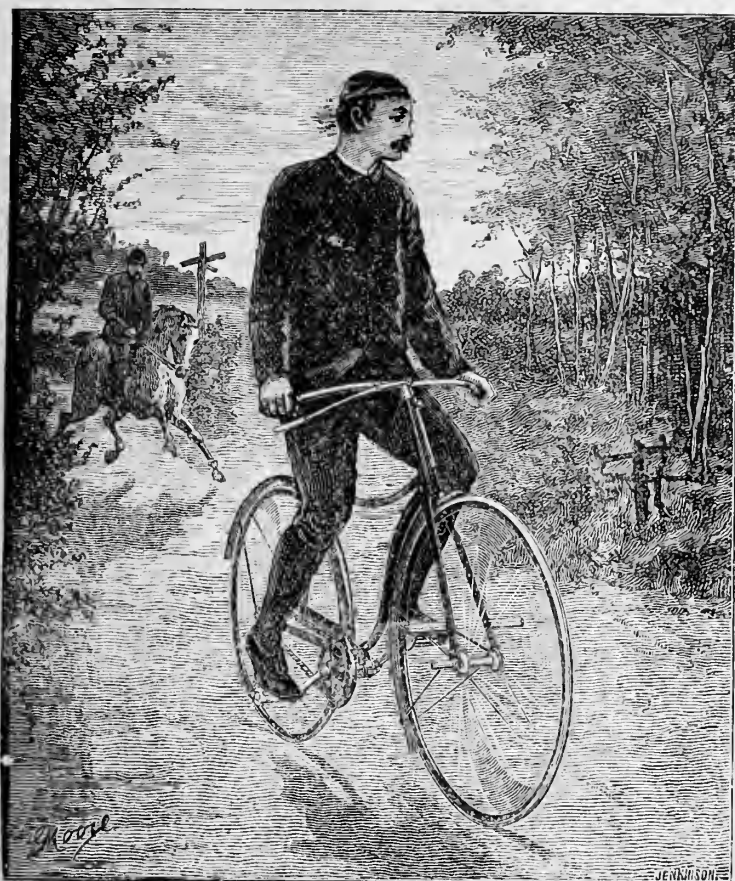
Manufacturer of

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“ROVER”

WORLDS' RECORDS!!

Wonderful Performance on the “ROVER” by S. G. WHITTAKER, of Chicago, at Bordeaux, August 15, 1888.

21 Miles, 126 yards in the hour!
5 Miles in 13 min. 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.!!

The fastest time ever made on any kind of cycle,

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Late Starley & Sutton,

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Bargains in Shop-Worn and Second-Hand Bicycles

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NO.	SIZE.	PRICE.	NO.	SIZE.	PRICE.	
274	36	Kangaroo, ball bearings, fine shape	298	52	Columbia, Light Roadster, ball pedals, spade handles, new	105.00
275	36	Invincible Safety, built like the Columbia Safety, good order	299	52	Expert, 'D' finish, ball pedals, new	107.00
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276	44	Otto Special, good as new	301	52	Rival, ball bearings, cow-horn handle bars, new	55.00
277	44	Otto Special, new, spade handles	302	52	American Champion, all nickeled but wheels, new ball, pedals	95.00
278	44	American Safety, ball bearings all over, No. 1 condition	303	52	Expert, 1887 pattern, new but shop worn, ball pedals	100.00
279	44	American Safety, plain bearings, standard finish, good order	304	54	American Champion, all nickeled but wheels, ball pedals, fine condition	78.00
280	44	Special Facile, 1887 pattern, almost new	305	54	Victor, cow-horn handle bars, spade handle, ball bearings, ball pedals, good running order	60.00
281	46	Otto Special, as good as new	306	45	American Light Champion, ball bearings, ball pedal, standard finish, ramshorn bars or cow-horn bars, new	100.00
282	46	Otto Special, new, spade handles	307	54	Singer Challenge, ball bearings to both wheels, ball pedals, cow-horn handle bars, No. 1 condition	55.00
283	48	American Ideal, all nickeled but wheels, new	308	54	Harvard, tires almost new, cradle springs, dropped handle, bars, ball pedals	50.00
284	48	Otto Special, as good as new	309	54	Royal Mail, new tires, nickel and enamel finish, cow-horn handle bars, ball bearings and ball pedals, fine shape	75.00
285	48	Otto Special, new, spade handles	310	53	Sanspareil Light Roadster, ball bearings and ball pedals, good running order	50.00
286	48	Standard Columbia, all nickeled but wheels, good order	311	56	Humber, cow-horn handle bars, enamel finish, ball bearings, ball pedals, new	60.00
287	48	American Star, number one condition	312	56	Expert, cow-horn handle bars, spade handles, Kirkpatrick saddle, ball pedal, good running order	75.00
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289	48	Otto Special, all nickeled but wheels, spade handles, cow-horn handle bars, new	314	58	American Challenge, ball bearings, standard finish, No. 1 condition	55.00
290	50	Springfield Roadster, in splendid condition	315	58	American Challenge, all nickeled but wheels, No. 1 condition	65.00
291	50	Volunteer Columbia, ball pedals, shop worn only	316	60	Yale Roadster, new tires, all nickeled but wheels, cow-horn bars, ball bearings, ball pedals, almost like new	75.00
292	50	American Champion, standard finish, ball pedals, new				
293	50	Harvard, all nickeled but wheels, ball bearings, new tires, good condition				
294	50	Harvard, nickel and enamel finish, ball bearings to both wheels, dropped handle bars, No. 1 condition				
295	50	Victor, ball bearings and ball pedals, cow-horn handle bars, No. 1 running order				
296	52	Light Champion, all nickeled but rims, special built, a bargain at only				
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Also 250 More Second Hand Bicycles. List Sent Free.

BICYCLES AND GUNS TAKEN IN TRADE.

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THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Form No. 1

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

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 This is an UNREPEATED MESSAGE, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the conditions named above.
 THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager. NORVIN GREEN, President.

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AN INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION.

A few slightly shop-worn new Rudge Tandems and Rudge Humber Tandems, and also a limited number of shop-worn Rudge Bicycles at a reduction.

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Vol. III. No. 10.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1888.

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THE AMERICAN RAMBLER

The Best Hill Climbing Crank Machine Ever Produced.

The Fastest Coaster of Them All.

Now Ready For Immediate Delivery.

Safe, Beautiful, Fast, Easy Steering.

If your dealer can not show this wheel to you be sure to write for catalog before purchasing elsewhere.

Manufactured by

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HARD & SOFT RUBBER HANDLES,
SPADE GRIPS,
PEDAL RUBBERS, Etc.

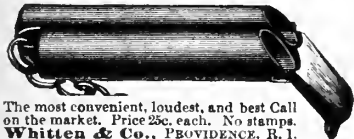
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JERSEY CLOTH GARMENTS.

Knee Breeches Only \$4 a Pair.
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STEEL BALLS FOR ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS.
Of Best Cast Steel.

HARDENED, GROUND AND BURNISHED
 3-16" to 3" diam. Samples and prices on application
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SECOND-HAND WHEELS

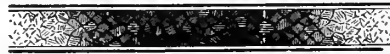
Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Send for Second-hand List and our large illustrated catalog of Wheels and Accessories with full particulars of our terms of easy payments. Of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Liberal discounts to agents on second-hand wheels. Prices on all wheels guaranteed as low as the lowest.

GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 9 G Street, Peoria, Ill.

LAMPS,



LAMPS,



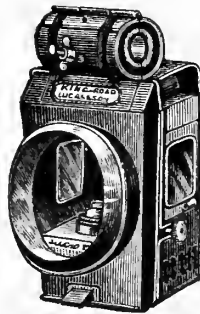
LAMPS.

No better time for riding than these cool Autumn evenings, but night falls early and one cannot enjoy the luxury of a spin without a good serviceable lamp which will throw a brilliant light. No lamp on earth can equal the world wide celebrated

KING OF THE ROAD.

Riders should insist upon their dealers giving them the **KING OF THE ROAD** and take no other. See that you get one with the 1888 improvements. If he cannot supply you send direct to us.

All patterns, head lamps and hub lamps, in Nickel and Japan, fully described in our catalog, which will be sent to every one mentioning the "WHEELMENS' GAZETTE."

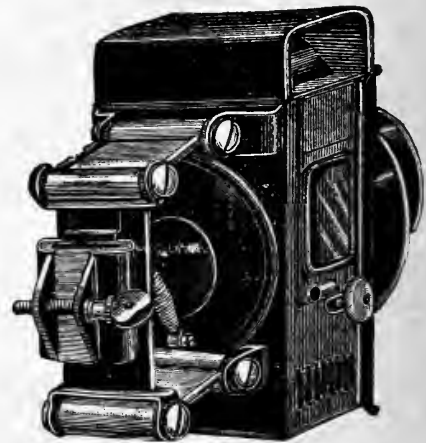


Hub Lamp No. 130.



CONTAINING

Improved Detachable Reflector.
 Ruby Side Prisms,
 Improved Ventilation.
 They do not leak,
 They do not jar out.



Head Lamp No. 145. Non vibrator.

We are sole United States agents for the sale of these lamps and invite the trade to send for discount sheet.

THE CLARK CYCLE CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

For Sale, Cheap.

Second-hand Bicycles and Tricycles. Send for our large list before you buy. Prices low as the lowest. Second-hand machines taken in trade.

WM. M. FRISBIE CO.,
 61 Crown St., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

as good and strong as new without showing the joints, and guaranteed to be as good and strong as new. Hollow Forks, Hollow Handle Bars, etc. repaired. 10 years' experience. Broken Backbones, drives always on hand. Difficult repairing a specialty. A full line of Sun-dries for catalog of cycles. I sell them all, and it will pay you to deal with me. - Lancaster, Pa. Cycle Dealer, - - -

MARTIN RUDY,



BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS.

Victor, Springfield Roadster, New Rapid, American Champion, Star, Rival, Otto and other bicycles and tricycles sold on easy payments with no extra charge except 8 per cent. interest. Low rates by fast freight or express. Bargains in juvenile wheels of best makers, at from \$6.40 up. Large line of accessories. REPAIRING and NICKEL PLATING.



We Still hold Our Own.

Moderate Prices, Good Quality, Hill Climbing, Safety and Speed, are features of merit which are sure to lead.

RECORDS FOR 1888.

L. A. W. meet at Baltimore, Md., three victories. Woodstock, Canada, professional track record, May 24. Binghampton, N. Y., one mile safety, and one mile team race.

Toronto, Canada three mile road wheel and one mile safety race. Rochester, N. Y., one mile, open to all, track record, 2:44½; three mile handicap; five mile, open to all, last quarter in 30 seconds—best on record; half mile dash, open to all, 1:15,—best competition half mile on record; also, two mile, 6:45 class.

J. R. Weld, of Medina, writes:

"In a club of twenty, 18 ride *SPRINGFIELD ROADSTERS*, and still we want more."

Remember Our Hill Climbing Records.

Eagle Rock, New Jersey, 12 times without a dismount. Corey Hill, Boston, 10 times without a dismount.

Stickney Hill, Lynn, Mass., one time and return.

SHURMAN AT IT AGAIN.

The members of the Lynn Cycle Club took a trip down to Portland. The party comprised J. H. Young, J. H. Shurman, A. H. Carsley, E. G. Bergholtz, J. F. Allen, J. F. Dow, J. H. Littlefield, A. W. Lewis, and A. Wiswell. On their arrival in Portland, and after a good breakfast at the Preble house, the Portland wheel club took the visitors in hand for a run to Prouts Neck, a distance of some fourteen miles. On the way out the party passed Spurwick Hill, an eminence that has never been climbed by a cyclist. To the surprise of the Down Easters, Shurman announced that he would ride up the hill if any one of the Portland men would ride down. This was very promptly agreed to, as the local men thought the hill unridable. Some of the men rode down the hill, as also did Shurman, and then on arriving at the bottom Shurman turned round and rode to the top, to the amazement of those who had never seen Shurman ride. This was on Sunday, and the achievement of the Lynn man made the locals anxious to see what the visitor could do with the Park Street Hill, a terror to Portland wheelmen, and one that has never been climbed more than twice in succession. So on Monday the party repaired to the hill, and after Carsley, Allen, and Littlefield had climbed it once and cried enough, Shurman went at it and went up and down six times without a dismount. To say that the Portland men were dumb-founded is putting it mildly. Shurman rode his Springfield Roadster. [Will some Portland reader kindly give us the grades of Spurwick and Park Street Hills, and oblige? Ed. *Bicycle World*.]

We give you the facts. Draw your own inference. But remember our prices are moderate, our goods warranted against defective material and workmanship for one year; absolutely safe against headers, speedy and a good all round road wheel. CATALOGUE FREE.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. COMPANY, 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Factory removed from Worcester to Highlandville, Mass.

SPECIAL OFFER

New Rapid Bicycles, Quadrant Tricycles.

Don't You Want to trade Your Old Wheel for a New One?

Having reduced our stock of Second hand machines we are prepared to take a limited number of

GOOD SECOND HAND WHEELS

following new ones

in part payment for any of the

New Rapid Roadsters, - - - - - New Rapid Light Roadsters,
Quadrant Tricycles, - - - - - Quadrant Tandems.

If you wish to avail yourself of this offer send full and minute description of your wheel, including name, pattern, age, size, condition, kind of handle bar, handles and saddle, and your estimate of its value, and we will make you an offer.

This is an opportunity to get a new mount for a very little outlay and realize on your old machine, which is daily decreasing in value,

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

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Is greatly improved for 1888, and is appreciated by experienced riders as a ROADSTER, because the Levers give a constant application of power: FOR SAFETY as the treadles in the rear of the hub prevents headers: FOR ECONOMY OF POWER because the new motor raises the levers without Cogs or Springs, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands enables the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals, gliding through mud or sand or up hill: FOR BEAUTY, EASE OF RUNNING, and speed. LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS. Send for price-list and catalog to

THE KING WHEEL CO.,

51 Barclay St., New York.

FOR SALE CHEAP.



Victor Light Roadster TRICYCLE

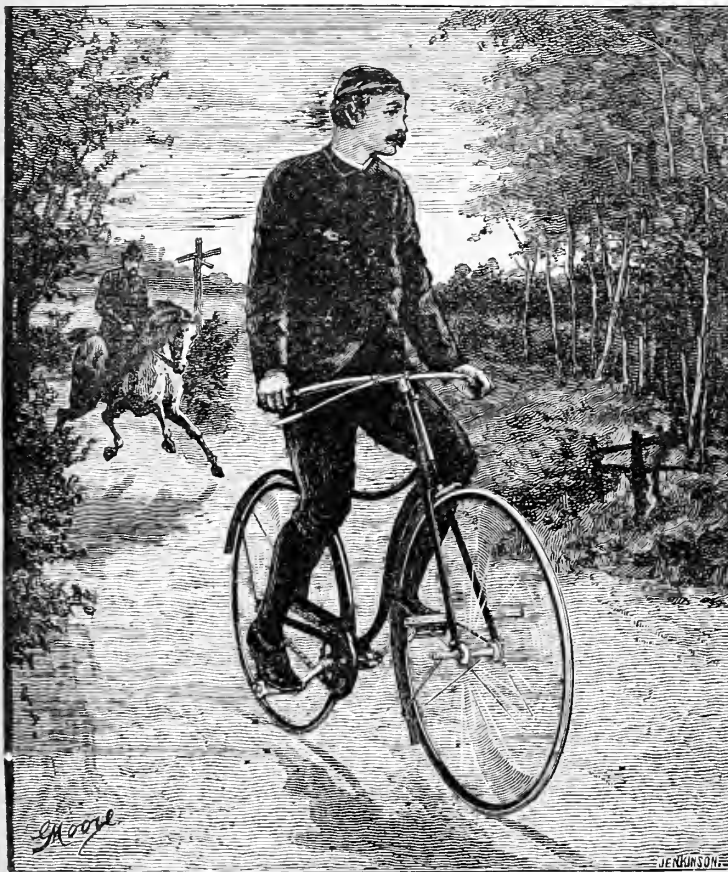
The lightest and best Ladies Tricycle made
This machine has been ridden about 6 months and is in first class condition, ball-bearings all over. No parts broken or rusty. I will sell it for

\$90 CASH.

For further particulars, apply to

Ben L. Darrow,

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AGENTS WANTED

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Wonderful Performance on the “ROVER” by S. G. WHITTAKER, of Chicago, at Bordeaux, August 15, 1888.

21 Miles, 126 yards in the hour!

5 Miles in 13 min. 33³/₄ sec.!!

The fastest time ever made on any kind of cycle.

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METEOR WORKS,

West Orchard, Coventry England.

—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 10.

A Record Ride.

BY HARRY ESTEY.

Twin Lakes is one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the west, situated, as it is, at the highest point of the railroad passing by it, with a lovely little lake on either side of it. For the extent and beauty of its scenery it is hardly surpassed by many better known resorts. The village and a large summer hotel are situated at the very top of the hill, a mile from the railroad station. The road from the station to the town is quite steep but it is an excellent road and the grade is very even.

A few years ago Frank Jordan, a New England lad, was station agent at Twin Lake, with all that that term usually implies in the smaller places, agent, telegraph operator, ticket seller, express agent, etc. He was about twenty-three or twenty-four years old, good-natured, and always ready for a joke but full of yankee grit at the same time. As the nearest neighbors were at the town, a mile away, Jordan fitted up an unoccupied room in the station and lived there in lordly style. Through the summer season his work was hard, but for the rest of the year it consisted chiefly in watching the trains pass and reporting them to the train dispatcher.

For convenience in delivering messages to the village a telegraph line had been put up from the station to the hotel, and one of the qualifications required in a clerk at the hotel was that he be an operator.

While Jordan was in the station, Ike George, an old "chum" of his from the east was clerk at the hotel, and many an otherwise lonely hour was pleasantly passed by the two friends in chatting over the wire. For fun more than any expectation of making use of it they got up a list of signals for use on this wire. "Thirteen" was the signal for great danger, and the answer, "I C," meant that the one who answered understood and would come to the relief of the one using the "Thirteen."

George was a bicycle rider and had his wheel, a Star, with him, though he got time to ride but little except to coast down the hill to the station once in a while before train time and then ride back on the stage. He was a fearless rider and often road the mile, feet over the front bar, without touching the brake except to stop at the station.

One day in midsummer, a gentleman came into the station just after the two o'clock express had gone and asked if there was a package by express for him. Jordan looked over his books for a moment and replied, "there is nothing."

"That's strange," said the gentleman, "I ordered my firm at D—to be sure and send it to me on this train. Is there another train soon?"

"At 2:30," replied Jordan.

"I am expecting two thousand dollars," said the man, "I wanted to go to C—with it on the next train. If it should come on that train could you hand it to me so I can go along and keep my appointment at C—?"

Jordan told him he could, and prepared a receipt to be signed in case it came. The train came on time but there was nothing for Twin Lakes.

"Is there any other train it can come on?" asked the gentleman, after the train had gone.

"No," said Jordan, "we have only one more train from D—to-day, that at eight this evening, but it not a 'money run' so the

messenger would not bring money packages."

The disappointed man sent a message to C— changing his engagement to the next afternoon, and went back to the hotel.

Jordan sent the message and then, being busy with other matters, forgot all about the incident. The 8 o'clock train was the last one of the day, and, as it seldom brought passengers for Twin Lakes, the stage did not run to it. When it came that night the express messenger handed Jordan a thick package telling him that the consignor was extremely anxious to have it delivered that night so he brought it up. Jordan signed for it and glanced at it as the train was starting again. It was the two thousand dollars!

His first impulse was to stop the train and make the messenger take it along with him but he hesitated a moment and in that moment the last car passed him, and the chance was gone. As he turned from the disappearing train he saw a pair of rough looking fellows coming up the platform. Thinking that he did not care for their company, he ran into the station, closed and locked the door. The key was hardly more than turned before the two men reached it and tried to open it. Finding it fastened they called to Jordan to let them in.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want to come in an' rest a few minutes an' enquire the way," they replied.

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Twin Lakes."

"Take the left hand road behind the station and follow right on up the hill."

"Oh we're in no hurry—let us in for a little while."

"I have closed for the night and you cannot come in."

"All right, just shove out that package of money then, that's what we want."

"So I thought," muttered Jordan, aloud he said, "what little money I have I propose to keep, and you'd better move along or I'll try a little target practice on you."

"'Spose you'd like us to believe you didn't send your shootin' irons to D— this morning?"

Jordan would have been glad to have *known* himself that he had not done so, but as they had needed some repairing he had sent them that day.

"Well," said the thieves, "if you won't open an' let us in we'll open and come in."

Jordan was too busy studying how he could best get out of the scrape to make any reply. He heard one of them ask the other if he hadn't better go up and cut the telephone wire, the other replied, "No. If he rings a bullet will stop his racket." So they thought it was a telephone line to the hotel. The nearest telegraph office on the line was fifteen miles away so they would probably allow him to telegraph all he wished.

Jordan stepped quietly into the office, and holding the relay so it would make no noise, made the danger signal, "Thirteen," twice then said, "Come quick, two robbers are breaking in." Letting go the relay and holding the sounder he heard the answer faintly, "I C." He then turned to see what his visitors were up to. They had found a small post, and using it for a battering ram, were trying to beat in the door, but the door was strong and the fastenings were heavy, so their efforts were unsuccessful. Then they spent a minute or two hunting for a heavier post.

Jordan went to the back part of the station to watch for the

coming of help. It was fast growing dark but after a moment he saw George coming on his bicycle. Running back to the front of the station he saw the ruffians in consultation before the door. One of them said, "keep cool—we have all night for this job if we want it." The other said, with an oath, "I can open that door and I will." He drew back a step then hurled his burly form against the door. As he drew back to repeat the assault Jordan turned the key and lifted the latch. Hardly had he raised the latch before the robber again threw himself against the door, of course it offered no resistance and the ruffian went sprawling, face downward on the floor. Before he could stir Jordan was on him and drew a pistol from his hip pocket. As he hastily turned to see what the other robber was doing a man reeled passed him and fell beside the first. Ike George followed him, pistol in hand, and requested him to keep quiet and save the spoiling of powder.

George had arrived just as the fellow was rushing through the door at Jordan. His rubber soles made no noise so the first intimation of danger that came to the robber was Ike's fist on the back of his head.

It took Jordan but a moment to secure the two men with cords while George stood guard over them. A few minutes later several men with teams, who had started just behind George, arrived, and the prisoners were taken to the town and delivered to the proper authorities. They were tried and are now serving a long sentence.

Jordan and George, with sturdy New England independence declined all offers of a reward, but the owner of the package would not listen to their objections, and compelled them to take a liberal reward. Probably it was not over three minutes from the time Jordan telegraphed George before he knocked the robber over into the station. He always speaks of it as a Lost Record, for he is sure he beat all known records for a mile.



New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipeds and attachments from July 10 to and including Sept. 11, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minton, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

- 385,847. July 10. James S. Copeland, Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Pope Mfg Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.
- 386,097. July 10. George T. Warwick, Springfield, Mass., assignor to the Warwick Cycle Mfg Co., same place, bicycle.
- 386,168. July 17. W. W. and H. Spencer, Piqua, O., bicycle.
- 386,601. July 24. T. O'Brien, New York, N. Y., Tandem Bicycle.
- 486,798. July 31. C. Benz, Mannheim, Baden, Germany, driving gear for velocipedes.
- 386,896. July 31. F. L. Rodel, Elsterberg, Saxony, Germany, adjustable crank for velocipedes.
- 386,990. July 31. G. Kibble, Amsterdam, N. Y., velocipede.
- 387,166. July 31. A. Jorgensen, Helsingfors, Finland, Russia, velocipede.
- 387,631. August 14. C. E. Duryea, Washington, D. C., velocipede.
- 387,700. August 14. H. Thresher, London, Eng., assignor to A. H. Overman, Boston, Mass., velocipede.
- 387,814. August 14. C. B. M. Ribble and C. C. Spencer, Cortland, N. Y., Ice-velocipede.
- 387,979. August 14. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.
- 388,043. August 21. H. E. House, Neenah, Wis., velocipede.
- 388,048. August 21. J. Johnson and A. Fyrberg, Worcester, Mass., said Fyrberg assignor to Johnson. Velocipede.
- 388,047. August 21. J. Johnson and O. Hansom, Worcester, Mass., said Hansom assignor to Johnson, velocipede.
- 388,427. August 28. J. M. Marlin, New Haven, Conn., velo-

pede.

- 388,446. August 28. D. H. Rice, Brookline, Mass., velocipede.
- 388,480. August 28. G. H. Day, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co, Portland, Me., velocipede step.
- 388,484. August 18. A. L. Garford, Elyra, O., velocipede.
- 388,906. September 4. T. O'Brien, New York, N. Y., bicycle.
- 388,949. September 4. H. M. Carter, Hyde Park, Mass., shoe attachment for bicycles.
- 388,963. September 4. P. Gallagher, New York, N. Y., tricycle.
- 389,200. September 11. W. Clegg, Bradford, Eng., velocipede.
- 389,231. September 11. E. B. Lake, Camden, N. J., ball-bearing.
- 389,517. September 11. H. LaCasse, Auburn, N. Y., assignor one half to F. H. Gibbs, Syracuse, N. Y., tricycle.
- 389,855. Sept. 18. R. J. Rombauer, St. Louis, Mo., assignor of ninety-nine one hundredths to J. T.; E.E.; and B. Rombauer, same place., Velocipede.
- 390,017. Sept. 25. C. Hagan, Atlantic City, N. J., Velocipede
- 390,174. Sept. 25. R. B. Lambert, assignor one-half to T. W. Lambert, Waynesborough, Va. Velocipede.

New English Patents.

- 9,485. June 29. Lorentz Albert Groth, London, improvements in velocipedes.
- 9,496. June 29. Hugh Edwards, Liverpool, improvements in tricycles or other velocipedes.
- 9,536. June 30. George Hookham, Birmingham, improvements in the elastic tyres of velocipedes and other wheeled vehicles.
- 9,700. July 4. William Henry Prestwich, Tottenham, an improved nut and stud with mode of fastening same for bicycle treadles and other purposes.
- 9,822. July 6. Joseph Campion, Wolverhampton, improvements in tricycles.
- 9,838. July 6. Walter John Lloyd and William Priest, trading as the Quadrant Tricycle Company, Middlesex, improvement in bicycles, tricycle, and other velocipedes.
- 9,925. July 9. William Shakespeare Croker and Harry Edward Daniell, North Bow, improvements in bicycles and similar machines.
- 9,957. July 9. James Stevenson, London, improvements relating to velocipedes.
- 9,959. July 9. Edourd Keller and Fritz Gruring Dutoit, London, improvements in velocipedes.
- 9,971. July 10. Edmund Albert Vicary, Dalston, improvements in the chain adjustments of velocipedes.
- 10,036. July 10. Thomas B. Jeffery, London, improvements in velocipede handles.
- 9,997. July 10. Samuel Hurford Sparkes, Sommersetshire, improvements in the driving-gear of bicycles and tricycles.
- 10,036. July 10. T. B. Jeffrey, Strand, London, improvement in velocipede handles.
- 10,236. July 14. Jesse Foster, Birmingham, for an improved adjustable flexible saddle for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
- 10,283. July 16. John Douglas White, a sanitary ventilated saddle pad for cycles.
- 10,285. July 16. Harold Cheetham Hill and William Harrison, for improvements in securing wheels to axles used for preambulators' bassinets, mail carts, or sulkies, flat back and other juvenile tricycles and invalid carriages.
- 10,318. July 17. George Hurdle, Southampton, for improvements in the construction of rubbers for tricycles, bicycles, and the like.
- 10,325. July 17. Max Frankenburg, Leicester, for improvements in the manufacture of football, cycling, and other athletic boots or shoes.
- 10,351. July 17. Albert Whiteley and Fred Laxton, London, for improvements in bicycles, tricycles, safeties, and other velocipedes.
- 10,566. July 21. John Harper and Charles Retallack, London, for improvements in velocipedes.
- 10,607. July 23. John Boyd Dunlop, for an improvement in tyres of wheels for bicycles, tricycles or other road cars.
- 10,727. July 24. Arthur Havelock Chapman, Alfred James White, and Brettell Shepherd, Middlesex, for improvements in chains to be employed for driving velocipedes and for other purposes.

- 10,799. July 26. Thomas Edmond Webb, Manchester, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.
- 10,816. July 26. William Henry Kitto, Plymouth, for foot brake for safety and other bicycles, tricycles, and other wheeled vehicles.
- 10,953. July 28. Carl Rauhe, London, for improvements in bicycles and other velocipedes.
- 11,109. July 31. Jules Amedee Maquaire, London, for improvements in tricycles.
- 11,196. August 2. John Feeseey, Hampshire, for gearing up and gearing down of tricycles, bicycles, or any other cycles or mechanism.
- 11,218. August 2. Thomas William Cox, London, for improvements relating to bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.
- 11,237. August 3. Thomas Newey, Birmingham, for improvements in bicycles.
- 11,332. August 4. Henry John Cowen, London, for improved driving apparatus applicable to bicycles and similar vehicles.
- 11,333. August 4. Arthur Siebel, London, for improvements in cycles or velocipedes.
- 11,499. August 9. Henry Francis Tyler, Westminster, for improvements in mud guards as used on cycles and all similar vehicles.
- 11,523. August 10. Robert Heginbotham, Sheffield, for manufacturing double-headed steel or iron spoke drawn cold without weld for bicycle.
- 11,642. August 13. Robert Steele and John Steele, Manchester, for improvements in means for taking up the slack of driving chains in lawn-mowing machines and in bicycles and tricycles.
- 11,645. August 13. David Jones and William Bennett, Coventry, for an improvement for lifting power to bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
- 11,701. August 14. Samuel Nodder, Birmingham, for an improved velocipede saddle.
- 11,761. August 15. Louis Marie Basinet, Sussex, for a patent collapsible tricycle luggage carrier.
- 11,886. August 17. John Yeldham Betts, Coventry, for a double action and balanced pedal for velocipedes.
- 11,904. August 17. Joseph Richardson, London, for improvements in saddles for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
- 12,009. August 20. Henry Lucas, London, for improvements relating to lamps for velocipedes.
- 12,041. August 21. James Henry Herbert, Wolverhampton, for improvements in spring forks for bicycles, tricycles, etc.
- 12,094. August 22. James Alexander Carson and James Joseph Keating, Dublin, for a spring luggage carrier for the transport of goods upon a cycle without jar.
- 12,245. Aug. 24. H. M. Barron, London, tricycle railway.
- 12,354. Aug. 28. John Hammond, Birmingham, improved pedal.
- 12,387. Aug. 28. A. W. Smith, and Thomas McMeikan, London, improvements in bicycles and other velocipedes.
- 12,436. Aug. 29. J. R. Hudson, Sheffield, improvements in riding harness, attachments and appliances, by means of which cyclists may exert an increased motive power when riding bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
- 12,439. Aug. 29. Chas. Goddard, London, for a child's seat, and method of fixing it on the front bar of a bicycle or tricycle.
- 12,455. Aug. 29. John Sherrin and John Vaughan Sherrin, London, improvements in the application of primary batteries and electro-motors to tricycles and other velocipedes.
- 12,497 — 12,498. Aug. 30. Henry Wadkin and George Stroud, London, improvements in velocipedes.

"I tell you Daisy," observed Mr. Yap to his better-half, "these college tex' books what our boy uses, comes mighty high." "Why?" remarked that lady. "Well, I just got a letter from John, an' he wants \$1.50 for a geometry and \$10 for a cyclometer. I don't think a cyclometer ought to cost so much more, do you Daisy?" "Well, I don't know, but perhaps it's a harder study, John." "Maybe it is. Yes, suppose it must be."

As it is now too cold to go swimming, the policeman can't spend the day on the dock fishing, under the pretext of arresting the youthful and surreptitious natator.

A Colorado Tour.

EDITOR OF THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE:

There is no one who holds himself aloft from cycling that can realize the pleasure and health there is in it. Myself and wife are both very fond of cycling, and many a pleasant day have we spent on the fine roads of Colorado, and among the foot hills of the grand old Rockies. We returned last evening from a trip to Greeley, and on our return the August number of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE greeted us, which is a welcome and interesting companion.

We left Denver on the morning of the 21st, at 9 o'clock a. m., for Greeley, arrived at Plattville for dinner, thirty-six miles from Denver. There we remained until 3 p. m., when we mounted our wheels, and at 6:30 rolled up to the Oasis Hotel in Greeley, and a glance at our cyclometers showed that we were 57½ miles from home. We lost no time in getting our supper, and the way we enjoyed it none but a wheelman knows. As we rode up to the Oasis we scarcely had time to dismount before we were surrounded by a crowd of curious people, as a lady riding a tricycle had never been seen before in Greeley, and when we told them six or seven times that we had rode all the way from Denver that day, and were fairly made to believe it, they held up their hands in astonishment, and all sorts of remarks were made, of which had to be answered on an empty stomach.

My wife rides the Columbia two track wheel, which is her favorite; and allow me to say right here, that if parents of sickly daughters would get them a wheel and start them to riding it would not only be money in their pockets but would be the means of making strong and healthy women of them. Returning to the subject. My favorite is the Victor safety 1888 pattern, with a seat attached to the front of my saddle for carrying our three-year-old boy, who always accompanies us on our trips. He attracts considerable attention, as a child being carried on a bicycle is a novelty to many, especially to children. He rides with me as easy as if he were in a baby-buggy. I frequently carry him fifty or sixty miles with me in one day, and I am never troubled with his becoming tired, as he always wants to ride more. Sometimes he falls asleep while on the road, then I hold him in one of my arms and guide my wheel with the other, but keep on our journey.

Our trip to Greeley is one of the most pleasant we have ever taken. We follow the chains of the old Rockies, and are never out of sight of them. We pass Grey's peak, which is next to the highest in Colorado, and while on our journey we could see it looming way up above the clouds. After leaving Plattville we leave the river for awhile, and for ten or twelve miles we ride across the prairie where hundreds of prairie-dogs are continually in sight, and as we would near them the little fellows would scamper to their holes, and there would sit and bark at us until we passed, or drive them into their holes if they chanced to be too near the road. Now or then a jack-rabbit or a cotton-tail would jump out of their hiding place and start off in such a manner it would cause one to think they had important business to attend to far away, and only about half a minute to make it in, but would stop short before going far, and set up at full length as if wondering "what can those things be! and what are they doing here?" and thus they would remain until we were past them and out of sight. This part of our journey was very amusing to our boy as well as to ourselves. Our return trip was not so pleasant as we had a strong head-wind to contend with and a heavy shower that forced us to take the train at Brighton, twenty miles from home, which we regretted very much.

C. A. RIVERS.

Denver, Col.

Over heard the other day in Southampton, walking behind a boat on the river. He (in flannels and yachting cap): "Look over there! that's the new cycle track; the best in the South of England." She (with a big red parasol, and carrying a young sheaf of water-plants, dying with the utmost rapidity of which they were capable in the hot sun): "Where, where? Oh, *that!* Well, I can't say it's much to look at!" He: "Perhaps not, but then it's a good one to go."—*Bicycling News.*

The annual outing of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, for 1888, at Dingman's Ferry, Pa., was a complete and enjoyable success.

AND STILL THE WORLD GOES ROUND,

Alas! alas! my love lies dead,
Lies dead, lies buried under ground,
And still the heavens shine o'er head,
And still the world goes round.

I wonder why the weary sun
Returns again to its old place;
Among all things it findeth none
As fair as her sweet face.

What though the birds sing overhead,
And summer blossoms all around,
Ah, know ye not, my love is dead—
Is dead, and is not found?

Dead, oh my love! Alas the pain!
Dead! buried, covered underground—
And still the sun doth rise again,
And still the world goes round.

—America.

The Warwick.



We have from time to time mentioned the fact that a new candidate for favor was soon to be presented to the riding public for their patronage. The Warwick Cycle Co. of Springfield, have for the past summer been hard at work perfecting their bicycle. One of the problems that has engaged their careful consideration is that of 'how to minimize vibration?' In the invention of the Warwick Spring bearing frame, it is claimed that the problem has been successfully solved. The device is as follows: Inside the bearing frame and underneath the fork is a spring made of steel and rubber. The steel takes the strain and the rubber takes the vibration, in such a manner that the rider, no matter how rough the riding, does not feel the least jar. This is a point that cannot fail of inestimable appreciation. By means of a set screw the bearing can be perfectly adjusted to the weight of any rider. For a heavy man the screw is tightened, which closes the spring, allowing it to receive the extra weight. The bearing is simply joined to the bearing frame, which gives an elastic and easy motion when the wheel comes in contact with rough surfaces. Another device holds the frame rigid in such manner as to take up all side strain. The crank is detachable.

In the matter of construction, the merits of the Warwick specialties are well known to almost all riders. The celebrated "Warwick rims" and "Warwick forks" are used in the machine, the special feature of which are to put strength where it is most needed. They will make an ordinary bicycle, safety and ladies' bicycle.

The round of pleasure, — The wheel.

Loose Spokes.

The Kings County Wheelmen will probably hold a race meet this all.

* * *

Mr. Gerry Jones has resigned his position as chairman of the Racing Board.

* * *

Canary, the fancy rider, has secured a six week's holiday engagement with the Winter Circus at Paris.

* * *

Kentucky is now afflicted with the "sidewalk fiend" question. The *Courier Journal* makes an earnest appeal to the good senses of Louisville wheelmen not to use the sidewalks of the cities and towns.

* * *

The Juniata Wheelmen, of Huntingdon, Pa., have issued a circular letter to all wheelmen in the Huntingdon Valley, with a view to forming a local organization for the advancement and enjoyment of wheeling.

* * *

A cycle would be an invaluable adjunct to any family living some distance from the postoffice. We all know how anxious we are to get the mail as early as possible, but in the country, where one is several miles from the postoffice, a visit twice a week is all they can indulge in.

* * *

Tennyson says: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," which seems to be an injurious reflection on the wheel-builders of Cathay. Better take an American wheel, as Tom Stevens did when you go a bicycling to Cathay—or China, as well call it now-a-days.

* * *

On the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad is a bill-of-lading clerk who travels on freights, and when a train is side-tracked at way station, he jumps out, rides to the next important stopping place, so that when the train draws into the depot the station-master has everything ready for railroading.

* * *

Now what doth cloy
The perfect joy
Of the small school-boy?

Do you know what makes him sad and glum?
It is the persimmon he thought was a plum.

* * *

A weekly paper of Auckland, Australia, has a long article on military cycling, in which there is a very funny passage. Speaking of using the machines to form barricades, the writer says: "No practical military cyclists would think of forming barricades with their machines except in direct necessity. Cycle barricades at the last Easter manœuvres were shown to be useless unless one was willing to sacrifice his machine to save his life." Well, if we were a military cyclist we should almost feel tempted to sacrifice the machine, if it were a question of that or receiving a bullet in our *habeas corpus*. This, however, does not seem to be the view taken by the writer of the article we quote from. He evidently thinks that the right thing for the cyclist to do is to sacrifice his life to save his machine. Or, if he doesn't think that, he has managed to express himself as if he did.

* * *

An exchange tells the following story: "Curious enough was the recent adventure of a Lewistown, Me., boy, who was riding home on his bicycle from Boston not long ago. He and his brother were coming down a steep hill, this side of Danville Junction, when the wheel "lifted and he went over the handle, like a shot out of a catapult, and struck full on his head. He got up, walked along by the side of his wheel and said nothing. His face was cut and lip bleeding. This was on Saturday. From then until Sunday night, he knew nothing about the header, and could not remember anything about the hill this side of Danville Junction. Again and again he asked how the crystal of his watch had been broken and what cut his lip. His memory of the country between Lewistown and Danville Junction was simply *nil*. He was told of his mishap on Sunday evening, but said he didn't know it and couldn't understand it. Of course he is all right now and says he has experienced no ill effects of the fall, but it is a curious lapse of memory, just the same.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
 BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
 25 Sentinel Building. Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

Lane Riding.

It is surprising how little has been written about our lanes, though full justice has been done the joys of travel upon our high roads.

The main roads serve the purposes for which they were constructed, and the cyclist with good reason avails himself of them when making an extended tour. In winter, during periods of heavy rain or prolonged drouth, or in a district imperfectly known to the rider, a main road is generally preferable to a lane, whilst naturally the record-maker loves the straight well defined highway with its convenient mile-stones, but a large number of cyclers rarely make a tour; their opportunities of riding being limited to short intervals of leisure and their aim being to secure the greatest amount of health and pleasure from trips awheel within a circumscribed radius of their homes. Many of these wheelmen content themselves with trundling over and over the same familiar stretches of dusty highroads until the time arrives when, weary of the monotony of the experience, they gradually secede from the pastime. After two or three years' cycling especially in the vicinity of a large city, familiarity with the bumpy main routes largely diminishes the pleasure at first enjoyed by the novice.

If, therefore, he desires his rides to yield him the keen delights of his early jaunts, he must seek "fresh fields and pastures new" by exploring the lanes and byroads intersecting the secluded beauties of the district. On the hard, dusty highway the wheelman views Nature's charms from a distance, but in the shady narrow lane he is in her embrace, inhaling the ever changing perfume of her breath and soothed by a lullaby of rustling leaves. In the delights of his environment he may forget the worries of his daily routine.

Whether he be a public man, whose intellect is ever grappling with the intricacies of some vexed burning controversy, or an obscure toiler constantly confined in the stifling entering-room of a warehouse, in the solitude of the lanes he may "hold converse with Nature's charms," and find the antidote needed by his tired brain.

The cyclist may be alone or in company; he may journey in the early morning or under the broiling blaze of a summer sun, or in the cool evenings by the mingled light of his trusty lamp and the moonbeams, when "a dewey freshness fills the silent air;" gentlezephers may scarcely stir the leaves, or the wind may be boisterous—be these conditions as they may, he will find enjoyment in lane riding. The old clubman may renew his enthusiasm in the pastime, whilst the novice may gain many a glimpse of the incidents and activities of country life. The changing seasons reveal fresh beauties at each visit, and, if the way be a little longer sometimes, it will never be monotonous.

At the Kansas City tournament last week, there were twenty-one events. Percy Stone won every race that he started in, but had his work well cut out for him, in the handicaps.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM SEPTEMBER 25 TO OCTOBER 15.

California. Race meet held by the San Francisco Bicycle Club September 10. The Bay City Wheelmen, of San Francisco, held their seventh annual hop at Odd Fellows Hall, Friday, September 28. California R. R. A. road race at San Leandro course Oct. 8.

Connecticut. One mile match race between W. A. Rowe and Ralph Temple at Hartford, October 12. East Hartford Wheel Club races September 29.

Delaware. Races at Wilmington Oct. 11, 12 and 13.

Georgia. Tournament at Columbus Oct. 10, 11 and 12.

Illinois. Tournament at Quincy Oct. 9, 10 and 11. Six-day, eight hours per day race, at Battery D Armory, Chicago, Oct 15 to 20.

Indiana. Indianapolis Wheelmen's race meet Sept. 29. Race meet at Terre Haute Oct. 3.

Maine. Maine Division L. A. W. annual meet at Waterville Oct. 3. Owing to bad weather, however, they were postponed to Oct. 11.

Massachusetts. Five mile match race between W. A. Rowe and Ralph Temple, at Lynn, Mass., Oct. 6; won by Rowe. Easton Road Club's championship club race at Brighton, Mass., Sept. 22. Wakefield, Mass., 25-mile road race Oct. 6. Race meet at Danvers Oct. 13. On September 28, the Medford, Mass. Cycle Club was organized with 15 members. Team road race of Springfield Club Oct 5; won by J. C. Hamilton, F. A. Eldred and F. H. Williams.

Michigan. Detroit Bicycle Club's race meet Sept. 25.

New Jersey. Race meet at Roseville Sept 29. Race meet at Plainfield Sept. 29. Race meet of Orange Athletic Club at Roseville Oct. 6. New Jersey Division meet and race meet at Roseville Sept. 21 and 22. East Orange A. C. games at Roseville. One and two mile handicap, Oct. 6.

New York. Six-day rowing race on road-scullers, at Madison Square Garden, New York, commencing Oct. 7. A series of bicycle races was held by the Queens Athletic Club, on their grounds at Queens L. I., on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 20. Tournament at Poughkeepsie Sept. 21 and 22. Ladies' North Shore tour Oct. 4, 5 and 6. Four mile handicap race of Yonkers Bicycle Club won by C. B. Lickwood.

Ohio. Crescent Wheelmen, of Cincinnati, run to Dayton September 22.

Pennsylvania. Race meet held at the new grounds of the Tioga Athletic Association of Philadelphia, Sept. 29. Race meet at Carlisle, Sept. 25 and 26. Race meet at Brownville, Sept. 26. Meet of Pa. Div. Board of Officers at Harrisburg, Sept. 27. Pittsburg C. and A. meet Sept. 54. 25 and 26. Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. games, one and two mile handicaps, Oct. 15. Race meet at Bedford County Fair, Oct. 10, under the auspices of the Junuata Wheelmen.

Rhode Island. A series of bicycle races was held at Narragansette Park, Providence, Sept. 23, in connection with the State Fair. Rhode Island Division races at Providence, Sept. 25.

Tennessee. Thirty mile handicap road race given by the Nashville Club, Sept. 20; won by J. D. Herndon, scratch. Time 2:21½.

Texas. Tournament at Dallas Oct. 11 and 12.

Louisiana. New Orleans tournament Sept 28.

Missouri. Race meet at Kansas City, Sept. 27, 28 and 29.

Kansas. Kansas Div. L. A. W. Board of Officers meet at Topeka, Oct. 4.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Race meet at Montreal Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28.

England. S. G. Whittaker, at Long Eaton, Sept. 18, placed the one mile safty record at 2:31½. G. R. White has lowered the English 50-mile bicycle road record to 2h. 57m. 47s., an average of about 3:31 for each mile.

Rowe Champion of the World.

By winning the two out of three match races, W. A. Rowe has established his title to the championship of the world. The races just run have been satisfactory in that both men were in the pink of condition, and the races were run in a fair sportsmanlike manner. We understand that Rowe will now retire from the track, if he does, he has made a fitting finale to an honorable career as a professional racing man.

Through a Womanless Land.

IN searching for the strange, the weird, the unaccountable in human life, we turn our thoughts instinctively toward the Orient—we of the inquiring Western mind. There it is that the traveler, journeying eastward either in mind or body finds free play for the exercise of his imagination, in solving, or trying to solve, problems of social science that find no parallel among ourselves.

Every traveler who has tasted the lotus of Asia becomes wearied at times with the steely commercial aspect of this busy American life of ours. Then it is that the mind, preforce, sails away to seek relief in a junketing tour amid the fascinations of far Eastern lands; to revel in the fanciful mood amid what were once realities before the material eye.

In some such mood as this, the above strange title occurred to me, and seemed a most appropriate one to bestow in which I spent some weeks without setting eyes on a woman's face, and almost without seeing the flutter of a woman's garment. Those initiated in matters Asian will, perhaps, guess at once that this can be no other than Afghanistan, that strange, wild territory, forbidden to the otherwise ubiquitous globe-trotter. In that most conservative stronghold of Islamism, the *yurdu nishin* (concealment of women), is carried to a length that astonishes me, even after months of travel and observation in Turkey and Persia.

In traveling eastward through Europe and Asia, overland *via* Vienna, Belgrade, Adrianople and the Bosphorus, one begins to see scattered specimens of the "mysterious veiled lady" of the Orient, in the towns of southern Serbia. These are the women of Turkish families who have found it to their interest to remain north of the Balkans after the doubtful blessings of Ottoman government had departed to the south. At Sofia and other Bulgarian cities still more, and then reaching Turkey proper, the ladies of the *yashmak* become the rule, and unveiled faces the exception.

Constantinople is essentially cosmopolitan; its population can scarcely be called Turkish, for were a race census taken, the Osmanli would probably be found to be in the minority. On through Asiatic Turkey, through Anatolia, Sivas and Koordistan is a mixed population of Turks, Koords and Armenians. In the cities the Turkish ladies wear *yashmaks*, but the Armenians are often in the majority, and so there is small lack of female faces, and no lack at all of female forms. In the smaller towns, exclusively Turkish, all the women wear face-veils, but the simple villagers of all religions go uncovered.

Much the same state of affairs prevails in Persia. The Persian city ladies go abroad closely veiled, but the Armenian and Guebre females walk the streets with but a mere suggestion of concealment. In the villages the ladies of the Khan's household ape their city sisters, but the wives and daughters of the ryots affect no face covering whatever, and cluster about the Ferenghi traveler without reserve. Even in Holy Meshed, where Shiah fanaticism is supposed to come to a fierce focus, and the whole population are enthusiastic Mohammedans, women throng the streets, and I often caught a passing glimpse of an inquisitive female face revealed by a partially uplifted veil. So, along all that Mohammedan trail from the Bosphorus to the Mecca of Persia I saw plenty of women.

But now came the frontier of Afghanistan—the boundry line of the "womanless land." A broad stretch of desolate, uninhabitable territory, known as the *Dasht-i-na-oomid* (Desert of Despair), separated the last villages of Persia from the Afghan settlements on the Harood, but the route I entered this country. A day or two before plunging into the *terra incognita* of the desert, I was for a short time the guest of a Persian village. This was away down in southern Korassan, far off the highways of Asiatic travel, where the village folks were almost as simple hearted and unsophisticated as so many sheep.

Only at certain long intervals had they caught a brief glimpse of some passing Ferneghi traveler, and perhaps this particular little village had never before entertained one of those strange bipeds as a guest. At any rate they seemed to regard me as a *rara avis*, the novelty of whose presence was not to be lightly relinquished.

Any hint of my readiness to depart was promptly met by an assembly of the village graybeards, who forthwith employed all their art of coaxing to induce me to remain longer. At length, finding me detirmined to go, they begged me to remain with them

permanently. As an inducement for me to do this they said: "We have an abundance of pillaf, tokeme-morge, yaort and sheerah for you, as well as for ourselves; why then will you go away? and here —." I looked in the direction of the spokesman's hand. A bevy of village maidens stood modestly there, from which had I elected to remain and settle down as a Khorassain villager, I was at liberty to pick a wife.

A week later I had crossed the Desert of Despair, and was the guest of an Afghan nomad chief. Two long, straight rows of black goat-hair tents left a space between them that might aptly be termed a broad street two or three hundred yards long. The tent of the chief stood off a little to one side by itself at the end. Hundreds of stalwart and picturesque nomads in flowing white gowns were gathered about this tent, to see the strange Ferenghi visitor and his wonderful iron steed, but they were all men and boys. For lack of ocular evidence to the contrary, it was a community exclusively masculine.

Several times I rode the bicycle before the chief's tent for the delectation of himself and followers. Then somebody suggested something to the chief. He seemed not displeased with the idea.

"Would I ride up and down the 'street' once for the edification of—."

"Why certainly, Inshalla, everybody shall see me ride the iron horse." And so, up past the long rows of black tents I pedaled, greeted noisily by bellicose dogs, and wonderingly by naked and half-naked children, plying about outside the tents. But where are the women, for whose benefit I know very well this later ride had been requested? Down to the other end and back again I rode, but not a woman was visible. And yet doubtless, every woman in that big camp saw the whole performance, peeping through chinks and holes in the walls of their tents.

These Afghan nomads had seen even less of the Ferenghi traveler in their lives than the Persian villagers, for they ranged on territory that the traveler is forbidden by the authorities to penetrate, and does so only at the peril of his life. Why, then, this difference between the Khorassani village and the Afghan camp?

But perhaps it is hardly consistent, this comparison between ryot and nomad, and so let us wheel on to an Afghan village, too. The first one visited was not far east of the Harood. In architectural appearance it differed but little from the village where, a few days before, I was offered life-long hospitality and the pick of its eligible maidenhood for a wife.

In the center of the Afghan village I dismounted, to make sure of my road beyond. A gathering of well-looking men were soon shouting and gesticulating around me, some endeavoring to explain the road, all clamoring to see me ride. I looked about me critically, taking stock of the peculiarities of dress, physique and demeanor of these Afghan villagers, at that time new acquaintances. Their physique was splendid, but they were wild animals; you could see it plainly in the expression of their eyes and in every utterance and motion.

But the woman; were they, too, wild animals, physically splendid?

Quein sabe, for apparently this village, like the nomad camp, was a community of men; an Eden, a gloomy Eden from which Eve and all her daughters had been expelled.

But, hold! What was that? Upon the roof of yonder low mud-house, a veiled head was peeping cautiously from behind a gatched chimney. Was that not a woman? Very likely it was; but again *quein sabe*, for no sooner did my eye catch sight of the fluttering speck that I fancied to be a veil, than it was withdrawn as suddenly as though it were dodging a bullet.

Noticing my inquiring gaze in that direction, my Afghan audience were not slow to follow its bent. A cloud of seriousness passed over their faces, as if they suspected that some indiscreet or wanton violation of *purdu mishin* had taken place. Another chimney, another cautiously peeping head, as suddenly withdrawn as the first; a third, and yet a fourth I saw; but I left the village at last without having, to my knowledge ever set eyes on a woman.

A few days later I entered Furrak, a city of this womanless land in which no other Ferenghi traveler had set foot for more than sixteen years. High crenolated mud walls hid everything within the city from view as I approached it. Not even the tops of the

houses were visible above that grim gray rampart, heavily buttressed all around its oblong configuration.

A strong, small gateway, open by day and closed by night, provided means of entrance and exit. A few men were seen on the road leading up to the gate, but no sign of a woman. A couple of soldier sentries, wearing the picturesque uniform of some Anglo-Indian regiment, representing backsheesh from the government of India to Ameer, looked embarrassed, but presented arms from force of habit, as I passed in.

Men were buying and selling in the bazaar and moving about the streets, but there was the same utter absence of women in the city streets as in the simple village and the nomad camp. Men from a dozen different nomad clans and tribes mingled and chatted, bargained and jostled with suburban villagers selling produce, and citizens of Furrâh; but not so much as the flutter of a female garment was seen in all the bazaar.

A company of soldiers met me on the street; they were sent out to arrest the Ferenghi and bring him to the governor of the garrison. Hundreds of soldiers occupied the compound, and hundreds of civilians swarmed on the house tops, attracted by the fame of the trespassing (I had been forbidden to enter Afghanistan) Ferenghi and his strange means of locomotion. Seated by the side of Mahmood Yusuph Khan, explaining to him in inonosyllabic Persian, the way and wherefore of my appearance in Furrâh, I closely scanned the sea of faces all about. It was an Eveless multitude; there were faces bearded and faces beardless it is true, but the latter were the faces of boys. In all that great assemblage there was not a single female face. But why expect it? was I not far in the interior of the womanless land, and in a womanless city?

I was taken, under guard, outside the city ramparts and confined within a little, walled rose-garden. Curious crowds thronged the streets as I trundled the bicycle along inside a hollow square of Afghan soldiers. By this time the news of the Ferenghi's presence in the city had spread from house to house, until there was not a person in all Furrâh ignorant of the fact. Asiatics are the most inquisitive of mortals, and the women are more inquisitive than the men, and yet in the dense crowds were no female spectators. If there were any women in that strange walled city, why didn't they don their face-veils, and taking to their house-tops, satisfy their legitimate curiosity by looking down, as the women used to do in Turkey and Persia? Plainly it was a population of men only, for everybody knows that feminine curiosity could not be thus subdued, though every man in Furrâh were a Bluebeard.

A few days' detention in the garden, and then came a march of nearly two hundred miles under guard to Herat. Once in the heat of noontide, we reached a nomad camp and halted for refreshments. It was a small camp, numbering not more than a dozen tents. A tall and patriarchal Eimuck, seeing our party coming, approached and met us a hundred paces from tents. Otherwise the place looked deserted.

The patriarch shouted. First one and then another tall, white-robed figure seemed to rise up from the ground in different directions, until some half-dozen in all had responded to the shout. They might have been the shrouded forms of ghostly visitants rising at the command of this bearded magician, so tall, so white and so silently did they rise up into view. But they were only lordly Asiatic loafers, clad in the white cotton gowns peculiar to the Afghan nomads, rising from their mid-day seista beneath the scant shade of the camelthorn shrubs, the only vegetation of a sterling country, twin shrub in size and ubiquity to the sage brush of the western plains.

The men went to the tents and brought nummuds for us to sit on and big pewter bowls of cooling doke (soured goat milk) to quench our thirst. Bread and yaort would be forthcoming soon, they said; and we could see the smoke from newly kindled fires issuing from the apex of the tents. Some one there was baking bread. Was it women? Let the reader guess; for the only satisfaction I could give would be my own unconfirmed impressions.

By and by two of the men repaired to the tents, and in a few minutes returned with a heaping tray of flat unleavened wheaten cakes, bowls of creamy yaort and yaort balls dried to hardness in the sun. While we ate, four of the nomads screened us from the sun by holding an outspread sheet over our heads. After an hour's halt we

resumed our journey without having seen anything of the women who, doubtless, had baked our bread.

Once or twice we encountered parties of natives on the road riding donkeys and camels. They were nomads or villagers from outlying districts, who had been on their periodical trading trips to Herat. In Persia similar parties were frequently met, but they were mixed parties of men and women; here they were composed wholly of men.

At length we reached the famous Herat valley, and for the time being I was placed in charge of an official named Mohammed Ahzim Khan. Mohammed Ahzim Khan and his retainers kept watch and ward over me in a little, walled garden adjacent to his dwelling. He was an agreeable fellow, ever inclined to make things as pleasant for me as possible. Did I want any particular thing to eat, a retainer was dispatched at once to scour the bazaars in quest of it. A caged pee-wit and a horse were brought into the garden to afford me amusement, and my bungalow was plentifully supplied with sweetmeats. He was very indulgent.

The walls around the garden were sometimes lined with faces peeping over, and the housetops round about were a mass of inquisitive humanity. Many personal friends of Mohammed Ahzim Khan were admitted from day to day to see the Ferenghi; but among all the crowds and all the visitors was never a single woman.

Why were no women visible during the whole of that ten days' detention in Mohammed Ahzim Khan's garden? One day I hinted to him this very query; his only answer was a look of embarrassment and a shake of the head—I had touched upon a forbidden theme.

The day before leaving the garden I desired to reach some eminence from where I could obtain a comprehensive view of the surrounding country. Not far away was the crumbling minaret of a Jama Mesjid, said to have been built by Ghengis Khan. Could I be permitted to ascend it and look around? Mohammed Ahzim Khan thought perhaps he could manage it, although the experiment might be of doubtful wisdom for a Ferenghi.

But almost as high as the dilapidated minar, and close to hand, was his own residence. Why not take me to the roof of this, which would do quite as well? Mohammed Ahzim Khan was horrified at the very suggestion. "This is not Iran," he said, "this is Afghanistan." But for his being a particularly intelligent mortal for an Afghan, I doubt not that the bare suggestion of invading the sacred precincts of his menzil would have deeply offended him.

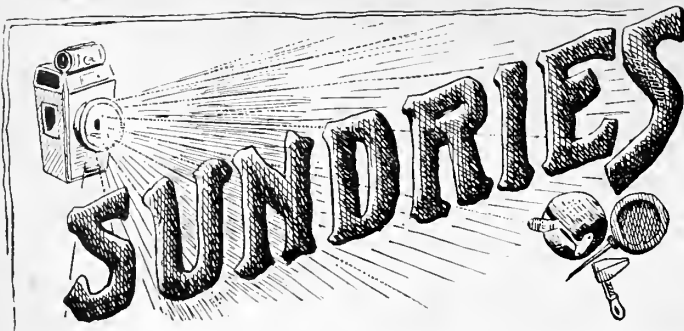
But wherefore this horror of taking me to the roof of his house? Ah! perhaps the dread secret might be revealed that, after all, the land contained some hidden members of the fair sex. Perhaps there was one, two, three, half-a-dozen hidden away in Mohammed Ahzim Khan's own menzil, and might not the invasion of the Ferenghi stranger prove a violation of *purda mishin*? In other words, might not his unhallowed eyes discover a woman in this womanless land?

A few days' journey from Herat under the escort of Mohammed Ahzim Khan and his sowars, during which I was treated with great courtesy by my captors, and I was restored to liberty in the Persian village of Karize. As the Sooltan of Karize was seated before his menzil writing, for Mohammed Ahzim Khan, a receipt for my safe delivery, scraps of dirt rolled of the roof onto the scroll. The Sooltan shouted angrily to the culprits leaning over the roof to look down; they were the women of his household. Among the crowd of inquisitives gathered about us to stare and comment were quite as many women as men.

I had at last left the womanless land; and not the least interesting of my observations there before the Sultan's menzil at Karize was a strange expression of mingled curiosity and embarrassment with which Mohammed Ahzim Khan and his wild Afghan sowars leered at the female faces about them. These rude representatives of the womanless land were all unaccustomed to the public exposure of women, and here they were visibly embarrassed by the exposure of not only women, but of their faces also.

THOMAS STEVENS.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in his capacity of Royal Ranger, has opened the gates of Hyde Park, London, to cyclists. The fact that Hyde Park has been forbidden ground until lately has always been a thorn in the side of the London riders.



W. S. Maltby, the trick rider, is projecting a professional trip to Brazil.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Goodman, of Hartford, has compiled a book of world's records—bicycle, tricycle, safety and tandem.

* * *

The first issue of the *Cycler* a new monthly published at Stamford, Conn., has made its appearance. It is a very clean and neat looking paper and has our best wishes.

* * *

Bicycling is rapidly on the increase in New Zealand, where the climate and the diversity of the scenery would seem to offer inducements to the large English population to indulge in the grand sport.

* * *

A monster chronograph has been made in England for use by the Racing Association in Australia. It will occupy a prominent position over the Judge's stand. Its dial measures thirty inches. It registers minutes, seconds and fifths. The action is start, stop and fly back. A ninety-pound weight furnishes the motive power; the hair spring is cylindrical. It will be operated by electricity, that is the starting and the stopping.

* * *

September and October, if they happen to be fine, are excellent months during which to tour; so those who can manage to squeeze a few more days out of indulgent employers, should make up their minds to go a-touring as soon as possible, and choose routes where the decaying trees offer attractions in the shape of brilliant colour.

* * *

N. H. Van Sicklen is slowly recovering from the header taken at Buffalo, and has been removed to his home. Van is still very weak and apathetic, and takes but little interest in what goes on about him. The doctors deny any specific injury, either external or internal, and base the patient's condition on the violent shock and nervous derangement.

* * *

How absolutely buried is the once famous Springfield track may be gathered from the fact that wild flowers now bloom over the spot where the scudding wheel once drove, and battles were won and lost. There's something suggestive of a Byronic sentiment and a "Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay, In thy once smiling garden the hemlock and thistle Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way."

* * *

Jo Pennell contributed a full-page sketch to *The London Graphic* last week, in which he depicted, the tour of the Pickwick Cycling Club in France. The scene was laid in the high street of a French village, in which several interested villagers were standing about, and the machines appearing therein were one tandem, two or three safeties, and several ordinaries. No doubt there was some letter-press accompanying the picture, but that did not catch our eye in the portion of the paper we happened to see.

* * *

"Life is but a running race.
The hind ones and the head ones,
Where many a live man sets the pace
For running after dead ones;
But he at last shall peter out
And tumble down a dying—
We'll lend a hand to help him up—
So wherefore are we crying?
For all the world shall peter out.
The butcher and the bake,
The tourist and the racer, too
And at last, the undertaker.

One of our English exchanges contains a letter headed "Walking vs. Cycling," in which the following remarks appear: "If hard, hot and exciting work is desired, then take to your cycle. If quiet, healthy and natural recreation is your aim, then stick to Nature's mode of motion." Without wishing in any way to deduct from the wisdom displayed by one who can put so many initials after his name, as the writer of this article has we may gently remark that the man and not the cycle makes the work "hard, hot and exciting," or "quiet and healthy;" and though the picture he draws might very well be reversed, a moderate man would find that "quiet, healthy and natural recreation" can be obtained both on foot as well as on cycle.

* * *

It is at all times pleasant to hear the opinion of the medical profession on the pastime of cycling, which in its early days called forth little but ridicule and disapprobation. It is, therefore, with some satisfaction that we observe the views held upon the tricycle as a means of health by Dr. Oscar Jennings. He has lately been interviewed and we clip the following from his testimony:—"When I began cycling I had been taking short exercise in fencing and had gone so far as to purchase the necessary implements, and pay for a month's lessons in advance. I had also tried walking. Horse riding to fatigue had not done what I wanted. To commence fencing at my age was almost impossible, and, according to initiated, was likely to continue for months. Walking alone was far from cheerful, and I soon saw that nothing short of the direst necessity would induce me to continue this mode of taking a constitutional. As a forlorn hope one never-to-be-forgotten day I mounted a tricycle. At the end of the first ride I saw its possibilities. What it has done for me may be judged from two facts—first, I have lost 10 pounds of superfluous fat; secondly, I am always ready to rise at 6 a. m. and this, to borrow a cycling expression, used by no means to be 'my record.'

Rational cycling, more than any other athletic exercise, tends to promote a healthy body. There is every reason to take up cycling as they have rubbing. Naturally, it will receive a high sounding name, and doctors will then recognise it as a method of 'cure.'

* * *

Cycles have been used for a variety of purposes—enough in fact, we fully believe, to make a book on "The Cycle and its Uses" a very interesting volume. Its usefulness extends day by day, week by week, year by year, till in time we shall really be in a world of wheels such as we have talked about for many years. During the last week we have learned of a new method of using the cycle. While by no means wishing to encourage such practices, we print as an amusing experience the following sent in to the *Sportsman* by a Berlin correspondent:—"During the past week the tricycle has appeared in quite a new light, for it has been used for the first time in a duel. The two combatants rode out with a number of friends to a retired spot some five miles north of Berlin. There three hundred yards were measured on the road, and the two duelists, after taking off hat and coat, charged madly at each other. In the collision that ensued one was thrown on his side and his leg badly damaged; the other was thrown on the back of his head. As the machine of the former was hopelessly smashed, honor was declared satisfied and after bandaging the duelists, the whole party returned to Berlin, the beaten combatant on a Carrier tricycle, while the remains of his machine were towed along by an obliging friend." The idea



THE GAZETTE'S PATENT LUGGAGE CARRIER FOR BOW-LEGGED CYCLERS.

of a Carrier tricycle being in readiness for the wounded is a good one. Such a conveyance might have served as an ambulance, hearse, triumphal car, or, in fact, anything likely to be required in connection with the fine old practice of duelling.

Colorado Notes.

Banks, Hopking, Wright and Perkins, are back from Buffalo. Banks says that on the track they were too swift for him, but thinks that with proper care, which he was promised, he could have foreclosed the mortgage he at one point held on the race. Perkins is glad to be able once more to turn a sharp corner without his wheel slipping out from under him. Paved streets are all right except in rainy weather, so says Perkins.

The Social Wheel Club gave Mr. Austin Banks, their president, a banquet, on Sept. 27. Speeches were made and a general good time had. Among the guests were Mr. Colby., lately of Leavenworth, Kan., and Mr. R. Hutchings, of the Oregon Bicycle Club, Portland. The total number of wheelmen present was fifty-four.

The Ramblers gave a ball at Warren's Hall on the evening of Oct. 3d, at which some Social and Rocky Mountain Cycling Club boys report having had a good time. This is the first entertainment given by any of the clubs at which members of rival clubs have been present. Heretofore the boys have acted as if the more they kept away from the other clubs the better it would be for them. They have seen their mistake, however, and now the boys are feeling more friendly toward each other than they ever have heretofore. Sixteen members of the Social Wheel Club have sent in their applications to the L. A. W. It is to be hoped that as many more will do so next time the list goes up.

Denver boys are glad to see that the eastern audiences like Knapp. Wilber was always well liked here, although his dudishness was a little out of keeping with his easy ways with the boys. He got there just the same. Eastwood and Gerwing are still at Buffalo, working at their trade. Eastwood intends remaining east sometime, while Gerwing is expected home in time for the fall races, however, fall races here are by no means a certainty. Our stumbling block is the track. All the tracks here at present are good horse tracks, but could hardly be put into shape for the bicyclist's use. At River Front Park, however, there is plenty of room for a good quarter-mile track around the outside of the base-ball diamond and on the inside of the half-mile trotting course. If Denver with her 1300 wheelmen can't build a track and have a race meet this fall she had better lay aside her claim to the banner wheel city of America. All the "big" riders from the east are expected here this fall, and if they come they may expect to have a fine time. I think the boys would all turn out and give Rowe, Temple and Knapp the biggest send-off they ever dreamed of. Temple and Knapp are old timers here, Temple having stopped here a couple of times and gave fancy exhibitions, while Rowe, well, who don't know Rowe?

At 4:30 Sunday morning, Sept. 23d, five members of the Social Club left their club rooms for Greeley, 55½ miles east of Denver. They made Plattsville, 36 miles out, in two hours and fifty-five minutes. After some refreshments there, the boys went on to Greeley where they arrived at 10 o'clock. The return trip was started at 11:30 and finished at club rooms at 6:30. Those that participated in the run were Louis Block, E. R. Pynchon, Joe Barmettler, Fred Fleming and Lou Hanson. Mr. Hanson rode a Victor safety and is the first safety rider that has made the round trip of one hundred and eleven miles, although several have made the attempt. Just at present, while all the eastern boys are putting in their best licks before storing their wheels for the winter, we are having the cream of the riding season. The weather is not warm enough to make riding disagreeable and the roads are at their best. If the coming winter will be as fair as the last was, we will be able to ride right through the cold weather. Several of the Ramblers had a dare to do this last winter, and they did it, Hod Kennedy and H. E. Peck riding every day for nine months.

Denver, Col.

VELOS.

Rowe vs. Temple.

A series of races has been arranged between the rivals, W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., and Ralph Temple, of Chicago, Ill. The stakes are \$500 a side. The first event, five miles took place at Lynn, Oct. 6, Rowe winning. The second, one mile, at Hartford, Conn., Oct. 10, Rowe winning that also in the very slow time of 3:14½, still he crossed the tape six lengths ahead of Temple.

The Pittsburg Tournament.

The race meet promoted by the Pittsburg Cycling and Athletic Club, at their grounds, on September 24, 25 and 26, attracted a number of fast professionals and amateurs, who provided good sport to a rather slim attendance. The tournament was a success from a sporting standpoint, but there was little or no financial benefit. The following is a summary of the races:

Monday, September 24.

One-half Mile Bicycle Scratch.—W. W. Windle first. Time 1-23.

One Mile Novice.—W. D. George, first. Time 3:20.

Five Mile Professional Championship.—First heat of championship series, W. A. Rowe, first. Time 15:22½.

One-half Mile Bicycle, 1:35 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 1:35½.

Two Mile Professional Lap Race.—H. G. Crocker, first, 31 points. Time 6:42.

Two Mile Pa. Div. State Championship.—A. C. Banker, first. Time 6:3½.

One Mile Bicycle, 3:30 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 3:21½.

One Mile Professional Handicap.—W. F. Knapp, 30 yards first. Time 2:52½.

Two Mile Bicycle Scratch.—W. W. Windle, first. Time 6:15.

Tuesday, September 25.

One Mile Bicycle Lap Race.—W. W. Windle, first, 14 points. Time 2:55.

One-half Mile Bicycle Novice.—W. D. George, first. Time 1:38.

Three Mile Bicycle Professional, Second Heat of World's Championship.—W. A. Rowe, first. Time 8:57.

One Mile Bicycle, 3:10 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 3:19½.

One Mile Professional Handicap.—R. A. Neilson, 50 yards, first.

One Mile Bicycle Scratch.—W. W. Windle, first. Time 3:00½.

Two Mile Bicycle Professional.—W. F. Knapp, first. Time 6:14.

Three Mile Bicycle Amateur Handicap.—W. W. Windle, scratch, first. Time 8:59.

Wednesday, September 26.

One Mile Bicycle Amateur Handicap.—W. W. Windle, scratch, first. Time 2:58½.

One Mile Professional Bicycle Scratch.—R. A. Neilson, first. Time 3:12.

Two Mile Bicycle Amateur, 6:20 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 7:02.

Two Mile Bicycle Amateur Lap Race.—W. W. Windle, first. Time 6:20.

One Mile Professional Bicycle, Final Heat World's Championship.—W. A. Rowe, first. Time 3m.

One Mile Bicycle Amateur Scratch.—W. W. Windle, first. Time 2:55½.

One Mile Bicycle, 3:20 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 3:23.

Two Mile Bicycle Handicap, Professional.—H. G. Crocker, 20 yards, first. Time 6:11.

Five Mile Bicycle L. A. W. State Championship.—W. D. Banker, first. Time 16:28.

First Annual Race Meet of the Indianapolis Wheelmen.

The Indianapolis wheelmen held their first annual race meet at the Exposition grounds Sept. 29. The weather and track combined to cause very poor time.

The one mile novice was won by W. C. Marmon in 3:20½; the five mile State championship by L. M. Hollingsworth in 17:06½; the one-half mile heat by A. B. Taylor in 1:31; the one mile club championship by Tom Hay in 3:59½; the two mile lap by L. M. Hollingsworth in 7:07; the quarter mile heat by A. B. Taylor in :42; the one mile, 3:30 class, by Chas. McKeen in 3:42; the one-half mile heat by L. M. Barber in 1:34; the one mile rover safety by A. L. Tabor in 3:56; the quarter mile heat by A. B. Taylor in :43½; the one mile open by A. J. Lee in 3:51; the one-half mile, 1:30 class, by Josh Zimmerman in 1:39½; the two mile handicap by L. M. Hollingsworth in 6:42½.

Should a meet be held in Buffalo next fall, it should be the greatest wheel gathering ever held in this country. Those who went want to go again, and those who have heard of the good times are sorry they missed it.

The Sea Spider.

"The Sea Spider is the popular name given a new machine to be seen of the Jersey coast, in the proximity of Atlantic City; but the inventor, the Rev. Ezra B. Lake, calls it "The Ocean Tricycle, or Sea-Wagon." Mr. Lake's idea seems to have been to make a mechanical device which could be propelled over a flat sea-bottom of not too great depth. Upon a platform, which may be designated as the body of the vehicle, there rises four standing beams of metal, which support the car, which car rises twenty-five feet above the level of the sea. The car will hold as many as forty people when crowded. Here too is the motor, which is a six horse-power engine, non-explosive, oil being the fuel used for generating the steam. The wheels, under the lower platform, are three, each one having a separate motion. These wheels may be reversed at will, so as to give facilities for turning. The whole machine is under the control of a pilot and engineer. The weight of the Ocean Tricycle is seven and one-half tons. When the machine was run it was found that the indentation on the dry sand made by the wheels was not more than two inches deep, but that when in the water the rut made was much less. It is claimed for the machine that, owing to the buoyancy of the water and the denser packing of the sand, when moving through the sea, there is forty per cent. less resistance than on the land.

It is not for pleasure excursions over summer seas at fashionable watering-places that the Ocean Tricycle has been invented and built. The end in view is to use it as a valuable adjunct to the Life-Saving Service. The machine is reported to have made at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, trips of fully three-quarters of a mile out to sea, working readily in a depth of sixteen feet. At the first trials the height of the car was twenty feet above the sea level, and no water was taken by the occupants; but it has now been raised five feet more. If wrecks occur, then, in a depth of water of not more than from sixteen to eighteen feet, it is quite probable that the Ocean Tricycle could reach such a wreck, and take the people off the stranded vessel. It may be said that off the Jersey coast the sea-bottom has a very gradual slope, and that the deep water is fairly distant from shore. Vessels are driven on to the sands where the shallows are. It becomes evident that a machine of this character would have to be placed under the control of an experienced pilot, who would have to know the exact depths along the coast. Where there were sudden depressions of the sea-bottom, or where there were ledges of rocks, the Ocean Tricycle would be of no avail. Though the force of the waves in their solid impact is enormous, there is no reason to doubt but that, as there is free passage for the water through the machine, there would be but little chance of the Ocean Tricycle toppling over.

There are many long stretches off our coast where such a machine, if its practical value were tested, would be of great use. People who are not familiar with the seas do not know how many shipwrecks occur close to the land, or how near is the danger line. Men drown, the life beaten out of them by the heavy surges, within a hundred feet of the shore. There would be something imposing in the slow march of a machine like the Ocean Tricycle through a heavy sea, the surges tearing below her, until she reached the stranded vessel, and then rescuing the mariners from death. If experiment should show that the capabilities of the Sea-Spider are what the inventor claims, there would be no doubt of its being adopted at many of our life-saving stations.

The street rowdies of Chelsea, England, have invented a new torment for the cyclers who avail themselves of the parks. They are not content with flicking them with switches and inserting bits of stick in the spokes of their wheels, but they set on little boys to run in front of a cycler with a view of getting knocked over. Boy falls prostrate, howling, of course, park keeper hurries up, takes cycler's address, a crowd soon gathers, compensation is of course forthcoming, especially if the cycler is a lady. The wounded child skips merrily off with a half crown, divides the booty, and tries for another spill in another part of the park. Of course no caution or bell is of the least avail against conspiracy of this kind unless something is done, or the magistrates before whom a test case is sure to come sooner or later are posted up in this new form of blackmailing, the the parks and suburbs of London will soon become intolerable for the better class of cyclers.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

From Watstown to Philadelphia on Wheels.

Saturday, September 22d, the sun rose bright and clear, and Messrs. H. G. Weidenhamer and Ed. B. Ketner were among the happy lads, for it was the day set apart for their commencement of a trip on their American Challenge Tandem. About the hour of 4 p. m., after some hustling about, they rode down Main street and took the tow-path on their way to Selinsgrove, where they expected to spend their first night. Making Northumberland for supper and after a stop of forty minutes, they once more resumed their journey to the aboved named town, where they arrived at 7:25, covering a distance of twenty-three miles in two hours and forty-five minutes.

Sunday promised to be a beautiful day and at 8 o'clock we left Selinsgrove in the rear and pushed on towards Harrisburg, the place where we had decided to stop the second night. After a run of three miles we found the riding anything but pleasant on account of the recent rains forming winter springs along the side of the hills, along the foot of which we had to ride, and with the canal on the other side of the road we were compelled to push through the mud, which at times was from three to eight inches deep, and which so clogged our wheels that upon our arrival at Liverpool, a small town twenty miles from our starting place, we found it necessary to wash our wheel and clean the bearings into which the mud had found its way and caused the machine to run very hard. Here after a stop of one hour and forty-five minutes, during which time we had our dinners, we once more set out on our journey southward, crossing the Susquehanna at Clarks Ferry, and from there to Dauphin for supper after which we pushed on and found the best roads we had ridden since starting. Here the pleasure of the trip commenced, for with the good roads and the excitement of passing carriages, which were numerous, caused us to feel quite jubilant.

At 6:30 we wheeled into the city of Harrisburg, striking the asphalt pavement on Market street, and, riding up to the Hershey House, had scarcely alighted from our machine when a dozen or more of the Harrisburg Wheel Club surrounded us, and after the usual questions of where we were from, how far we had ridden, and where we were going, and a general hand-shaking all around, we stored our tandem in the reading room of the hotel and went to the club-room, which is handsomely furnished, and were royally entertained by the boys with music on the banjo, of which the club can boast of several players, and talked about the fifteen mile road race which had taken place there on the day before, and which race their captain, Ed. L. Fry, was the winner. We remained in their room, until about 9 o'clock when we retired to the hotel and wrote a few letters telling the folks we had left back of us where we were and how we got along.

When we were about two miles above McKees Half Falls, we tore the tire from one of our driving wheels in trying to avoid a hog-wallow, which delayed us about twenty minutes to repair, and on Monday morning early we arose, took breakfast, and pushed our machine to the repair shop and had the tire put on. While this was being done we strolled out to the Capitol and went through it. On coming back we found the tire cooling and putting the wheel on, returned to the hotel, paid our bill, and started with about a hundred spectators looking after us. Our start was made at 10 o'clock, for Reading, which we were told was fifty-six miles distant, but over a good pike. After a run of two hours and ten minutes, we stopped at a small town called Palmyra for dinner, after which we again started on our trip in the rear of a team of mules hitched to a brewery wagon, the driver of which asked us who would be the first in Lebanon for that is the place for which he hailed. We answered that probably he had best go on and tell them that we were coming, but after going about a quarter of a mile we passed him, and that is the last we saw of the team. We pushed steadily on and nothing of any importance transpired until we reached a place called Womelsdorf. Here we passed a splendid team of horses, and after we had passed the driver gave us chase, down hill and up, for a distance of four miles, when we stopped and waited for him to come up for we were about a quarter mile ahead of him, and he seemed astonished to think that such a thing could beat his team. After our chase we journeyed along at a leisurely pace till we rode into the city of Reading, at 6:15, and upon inquiry were directed to the American

House where we put up for the night, and after partaking of a hearty supper, with three waiters attending to our wants, who seemed to know that wheelmen required good and substantial food, and not much in the dainty line, we proceeded to investigate the town, for we had never been there before. We found it to be a pleasant place, and succeeded in cultivating the acquaintance of some few people, after which we went to the hotel and as usual did some writing and retired.

Tuesday, upon arising from our couch, we were not so pleased as we would have been had the sky been clear. But notwithstanding the threatening look we once more took our saddle and pursued our way, and soon Reading was left in the distance, for from the time we left Harrisburg we find the roads all piked and in good order, with now and then a rough spot which we easily go over with a little careful riding. At 10:30 we landed in Pottstown and stopped for an oyster fry which put new life into us, and we proceeded to Norristown, where we stop to take dinner, having ridden forty miles since eight o'clock in the morning. After dinner we ride about a mile out of Norristown on the Philadelphia pike, but we are told that it is rough and hard riding, so took the advice of some parties and cut across the country which we found very hilly and sandy to the Lancaster pike which we struck at Radnor, a small station on the Pennsylvania railroad. From here into Philadelphia we find the pike as smooth as a floor, and find some of the finest coasts we have on our entire trip. In one place we can coast for half a mile and not touch a pedal, while at the foot of the hill is a small one to ascend and the tandem has gained such speed that she thinks nothing of crossing the grade and down the other side with a spurt. We still keep on and at 4 p. m. land in Philadelphia and go to the Hart Cycle Co. to find a place to store our machine for a few days, but upon being told that we would have to go back to the rink in West Philadelphia, we came to the conclusion we had better find some place else, which we did at 808 Market street, in the store of Weimer, Wright & Watkin, wholesale shoe dealers.

We hope we have succeeded in interesting our readers, and next year if we live so long, we will give you another trip in a different direction, and will now say as we did to our many friends whom we met on our tour, farewell.

W. K.

Death of J. Fred Midgely.

At the Hartford race meet Mr. Midgely complained of feeling unwell and at the close of the meeting he went home and was at once taken down with typhoid fever. The physicians had every hope for his recovery but they were not realized and near mid-night on the 5th of October, he died.

Coming Events.

- Oct. 15-20.—Six day, eight hours per day, race at Battery D Armory, Chicago, Ill.
- Oct. 27.—Grand bicycle tournament, Berkeley Athletic Club, at Morris Dock, New York City.
- Oct. 21.—Sommerville (Mass.) Club run to Salem, Mass.
- Oct. 23, 24.—Bicycle races in connection with Exposition, at Richmond, Va.
- Oct. 28.—Somerville (Mass.) Club run to Lexington Woods, Mass.
- Dec. 17.—Twelfth Regiment Games at Armory, Ninth Avenue and Sixty-second street, New York. Two-mile.
- Feb. 8, 1889.—Entertainment and reception of Manhattan Bicycle Club, at Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York City.

New Records.

Stillman G. Whittaker, the well-known American professional rider, in a race against time on the track at Long Eaton, Eng., Sept. 11, accomplished the following best on record for safety machines: Two miles, 5:18 $\frac{3}{4}$; three, 7:59; four, 10:40 $\frac{1}{2}$; five, 13:22 $\frac{1}{2}$; six, 16:07; seven, 18:52 $\frac{3}{4}$; nine, 24:22 $\frac{3}{4}$; ten, 27:05 $\frac{3}{4}$; eleven, 20:50 $\frac{3}{4}$. On the following day, at the Crystal Palace track, Fred J. Osmond, amateur, made new figures for a mile. He first went for the flying quarter, which he accomplished in 33 $\frac{3}{8}$ s, exactly tying his former record. In his mile attempt he was assisted by D. McRae and F. P. Wood as pace-makers. The starting quarter occupied 37 $\frac{3}{8}$ s; half mile, 1:14, which exactly ties W. A. Illston's Coventry record, made in a half mile race July 9, 1887; three-quarters, 1:53 $\frac{1}{2}$, which ties Furnival's record; and full mile, 2:31 $\frac{1}{2}$, which beats Furnival's 2:32 $\frac{3}{4}$, accomplished Aug. 23, 1886, at Long Eaton. Osmond now holds all the amateur mile records from one to ten miles, and also the flying quarter record. On Sept. 22, at the Long Eaton Recreation grounds, Whittaker made an attempt to make record for twenty-five miles, and succeeded in creating new figures for every mile from two to the finish, his time for the full distance being 1h 11m. 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ s. On the same date, the annual North Road Cycling Club's one hundred mile road race took place over the usual course. The result was that G. R. White, on an ordinary, rode the entire distance without dismounting in 6h. 48m. 14s, thus beating record time, which was 7h. 6m. 18s., made by F. H. Williams on Whit Monday.

E. Birge, while riding near West Warren, Mass., rode over a red squirrel. Birge was going at good speed and his wheel caught the little fellow, and, curiously enough, took him up with it into the slot that the wheel passed through under the seat, where he was of course killed.

Those Pretty Little Knee Breeches.



THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.



THE END OF THE SEASON.

MASSACHUSETTS DEPARTMENT.

In the pouring rain and on a track deep in mud, William A. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., defeated Ralph Temple, of Chicago, in a five mile match race on the track of Glenmere Park, Lynn, on Oct. 6th. Few expected that there would be a race on such a day, but nevertheless over 500 enthusiastic spectators were present. The track was in excellent condition, with the exception of the lower turn, which was rather slippery. The physical condition of both men could not have been better, and both were confident of winning. Upon the appearance of both riders the applause was deafening, and the exciting contest was devoid throughout of unfairness.

After shaking hands, the riders lost no time in taking their mounts, and both receiving good starts, were off at a fair pace, with Rowe in the lead. The riders kept very near together the entire distance, and neither appeared to exert himself to any great extent. When the bell sounded for the last lap the real contest began. When the racers were half way around the track Rowe made a terrific spurt and was soon three lengths ahead of Temple. Temple tried to respond, and all looked for one of his wonderful spurts. He spurted well, but Rowe began to gain 100 yards from the finish, and won easily by three lengths. The time by miles are as follows:

1 mile, Temple	-	-	-	-	2:53½
2 miles, Rowe	-	-	-	-	5:37½
3 miles, Rowe	-	-	-	-	9:01½
4 miles, Temple	-	-	-	-	12:16½
5 miles, Rowe	-	-	-	-	15:38½

The officials were: Referee, F. S. Merrill; starter, T. A. Carroll; timers, A. H. Carsley and H. P. Armstead; umpires for Temple, Dr. W. H. Emery and E. P. Burnham; umpires for Rowe, Charles Whittier and J. H. Sherman; scorers, W. Reed and F. W. Aymer.

NOTES.

Captain Kendall, of the Boston Club, expects his proposed "coasting contest" to prove a big success.

* * *

The Boston Club will, without doubt, make another run to Old Squantum. before the cycling season is over.

* * *

Every wheelmen in the vicinity of Boston should take advantage of the beautiful roads with which the new Back Bay Park abounds.

* * *

It is reported that the Springfield Bicycle Club declined to lend its name to the Temple-Rowe race that was to have been run in that city.

* * *

The Rover Club of Charlestown, attended the Boston Theatre the 6th inst., to witness the "Crystal Slipper." Dr. W. J. Kendall was an invited guest of the club.

* * *

The runs of the Charlestown Rovers for the remainder of this month will be as follows: Oct. 14, to Lexington; 21st, to Haugh's Neck; 28th, to Woodland Park, Auburndale.

* * *

As soon as Massachusetts is entitled to another representative, Charley Howard, will, without doubt, be appointed by Chief Consul Hayes. Charley is a great favorite and will make an excellent choice.

* * *

Captain E. P. S. Mortan, of the Middlesex Cycle Club, is one of the most enthusiastic workers in Eastern Massachusetts, and well deserves the popularity of the members of that organization, which is given him.

* * *

Asa Windle rode Stickney Hill, Lynn, last week, on a Veloce Columbia geared to 55 inches. This is the only crank machine that has ever been pushed to the top of this hill.

* * *

Capt. F. B. Kimball, of the Sommerville Club, has called the following runs: October 14th, to Waltham, 21st, to Salem. Dinner at the Essex House; 28th, to Lexington Woods. Starts on each of these runs will be made at 10 a. m.

Capt. Perkins, of the Cambridge Club, has called the following runs for the remainder of October: 14th, Walpole, *via* Dedham, starting at 8:30 a. m.; 21st, Lexington, starting at 10 a. m.; 28th, Salem. As this is the last official run of the season, it is hoped that a goodly number will turn out. Dinner will be served to members without expense.

* * *

The annual 25-mile road race of the Wakefield Bicycle Club, of Wakefield, took place on the afternoon of the 6th inst., in pouring rains. There were only seven entries, and the course was to Reading, Greenwood, and through various streets of the above town. Frank H. Burrill, was the winner, covering the 25 miles in one hour and fifty-six minutes. In the evening the club held a banquet at its rooms which was largely attended. The prizes were a silver cup, nickel-plated bicycle lamp, and a pearl handled knife.

* * *

The Middlesex Cycle Club made an enjoyable run to Lexington, September 30. The party numbered nearly fifty, and was in charge of Capt. E. P. J. Morton. Lexington was reached in time for dinner, which was served at the Massachusetts House, the cyclists' popular resort. In numbers the ladies and gentleman were about equally represented, which fact of course added not a little to the pleasure of the occasion. The club had for guests several well-known theatrical people, including Miss Pauline Hall, of the "Erminie" company. The run was successful in every particular, and one that will long be remembered.

* * *

The ladies and gentlemen participating in the fourth annual North Shore tricycle tour, arrived at the Pavilion Hotel, Gloucester, Thursday, October 4. At Essex Woods a halt was made for lunch. C. T. Chapman and C. R. Dodge met the party at Essex and escorted them to the city. Friday the club went around the Cape, dining at the Linwood Hotel, Pigeon Cove, and returning at night to the Pavilion. The homeward start was made for Boston *via* Salem and Nahant, Saturday morning. The company was made up of the following: Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. Southwell, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith, the Misses Kirkwood, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Mason, H. M. Farr, Miss Flora Farr, Mr. and Mrs. Hale, and Mr. and Mrs. G. J. McArthur.

W. R. F.

Odds and Ends.

Con Dwyer, the Australian champion, has been re-instated in the amateur ranks.

* * *

At the Tioga race meet, Kingsland, of Baltimore, showed good form, defeating Crist, Halsted, Wilhelm, and other good men.

* * *

Dedicated to the heavy tricyclist:—

"His rolling wheels shake heaven's basis."

—*Milton*.

* * *

Mons. Louis Suberbie, editor of *Le Monde Sportif*, of Paris France, is a very tall man, rides a sixty-six ordinary, and can stretch a seventy.

* * *

At the Terre Haute, Ind., race meet, W. E. McCune, on a Springfield Roadster, won the one mile open, finishing 200 feet ahead of any of his competitors.

* * *

A curious match has been made between J. C. Edwards, of Connecticut, and W. Jones, of Albany, N. Y., to ride across country from Sandlake to Bath, N. Y. They will be accompanied by two horsemen.

* * *

A horseman in Philadelphia, the other day, accidentally rode down a cyclist. Instead of giving himself up in a peaceful manner he thrust the policeman aside and rode off at top speed. His offense is resisting arrest, and he will fare badly when caught.

* * *

The second volume of Thos. Stevens' "Around the World on a Bicycle" has appeared. Nearly one-third of the contents of this volume is new matter, that has never before been in print. Mr. Stevens informs us that he will furnish autograph copies to wheelmen at any time prior to November 1.

A WHEEL AROUND THE BAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND OF MONTEREY.

BY JOSEPH J. BLISS.

In Four Parts.

* FOURTH DAY.

I had intended when I started, to wheel the whole distance from Alameda to Monterey, and, if possible, to return *via* Santa Cruz. So far I had fulfilled my intentions, except that on the third day I had hoped to get beyond Santa Cruz on the return trip, or at least to get to Santa Cruz early in the day. The third day had however been very tiring; the amount of walking had been great and the riding had been done on a broken saddle. I was now about 80 miles from home, and the next twenty-five miles over the Santa Cruz mountains I knew, were at the best, mostly walking, and now as the shady mountain roads had not had time to dry, probably would afford no riding at all. As I had before been over this road with my bicycle, I had not now the attraction of unexplored country to induce me to wheel over it, neither had I yet got my saddle repaired. I therefore concluded, as I must reach home that day, to take train from Santa Cruz to Los Gatos, at the foot of the mountains on the other side. There would then remain nearly sixty miles to ride on the wheel, all good traveling.

My breakfast was not the best, probably because it was too early. The excellent supper the night before had led me to expect something better. My bill for supper, bed and breakfast was \$1.50, which was reasonable enough, but I fancy had I arrived at Santa Cruz before dark on the previous day I should have investigated a certain German hotel where I obtained an excellent meal on my previous visit to Santa Cruz, for twenty-five cents. As it was I did not feel like looking around, but went at once where I knew I would be well provided for, but at higher rates.

The train left Santa Cruz at seven o'clock, and the grade up the mountains is so steep that I believe it is usual to run two engines. A ride of less than an hour, through the rather fine scenery of the timber-clad mountains, brings me to Los Gatos, a pretty little town embowered in orchards and vineyards. The apricot trees were already in blossom and the place looked very pleasant.

Immediately after alighting from the train I mount my machine and start towards San Jose. I succeeded in riding the hill leading out of the town without a dismount, and then there is level country completely to my home. My saddle bothers me this morning however considerably, and I soon stop by the roadside and attempt to soften the seat by tying some rags over it and then I delay nearly an hour to oil up my machine and clean the Monterey County dirt from it, not having had the opportunity at the Pacific Ocean House at Santa Cruz, the previous evening.

The first five miles from Los Gatos is over a poor road, and this, added to the condition of my saddle, induces me to walk a portion of it. I did not neglect the opportunity afforded by a pump, in the school-house yard about midway, to take a drink, for it was already quite warm. The weather on the whole trip had been just as beautiful as I could wish for. The road on either side the whole twelve miles from Los Gatos to San Jose is almost uninterruptedly lined with orchards and vineyards, and afford good riding at all season. In the summer this part of the road is sprinkled by water wagons.

I found that even on an excellent road, my saddle would not permit a longer ride than one or two miles without rest, and so it was eleven o'clock when I reach San Jose. I proceed at once to a gunsmith's store I had noticed opposite the Pacific Hotel, and make arrangements for the repair of my saddle, the man agrees to have it done in about an hour and a half, and in the meantime I go to dinner and eat such a hearty meal that I am almost ashamed of my appetite, which I think must be increasing daily.

It is half past one before my machine is ready, and then I commence the return journey. I am sensible of a decided improvement in the fit of my saddle, the contrast from the morning's riding was very great, and the road being in splendid condition, I make what appear to me fast time from San Jose to Willow Fountain, upwards of three miles. According to my watch it only took a trifle over ten minutes. Here I pause for a glass of beer, and then continue

along to Milpitas, urged to the top of my speed by a trotter behind me. I now have to face the wind however, and I am glad to pause again at the end of four miles at Milpitas, for my customary glass of wine there. I am afraid this glass of wine makes me a little merry, for I find myself singing aloud (something unusual,) as I ride against a strong head-wind for the next seven or eight miles, to and past Warm Springs. The road was however in excellent condition, yet I passed some men repairing it by patching some depressions with fresh gravel. This I think accounts for the general good condition of this piece of road, namely, patching as soon as a bad spot appears, without allowing the whole road to get bad before commencing repairs.

Before reaching Washington Corner I take to the side path, and here get the first fall on the trip. A gutter had been made across the path, near a brick building in course of construction, and in my attempt to cross it, I take a header, without hurting myself in the least, but a pile of bricks had intercepted my wheel as it went over me, and on getting up I found that one spoke was torn loose. I was unable to tighten the spoke so proceeded on my way, and, I suppose, to prove the theory that misfortunes never come singly, I meet with another mishap in the short space of a few seconds thereafter. I had but fairly got into the saddle and well under way, along the side path again, when I was suddenly flung backwards from my machine, and landed on my back upon the earth. In my preoccupation I had run into the wire, which I mentioned in the article in the March number of the GAZETTE as being stretched across the sidewalk at this point at about the level of my eyes as I sat in my machine. It proved to be on the level of my neck, for it struck me just below the chin, and it was fortunate for me that one end was loose, being attached over a pulley to a weight, thereby allowing the wire to give when the necessary pressure was applied, otherwise, as I was going at a good speed, my head had probably been cut off. When I was able to get up, my first thought was to demolish that wire, and I proceeded to investigate with this end in view, but it proved to be too much of a task, and so I concluded I didn't care about doing it. The only injury I had sustained were some scars extending pretty nearly all around the neck. My machine had apparently escaped unhurt, and I am soon on my way again.

I was undecided whether to continue straight ahead to Centerville or return home by way of Niles, but the road was so good that I was loth to leave it to make trial of the other, and at 4:15 I pass through Centerville without dismount, and at 4:45 have covered the intervening five miles to Alvarado.

To avoid bumping over the long bridge between Alvarado and Mount Eden I concluded to branch off to Haywards, but regret having done so exceedingly after passing the first half mile, for the road over the low ground proves to be very heavy and sticky, and I am unable to pass one point without getting into mud over my shoe tops. It would have been better, even now, to retrace my steps, and I would have done so, had I known how rough the next two miles were to be, but I keep on hoping that the road will improve till at length I reach the junction with the Haywards-Niles road. There was now a slight improvement, but the road was still very rough, and it is 6:30 when I reach Haywards, having consumed an hour and three quarters in traveling less than seven miles. Had I continued along the Mount Eden Road from Alvarado, I should have been nearly home by this time, instead of having twelve miles to go. Probably the Mount Eden road is the best one to take as a usual thing.

It is now dark except for the moonlight, but the road is familiar to me, and I spin along the very fine stretch of road, straight from Haywards to San Leandro, six and one-half miles in thirty minutes. Dinner would now be very acceptable, but after a delay of five minutes for a glass of beer I push along, over the remaining six and one-half miles for home.

The road had greatly improved since the start of three days previously, or it would not have been ridable by moonlight. I do not have to make any dismount at all, except one I chose to make at the Half-way House for another glass of beer, for I began to feel the need of refreshment of some kind and a piece of bread would have been acceptable. At eight o'clock my machine is safely housed at home, and I immediately supply the wants of my stomach, afterwards take a bath, and retire.

I had succeeded in making the trip which I had started out to make at the rather unusually early time of year, February. I was a little dissatisfied that I had felt compelled to take the train for the twenty-five miles over the Santa Cruz mountains, but this was caused by the accident of the broken saddle, and I did not regret it greatly, as I had on previous occasions explored these twenty-five miles on my wheel. I was now familiar with the entire route of 250 miles to Monterey and return *via* Santa Cruz. The trip had been very enjoyable, notwithstanding the hard walk on the third day, and I should have been only too well pleased to have commenced another such trip on the following day.

My total expense was \$9.15, which had not been greater than I had anticipated, although I had spent \$1.15 cents for railroad fare and \$1.50 for repairing saddle, which had not been calculated upon before the start.

I found that the change of underclothing strapped to my handle bar had supplied all my needs in this respect, and the only things I had not taken with me, which I now considered should be taken along on the next trip, were a supply of needles and thread and a small hair brush in addition to my pocket comb.

The ball-catcher's gloves had not given satisfaction. They were convenient, for the reason that it was not necessary to remove them in order to handle pencil or money, but the fingers which are exposed, get grimy, and dirty, and the back of the hand, which is unprotected from the sun, gets browned, and I think in very hot weather would get blistered, and, as the protected parts are kept whiter, the hands present at the end of the trip quite a parti-colored appearance.

I have appended a map, * which I think will be found of great service to any wheelmen, unfamiliar with the route, who may desire to make the trip from San Francisco to Monterey.

March, 1888.

* See May, 1888.

Thought Him a Dude.

FARMERS have a queer idea of a dude. They imagine that anybody hailing from a city, who chances to be dressed in a way different from what they are in the habit of seeing, is a dude, and consequently no good on earth. A certain young fellow, living in Chicago, took a tour through Wisconsin on a bicycle a short time since, dressed in a very striking costume, including a pair of knee breeches. Now, all wheelmen, as a rule, are more or less thin, on account of the vigorous exercise which they indulge in, but where superfluous avoirdupois is conspicuous by its absence, very hard muscles are liable to be hiding, ready to fool the party who presumes to trifle with their owner. It so happened that the young man in question was quite slight, and while in reality of good physique, his very thinness lead those untutored children of the furrow to imagine that he was one of those wishy-washy fellows from the city whom they had read about. It was on a Sunday morning that he wheeled into a small village, and dismounted in front of the "tavern," where the tough boys of the burg had congregated, and made some inquiries regarding the road. Nobody seemed in a hurry to tender him the information which he desired, but finally one big hulk of a fellow yawned and stretched himself and said:

"Reckon you haint 'quainted in these parts."

"No," replied the wheelman, "I am a stranger here, and would like to reach the next town in time for dinner."

"Hem! Then you eat occasionally, eh?" said the tough man, as he expectorated a stream of tobacco juice at a white hen that was strutting about a watering trough some six feet away.

"Yes," answered the wheelman good naturedly, "semi-occasionally, but that has nothing to do with my question."

"'Spose them pants wus picked early—say 'bout the last o' June er the fust o' July, 'fore they'd got ther growth, wan't they?" chipped in another over-grown jay from Wayback.

"Never mind those pants," returned the wheelman, a trifle hotly, "but be kind enough to answer my question."

"Wall, I'll be durned, if it don't git spunky 's well 's eat," exclaimed the first tough man. "Now I should love powerful well to see a scuffle 'twixt that Smith boy, whut's foolish, an' this here corn husk from the city, but I guess it's no use, 'cause the Smith boy is sick in bed. Say, is it hard to ride one o' them machines?"

"Well," replied the wheelman, "that depends. Anyone with any reasonable amount of intelligence can get along fairly well, but I doubt if you could even hold it up to say nothing of getting into the saddle."

This remark brought a loud laugh from all except tough man number one, and it is needless to say that he felt somewhat humiliated.

"Say," said he, as the laughing ceased, "I'm goin' to tackle that horse o' yourn, an' if I fail to ride it, I'll take the disappointment outen your hide, d'ye hear?"

"I'm listening," replied he of the abbreviated pants.

"Well, then, here goes," said country, and then followed a scene that beggars description. He approached the lay-out as he would a skittish horse, and taking hold of a small saplin' pulled himself into the saddle. A companion gave him a push and, as often happens the started off very nicely, and the farther he went the better it balanced. In the meantime a companion had followed, and wishing to return, he had his friend hold the machine while he dismounted and turned it around. Again he was successful in reaching the saddle, and started back at break-neck speed, leaving his companion far in the rear. As he approached the tavern he lost his head and the machine insisted upon running right for the watering trough. Then it was that he turned pale, and asked the wheelman how the thing was stopped. Just as he was about five feet from the trough, the wheelmen mildly suggested that he put on the brake, and with a sign of relief the tough man crowded the brake spoon on the tire. In another second the air was full of bicycle and farmer, and then with a mighty splash he fell into the water of the trough, where he lay several seconds completely helpless from surprise and fright. However, as the water filled his boots, and got up his nose, he began to take in the situation and then he got mad. Large rectangular oaths escaped him, first in couples, and then in large flocks, till the water on his clothes fairly sizzled. He bounded out of the trough and made for the gentleman from Chicago, who never budged an inch, but calmly waited the coming of the bully. On it came in all its fury, and attempted to clinch, but just in the nick of time, Chicago reached out with his left, followed up with the right, and again country lit in the trough. This was more water than the poor devil had had on his at one time for months, and it puzzled him, but his mad was still up, and with a few more verses of swear words he attempted to arise and get at the wheelman, but it was useless; he was lammed back as fast as he could get up, and finally begged to call it quits. At this he was allowed to arise, the wheelman going so far as to assist him to his feet, and then turning to the rest of the party he said, "Gentlemen—if any of you can claim that title—I asked you a civil question and you insulted me for my pains. Now, your friend here, has got me warmed up, and if there are any more of you who desire to take a bath, I am ready to accommodate you free of charge. On the other hand, if you are satisfied that I am not as bilious as I look, just give me the information that I seek and I will make my stay as brief as possible." It was astonishing how anxious those fellows were to be civil to the tourist after that and they not only put him on the right road, but tough number one got his horse, and accompanied him to the next town, where they parted good friends. Such is life. Some men need a good licking and after they get it, they usually swear by the man who thrashed them.—*Peck's Sun.*

A would be inventor explained to us the other day what he called a "capital idea." It is the "grapnel brake." It consists of a small anchor with four or five claws, which the happy cyclist chucks behind him, and thereby checks his course when occasion requires. We advised the inventor not to patent it. Needless to say he is a non-cyclist. What will be the next thing in the inventing line?—*Ricycling News.*

A person who thinks and uses a bicycle as though it was self-supporting will find out that it is not. There are many of this kind, however, and they are always losing nuts off of their machines, as they never examine them to see if they need setting up. A good wheelman will see that his wheel is in good condition before he starts off on a run, the same as an engineer would his locomotive. "A stitch in time saves nine", is a good maxim to follow in the case of a bicycle.

Wheeling Better Than Politics.

BY KARL KRON.

CONSIDERED as a scheme for getting rid of malaria, and storing up a supply of strength sufficient for the production of this book, my forty days of walking large with the wheel proved eminently successful. It convinced me, too, that the love of touring, like any other genuine and healthy enjoyment, is really insatiable. It grows by what it feeds on. The man who has a hearty liking for it, is always bound to want more. He is like the Scotchman's dog that could never get enough of fighting. 'I go through the woods and hunting-grounds one day, and I rise up in the morning and go through them again the next day,—I walk large,' said the Indian; and it seems to me that I, in similar spirit, could never really tire of wheeling large.

I care too much for comfort to sacrifice it in traversing deserts and dangerous countries merely for the sake of conquering them, while innumerable pleasanter regions are waiting to be explored; and I am not adventurous enough to risk my life in search of strange sensations and unique experiences, as Thomas Stevens did in Asia; but I sympathize entirely with the spirit of Stevens, which enables him to take pleasure in the process of buckling a bicycle belt round the world; and I have no hope of higher happiness in the future than that which would attach to wheeling large in foreign but friendly lands, should Fortune ever thus allow me to push Number 234, Jr. across such 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

If this ambition seems contemptible to the man whose nature shows no strain of the noble savage, let him modestly remember that the savage, in turn, looks with the sincerest contempt on the ambitions and amusements of the highly-civilized. To the men of my own age and generation who have not fairly taken in hand the political management of this continent (though the superfluously lagging veterans who were *not* 'in de wah' have as yet failed to get a grip on that truth), let me say that the exploration of the continent's roads seems exactly as creditable. I wish them great good luck in their little game called "politics;" but it seems to me that most of the players make it a very little game. 'I know their tricks and their manners,' and I am not impressed at all with the notion that any special dignity or grandeur attaches to their performance. My game called wheeling seems quite as respectable a one for an elderly man to seek his amusement in; and if they laugh at this idea, let them remember that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'

I do not affect to despise any kind of human activity which is engaged in sincerely; I only insist that the value of each kind, as regards the individual, is purely relative, dependent entirely upon his own special mental center, or personal point-of-view. 'Of the many precious immunities that belong to humble station, there are none,' as Hamerton says, 'more valuable than the freedom from false amusements. Any hard work, however uncongenial, has the qualities of a mental tonic, for you see a sort of result; whilst a false pleasure leaves no result but the extreme fatigue that attends it,—a kind of fatigue quite exceptional in its nature, and the most disagreeable that is known to man.'

And so, when some conventional ambition or ceremonious splendor is pointed out for my approval, I exclaim: "It is very good,—it is beautiful; but I,—I walk large." Or perhaps I sing, in paraphrase of George Arnold's verses:

"A harmless fellow, wasting useless days,
Am I: I love my comfort and my leisure;
Let those who wish them, toil for gold and praise;
To me, this whirling wheel brings more of pleasure.
So, here upon it let me ride at ease,
While solemn voices of the Past are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees,
And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.
Praise, if you will, 'the man of higher aims'!
I ask but leave to smell the flowers, and listen
To lisping birds, or watch the sunset's flames
On the broad river's surface glow and glisten.
Yes, let me go: I care no longer now
For fame, for fortune, or for empty praises;
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,
I'd ride forever here among these daisies.
So you who wish for fame, good friend pass by:
With you I surely cannot think to quarrel;
Give me peace, health, this wheel whereon I fly,
And spare me both the labor and the laurel!"

How to Tour.



O COURSE there are quite as many different ideas as to the proper and only correct way to tour by means of a cycle as there are about very nearly every other question under the sun, so that we do not for a moment suppose that what we are about to say will meet the views of everyone. Cycle tourists may roughly be divided under two heads—those whose chief aim is distance, and those who merely use the cycle as a means of conveyance, and take their time to see the country. Of course, were we to suggest to the former that they were going about their touring methods wrongly, we should probably fail to convince them of their error, but that the latter method of touring undoubtedly is the most enjoyable, and gives the greatest satisfaction in the end, we are quite certain. In the younger days of our cycling life we were quite as anxious as anyone to cover long distances when touring, but after having tried this method for several years, and gradually changed it for the other, we unhesitatingly say that the slower system of travelling is much to be preferred. Of course, it is all very nice on returning from a tour to be able to say that during the week or fortnight out, as the case may be, one has travelled so many hundred miles, and has seen—that is, passed through—a terribly long string of places. It may possibly impress the outsider more favorably with the advantages to be derived from cycling than if half-a-dozen places only were mentioned as having been visited in the same time, but it also may, and will in many instances, undoubtedly cause the said outsider to meditate a lot upon the hard work necessary to indulge in cycling. By far the greater number of cyclists make a tour in their one holiday of the year, and select that method as the best means of obtaining a pleasant change from their daily avocations, and the most healthy means of living during that period. Riding long distances day after day, however, necessitates a previous training of some considerable length, which many cannot obtain; but irrespective of this, it is needful that the tourist should rise early and ride fast, and not infrequently late as well, whilst he bears away with him a brief and inaccurate idea of the country through which he has passed. On the other system, though early rising may be indulged in to the fullest extent, it is not necessary to the success of the trip. The country is traversed quietly and without excessive strain upon the partly untrained body. The same amount of fresh air is secured, and the tourist on his return is enabled to retain a far more correct and pleasing memory of the places and things he has seen in his travels. To map out a tour of any length and make a point of reaching the places set down each night, irrespective of weather and all other circumstances, is therefore a mistake, and if some general idea of the route be decided upon, and the tourist allows himself, within some limits, to follow fancy over that route he will find a true enjoyment in cycle touring. Let him start when he pleases, and stop when he thinks desirable, even varying the occupation of cycle riding by the indulgence in other pastimes. Let him fish if it pleases him; geologise, if rocks permit of successful investigation; sketch, if he be an artist; photograph, if he be that way inclined; have a day on the water if fancy and opportunity point that way; or even let him break the journey for a game of tennis, should he find suitable partners. If a tour be mapped out to cover a picturesque country, and the tourist then follow the bent of his inclinations, and be not distressed at the end of the day should he even have covered less than twenty miles, we opine that he will enjoy himself far better than by searching through the country with head down and everything centered upon his progress and his progress only.

Cycling in Russia.

One of the greatest revolutions in cycling on the continent is the introduction of cycles in the Russian army, which has just been officially ordered. The Grenadier corps will be the first one equipped for the introduction of this feature into the service, and the autumn maneuvers of the army will include practical cycling. In an official test made for the purpose of comparing the utility of the bicycle with that of the horse, a dispatch was sent to a town thirty five mile outside of Moscow, and an answer returned, in which the wheelman beat the horse by four hours.

CYCLE and I.



*Thou and I, my noble wheel,
O'er the highway rolling
Friends are we for woe or weal
Oft together strolling.*

*What care we for weary miles,
Thou and I together,
When the cloudless Heaven smiles,
Or in stormy weather.*

*Glistening bright thy sinews are,
In the sunlight gleaming!
And thy lamp shines near and far,
Through the darkness beaming.*

*Thou and I leave care behind,
Bicycle, my beauty!
Fleeter steed, I'll never find,
Ready aye for duty!*

*May thy beauty ne'er grow dim,
May thy strength ne'er fail thee,
Staunch and true each slender limb;
Noble wheel, I hail thee!*

*Thou and I my fifty-four,
Willing steed and master!
How we skim the roadway o'er!
Never bird went faster.*

S. K. B.



SONG OF THE ROAD RACER.

(BEFORE THE RACE.)

*Give me room to yawp and shout,
Hlp, hlp, whoop, hooray!
See me skip for all that's out
On the racing day.
All the rest will stand no show
When I duck and run,
Just observe if that's not so;
Watch out for the fun!*

And you can just bet your knee pants that there's going to be some fun, for when I spurt to the front, the man that tries to follow me will have to pull a lung out, and even then he won't do it.

(DURING THE RACE.)

*Pull and kick and strain and sweat,
Let them do their worst,
I shall win this race yout bet
Tho' I'm not now first.
Let the others set the pace,
Don't you ever fret,
I will spurt and win the race;—
Oh, I'll get there yet!*

No sir, the pace is not too hot for me—not by a good deal,—but I'm just taking it easy behind here, and when the rest are all blown, you just watch me rush ahead and knock the persimmon. Do you grasp?

(AFTER THE RACE.)

*Let me howl and tear my hair,
Oh, this luck of mine!
Let me make the summer air,
Sulphurously sublime!
If I had not trained too hard,
Worked myself too thin
Been scratched up and cut, and scarred,
You'd have seen me win.*

You know, I was all bunged up from training, besides that I took eight or ten headers and punched a couple of ribs and seven spokes through my diaphragm,—but I stuck to it 'till I was fouled and run over eight or ten times and then I saw that it was all up. Besides all that, I took out my old wheel and it broke down and I had to change, and I lost so much time that when I caught the crowd I had to slow up to keep from running into them and then I lost my pedal and had to stop and hire a small boy to find it for me, and * * *

The balance of these remarks will be published in book form. The work will be an excellent companion volume to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.



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WE acknowledge satisfaction after winning first and second in the greatest one hundred mile road race of the year—at Buffalo—where only six riders finished, and **ONLY FIVE** of the six rode **VICTORS**.

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We blush, because after all this glory—when a bicycle maker went clear South and got up a race at Nashville, Tenn., to try to show the usefulness of his bicycles, the said maker putting up the prizes in order to stimulate the game—three naughty boys without our knowledge or permission, wanted to make a sure thing of scooping all the prizes offered, bought **VICTORS** and entered the race.

Well, before we could stop them, they were off and away and at the finish came to the front in 1, 2, 3 order, taking all the prizes—bicycle, medals, shoestrings and all!

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278	44 American Safety, ball bearings all over, No. 1 condition	27.00	302	52 American Champion, all nickeled but wheels, new ball pedals	95.00
279	44 American Safety, plain bearings, standard finish, good order	40.00	303	52 Expert, 1887 pattern, new but shop-worn, ball pedals	100.00
280	44 Special Facile, 1887 pattern, almost new	60.00	304	54 American Champion, all nickeled but wheels, ball pedals, fine condition	78.00
281	46 Otto Special, as good as new	21.00	305	51 Victor, cowhorn handle bars, spade handles, ball bearings, ball pedals, good running order	60.00
282	46 Otto Special, new, spade handles	27.00	306	54 American Light Champion, ball bearings, ball pedals, standard finish, ramhorn bars or cowhorn bars, new	100.00
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—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 11.

The Poet's Woe.



The memory that on snowy pinions borne,
Flees to the far off orient of thought,
Returns again.—

DON'T suppose you recognize me," remarked a freckle-faced young man who strolled into our sanctum *via* the composing room last Wednesday morning.

We admitted that we did not, with the cheery brevity with which we are wont to welcome those who visit our composing room on press day, and endeavor to mingle social intercourse with the ordinary leaded brevier of typography.

"Why don't you know," he said, "I am Demitrus Jaques, the party who used to run the 'Poet's Corner' in the *Plumber's Register and Coal Heavers' Gazette* when you were in charge of the humorous department. You remember me now, don't you?"

We nodded reluctantly.

"Oh, I knew you would.—

As I shall take occasion to say in my forthcoming poem 'Endymion.' This is to be my great life effort. But in the old days of the P. R. and C. H. G., I used to do some very pretty, unostentatious work, didn't I?"

It is always easiest to agree with a crank, so we said, "yes."

"You remember that little gem of mine, 'The Lay of the Turkey Egg,' and another 'Ah, Winged Feet of Time,' fine, weren't they! Well, I have something here for you equally as good, its a little cycling poem of the heroic sort. I call it 'The Birth of the Cycle.' Directly I heard that you were editing a bicycle literary magazine, I knew that you would expect something from my pen.—

'My trembling soul with intuition, coy
Did feel thy throbbing wish, with joy.'

That is from my new poem' entitled, 'What is Life,' it expresses my feelings exactly. I knew that you were expecting something, so I posted up on cycling subjects and threw of a few sprays of poesy. Of course I am not thoroughly informed on the subject, but after I have read it over we can commune together and with a few suggestions from you I can alter it slightly if necessary."

Then the poet sat down on a large pile of Karl Kron's books that decorate one corner of our editorial *boudoire* and taking a few scraps of paper from his pocket, proceeded:

'In ages past, the sound of war
Forth to the battle summoned Thor,
His prancing chargers stood near by,
Ready to plunge tho' the stormy sky,
And hear him to the battle that raged afar.

"But he turned away from each prancing steed,
For he knew their uttermost strength and speed,
And it would not suffice for the bitter fray,
That he would partlepeate in that day.
No flesh and blood horse could do that, indeed.

"So he grasped a cyclone and twisted it round,
In the forked lightning the spokes he found,
A rain-bow furnished the bright back-bone,
With the drag-wheel made of a smaller cyclone
He brazed them together with thunder sound.

"Thus 'tis that the noble storm king wrought
In executing his mighty thought,
Before him a cloudy path unfurled,
As forth on his shining wheel he whirled
To the battle field where he nobly fought."

When he had finished reading he paused impressively for a few moments and then said rather testily:

"Well, why don't you say how you like it?"

"Oh, it'll pass, I suppose, but what in the blazes is it all about?" we asked.

The poet made some remark about blunted sensibilities and said:

"The title furnishes the obtuse, a suggestion as to what is to follow. 'The Birth of the Bicycle,' it is a song of the origin of the noble steed of modern times, expressed in the fanciful and classic metaphor of the ancient."

"That's it, is it? Well, if you are trying to tell about how the bicycle originated you are away of the track."

"I expected," said the poet mildly, "that you would have a few practical suggestions to make; pray make them."

We arose and hung our coat on a peg, rolled up our sleeves and otherwise prepared to begin the job of editing poetry.

"Now, Mr. Jaques, you go back too far to get your start, that's where you get tangled, and instead of picking out one of the twenty-four original and only genuine inventors of the bicycle, you come dragging in this Thor. There are too many in that crowd now, and the public don't want any more. Better shoot all that part. If we go back to the time of Dan Rudge it will be far enough to suit our readers."

"Probably that is a good idea," said the sad young poet, "but it would not sound harmonious to say:

'In ages past the sound of war
Forth to the battle summoned Daniel Rudge.'

"Certainly not," we said, "certainly not; what you want to do is to straighten up that whole verse and make it hang together. Something after this style would be about right:

In eighteen-sixty-three, Dan Rudge,
(That was about the time, I judge,)
Borrowed a few small tools and tried
To build a wheel that he could ride,
And everyone said, "Oh fudge, oh fudge!"

"Now there is something that sticks to the facts in a general way, yet it is not definite or technical enough to be poesy. Suppose we use it," we suggested.

"But my dear sir," said Mr. Jaques, "fancy how that would sound in connection with the other verses!"

"It will be easy enough to fix those other verses," we assured him. Suppose we alter the second a trifle, and make it read this way:"

He scoffed at the crude velocipede
For he knew its uttermost strength and speed,
It was easy enough for Dan to tell
They were nothing to build, but hard to sell,
Now, he wanted something to raise the "screed."

"There now, you would scarcely notice that the verse was altered at all, yet is vastly more to the point in its present shape. The next verse might be improved some. You make a slip-up of that

mechanical description. You want to steer clear of all that, so we will cut it out and generalize a little more. You know yourself that it is more artistic."

He said in a hopeless kind of a way that he supposed it was and we proceeded:

So he sliced of a piece of tempered steel,
And he twisted it round, till it made a wheel,
For further description and explanations,
See patent drawings and specifications.
With technical subjects we never deal.

"Now suppose we touch up the last verse a little:"

Thus Daniel tinkered and hammered away,
And his scheme expanded from day to day,
Till in many way it was slightly like
The modern light-weight, high-grade bike,
And further, dependant hath naught to say.

"There you are," we said encouragingly, for we always like to encourage struggling genius, "there you are, and with the few alterations that have been made, you have a very creditable poem, much better than it first appeared to be. We don't pay for poetry, you know, but we will put your name at the bottom in italics, and will be very glad to receive contributions from you again." And Mr. Jaques uttered what we believe to be deliberate untruth.

"I shall do so with greatest pleasure," he said, and went away sadly, leaving a large chunk of gloom behind him.

G. S. D.

A Wheel Among the Zaptiehs.



URING my bicycle journey around the world, I travelled about fifteen hundred miles through Turkish territory—four hundred in European Turkey, and eleven hundred in Asia Minor. While in the Sultan's dominions I was frequently indebted to the *zaptiehs* for helping me out of difficult and annoying situations. The *zaptiehs* are a sort of military police, whose duty is to

preserve the peace, suppress brigandage, escort travellers and collect taxes. Their uniform is a coarse blue European suit trimmed with red braid, and the national Turkish fez. They are armed with swords and revolvers, and when traveling on horseback also carry carbines.

When starting into the interior from Constantinople, I determined to travel without the customary escort of *zaptiehs*, preferring to take my chances of unpleasant adventures to having *zaptiehs* always at my heels. A well-meaning friend advised me, as the next best thing to do, to rig myself up in a *zaptieh's* uniform, the mere sight of which would, he assured, strike terror into the hearts of evil characters, who otherwise might attack and rob me. I preferred, however, to travel in an ordinary bicycle suit rather than fly false colors, and so declined to blossom forth as a make-believe *zaptieh*.

A week after I had started on my lonely ride I was traveling about the streets of Angora (ancient Galatia) in the center of a hollow square of these same handy *zaptiehs*. The fame of the Frank riding through their country on a wonderful iron horse, spread like wild fire through the city, and vast multitudes of people thronged the streets and bazars to try and see me and the bicycle. To enable men to get about the streets the Pasha kindly detailed a squad of *zaptiehs* to protect me from the crush. The *zaptiehs* armed themselves with long willow switches, and forming themselves into a hollow square around me and the bicycle, flogged for us a passage through the streets.

Desirous of giving the people an opportunity of seeing the bicycle ridden, the Pasha requested me to appoint a time and place. I selected a half-mile stretch of level road just outside of the city, and the Pasha had his officials notify the people. At the appointed time several thousand people were congregated there, filled with intense curiosity to see me ride. These people are but half civilized, and little given to self-restraint. They swarmed and crowded on to the road until it was quite impossible to ride. The Pasha was equal to the occasion, however, for he armed a mounted troop of *zaptiehs* with whips, and had them gallop briskly to and fro, flogging a passageway through the multitude for me to ride along.

This sort of reception, with variations of detail, awaited me in all the Asia Minor cities I passed through between Constantinople and

the Persian frontier. At Uuzgat the crowds were so clamorous that after the *zaptiehs* had flogged a passage through them for the bicycle we had to resort to strategy to get me back to my quarters in Tifticjeoghlu Effendi's salaamluk. As I wheeled out of the narrow "fissure" the *zaptiehs* had opened through the crowd, and sped away to more open ground, the *Caimacan* sent a fleet-footed *zaptieh* after me to conduct me in a roundabout way back to my quarters to avoid the crush.

The excited rabble, however, were not to be so easily shaken off and deceived as the *Caimacan* thought. By taking various short cuts they managed to intercept us, and as though considering that having detected and overtaken us in trying to elude them they were justified in taking liberties, they crowded about and refused to allow us to proceed until their insatiable curiosity was satisfied. "*Biu bacalem!*" they shouted clamorously—"bin bacalem!" (let us see you ride,) and yet they hadn't sense enough to clear a passage for me to grant their wishes.

Trusting to our ability to dodge back without encountering the mob, the *Caimacan* and the other *zaptiehs* had returned to their quarters. The one *zaptieh* that was now with me was arrayed in a brand new uniform and jack-boots, all heavy enough for the winter, whereas the sun was broiling hot. He and myself fought like Trojans with a couple of lithe willows to protect the bicycle from the crush and pressure of the mob, until, with perspiration and the clouds of dust, we were both well-nigh unrecognizable.

We had to protect ourselves as best we could until, hearing of our predicament, the *Caimacan* sent an adequate force of *zaptiehs* to our rescue. These formed a hollow square about me, and with much shouting and flogging we proceeded slowly toward my quarters. As we reached the *konak* gate there was a great crush about it for admittance. In spite of the frantic exertions of my escort the mob pressed determinedly forward. The hollow square became broken, and I found myself wedged in among a struggling mass of natives, all filled with a wild determination to rush through the gate when it should be opened for my admittance. A cry was raised by the faithful *zaptiehs* of "*Sakin araba! sakin araba!*" (take care, the bicycle), a supreme effort was made, the gate was flung open, myself and wheel fairly carried in, and the gate closed again. Besides the *zaptiehs*, about two dozen happy determined mortals had gained admittance.

One day I overtook a mounted *zaptieh* on the road. He was allowing his horse to walk leisurely along, while he concentrated his attention upon a watermelon, the spoils of a recent visit to some neighboring melon garden. The *zaptieh* handed me a portion of the booty, and pleasantly announced his intention of keeping me company to the next town some twelve miles distant. The paths were smooth and level, and I determined to make a race of it, and enlighten the *zaptieh* by proving the bicycle superior to his horse. For the first two miles the *zaptieh* spurred his gallant steed, and kept alongside the bicycle, in spite of my determined pedalling to shake him off. Rare fun this, the *zaptieh* thought, racing against the Frank's iron horse, the like of which he had never seen nor heard of before. Pretty soon, however, his horse began to pant and lag behind, and the road continuing good, I spurred ahead. Faster and faster spun the whirling wheels, and in spite of whip and spur, liberally applied, the *zaptieh* dropped farther and farther in the rear. More steam was put on and I rounded a gravelly knoll, and by-and-by, looking back, I saw that the *zaptieh* had given it up.

When the Pasha of the town we were going to kindly offered to provide me with an escort of *zaptiehs* to the next city to protect me from possible robbers, I related the story of the race between the bicycle and the *zaptieh's* horse. The Pasha was highly amused, and said it would be no good for Circassians to try and rob me, for I could "fly away from them like a bird." An hour later the *zaptieh* himself rode into town, and embellishing his story with many an Oriental extravagance, set the populace wild with curiosity as he poured into their willing ears a tale of the marvelous speed of the Frank's iron horse.

THOMAS STEVENS.

A tricycle has been patented by Mr. Patrick Gallagher, of New York City. It has a front guide wheel and rear-driving wheels mounted on a light and strong framework, with a suitable seat, the machine being propelled by a crank handle mounted in arms pivoted to uprights on the frame and secured in position by adjusting bolts

BY CYCLE TO BELLE HAVEN.

A NOVEMBER OUTING.



BETTER day than that Thursday could not have been made to order for the two Stamford (Conn.) Cyclers, Facile-ers, who went rambling over old Nutmeg Hills to charming Belle Haven-on-the-Sound.

They went out Main and West Broad streets, at 8:10 A. M., and were soon over Hubbard's Hill and

among delightful rural scenes, and absorbing ozone in a way that was health-giving.

For once there was no head wind, nor any trace of frost in the air, and they sauntered on joyfully as only cyclers can, for not only is fresh air needful, but exercise as well, which carriage riders do not get, and this is a most important point in an outing for the benefit of gas-poisoned lungs. The many tints and shades of grays and brown's that the loiterers expected to find were there, and many of the brighter ones also, late as it was for them, for most of the foliage was down, as is usual in an old year's afternoon.

Up on Palmer's hill, an old house that must date back to Revolutionary days, has been modernized, which seems sacrilege, for we have reveled in its old-time appearance for years past, much of which is mar-



red now by the vandal hands of "the restorers." From its weather worn door steps you could see long reaches of pretty New England hill and dale, and vistas of Long Island Sound that will be pleasant memories in days to come, and which we shall recall "when the North winds do blow and we have snow."

Away yonder, seeming anything but the three miles are the spires of Greenwich, with an enchanting gradation of distances intervening, as outlined by the hills and foliage, which is enlivened by touches here and there of the emerald of the spruces, that are ever a part of these old hillside torches.

On again down the steep, stony and crooked hill went the Facile riders, without mishaps, and only stopped amid the barrels, tanks and presses of a wayside cider mill, where an unending stream of amber liquid runs throughout the livelong day.

Steam has been called in here to do the work of the hand press of olden times, and no horse walks the weary readmill round, as in old almanac pictures of boyhood's days.

The charm of a September like temperature was upon road and field as again the wheels rolled on over the little wooden bridge crossing the Mianus river, at Dampling Pond,—North Mianus, the habitants wish it called,—and up the hill past the sentinel. Chimnies of the old Sacket house, which yet stand as quiet guardians over the peaceful scenes below, in which the river with its superb reflections is a telling feature.

Troops of school children and a pretty "school marm" are met as the hill to Mianus is climbed, and the Boston Post road taken, passing a famous old oak under which councils of Indian warrior-hunters have been held, and which was of historic interest during the Revolution.



Now Putnam Hill is reached, and the musing sentimentalist of the party on wheels tried to look back through the flight of years to the time and scene of Putnam's daring ride, and to locate the exact spot where he went down that rough bank that basks so quietly in the mild sunshine of these modern times.

Where there were huge forest trees, now are aged apple trees, a house, and pleasant pasture lands.



Through Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, with its luxurious homes of many, wealthy New York people, several churches and fine buildings, went the roamers to the center of

Greenwich, where, failing to secure the company of the best man in the town, they turn and coast down the half mile or more of Greenwich Avenue en route for Belle Haven.

And a Haven of rest it must be for it has a beautiful location atop the everlasting hills, from which the views of sound and shore are grand and far reaching. They have quite a good macadam road that winds about in a maze of turnings that make it the more attractive, and it is the delight of the driving public.

The Haven is strictly one of residence, and the architecture is of the prevailing old English styles, with a variety of detail that is generally in pleasing harmony.

Down at the pebbly shore we found a fountain, a wharf, and a large bathing house with a dancing pavillion on the second floor, probably for the accommodation of picnic parties.

President Johnson of the Edison Electric Light Company, has a fine residence at the Haven, as many another New Yorker has, and the place is already in the front rank as a desirable summer home.

Hazy as the atmosphere was there were pretty vistas in all directions, notably out upon the water which ever is of interest to inland dwellers, for the play of sunlight and shadow, the shifting sails, the fishermen, and birds of the air all have their places in these marine pictures.

There are cozy nooks alongshore, where small boats of the fisher folks are safely moored, or hauled out on the sandy beach, amidst the usual collection of odds and ends of the oyster and clam diggers' outfits.

What a bracing, brackish breeze sweeps in from over the blue-green water, as the cyclers, strolling along, watch the waves breaking gently at their feet!

But the day-dreaming spell is broken, and with a parting look at Captain's Island light-house, away to the westward, in a "shimmer of sunlight on the sea," the wheels are headed homeward.

Apples were taken from trees by the way; squirrels were watched at their work and play as they hid away nuts for winter time feasts, and scampered along the walls or across the road.

At one place a couple dozen quails close by the road were frightened up which went whirring over the wall and meadow until out of sight beyond

the wooded hills.

What a bright picture of wild game life they made in their haste to get away from the silent riding phantoms on wheels, and how a dog-and-gun-man would glory in a couple of shots into them.

Once we started a partridge, a noble bird, that went clipping away through limbs and vines, and was in sight long enough for an easy shot.

The sumacs vied with the maples in painting the hillsides red, but the rich maroon of the former holds out much longer than the temporary fire of the latter, even all winter, and add bits of warm color to the landscape when all else, nearly, is gray and cold.

Fresh earth mounds along a stone wall and among the rocks

yonder, are evidence that the woodchucks at least are not decreasing and no doubt their impish little ones have been the cause of many a scolding from their bustling red squirrel neighbors during the past summer. But almost before we are aware of it, or desire it, the cycles have brought us home, and the half day's outing is but a recollection.

STAMSON.



The Cyclor of a Generation Ago.

The other Sunday, on a road crossing a suburban common, I was passed in less than half an hour by, I should think, at least fifty cyclers. That, like pansies, is "for thoughts." For what we call progress is perhaps more instructively illustrated in these minor innovations upon our lives than in greater matters. Who would have believed thirty years ago that such a future was in store for the old "velocipede"—that respectable machine which did so much more justice to the second half of its derivation than the first? Who that at Blackheath in those days was privileged to see the velocipedist mingling on Easter Monday in that lively cavalcade in which the palm (when the driver had no stick) was contended for by a crowd of baby-laden donkeys, not without dust and heat, could have believed that he would ever be match for it with a fairly speedy ass? Firmly seated in a sort of armchair, itself weighing probably about 20-pound, and with a mass of machinery in and around him sufficient to set up in business a young locomotive steam engine, this pioneer of progress plodded bravely on, his knees mounting at each stroke to about the level of his chin, the dew of his anguish beading his furrowed brow, and his countenance wearing the joyous expression observable on the faces of those engaged in the not dissimilar exercise of climbing the treadmill. His friends, indulgently accommodating their pace to his, walking by his side, encouraging him with their remarks. After about ten minutes of these violent gymnastics, the athlete usually began to show signs of that satiety which dogs the footsteps of all earthly pleasures, and at the conclusion of a quarter of an hour he generally restored it to its enterprising proprietor, together with the modest fee charged for its use. The performance was an interesting one, but the general feeling of the spectators was for the most part closely akin to that attributed by the late Joseph Miller to the hirer of the sedan chair from which the bottom came out—namely, that were it not for the superior dignity of the conveyance, one might almost as well walk.—*H. D. Traill, in the English Illustrated Magazine.*

I am an admirer of the bicycle and tricycle in their proper place and when their riders are possessed of some sort of idea of the everlasting fitness of things. But there are times and occasions when the cycle enthusiasts of both sexes make me laugh. Here is one of them: It was 4 o'clock of a bright afternoon, and State street and the approaches thereto were crowded with gaily-attired and swiftly-moving galaxy of shoppers. The crowd of pedestrians crossing Madison street on the east side of State was at its densest, when along Madison, from the direction of the lake, came a "tandem" or double seated tricycle. The front seat was occupied by a young woman; the rear one by a young man. At a glance it was evident that the riders had traveled far, for the machine was covered with dust, and moved along at a snail's pace, and every turn of the wheels was clearly the result of prodigious effort on the part of both pairs of tired feet. But it was the aspect of the riders that created con-

sternation. Their faces were as red as beetroots and covered with perspiration, their clothing disordered and their general appearance one of extreme fatigue. While only the girl was in sight the swarm of well-dressed pedestrians only grinned; when the man lumbered into view the male promenaders held their breath and the women giggled and turned their heads away. He was a stoutly-built fellow, of much flesh and muscle. His extremities were attired in the regulation knee-breeches, stockings and canvas shoes. His sole upper garment was a grey gossamer undershirt which, flabby and limp with perspiration, had rebelliously shifted its southernmost moorings and made good headway in an endeavor to climb to the back of the wearer's neck. The sleeves of the garment were rolled to the elbow, while a couple of buttons at the throat had either been purposely loosed for ventilating purposes or else had been frayed free by friction. The general result was a display of manly charms that caused a stampede of the lady onlookers into the nearest stores. The men, myself among the number, merely gazed in wonder and amusement at the "tandem" till it was out of sight.—*Chicago Journal.*

A WHEELMAN'S PICTURE GALLERY,



No gallery hung with paintings rare,
And graced by sculptured marble fair.

May be his lot; yet the wheelman's heart
Has treasures richer than wealth of art.

Ten thousand pictures of earth and sky
Are his to hold while the years go by;

No light can fade them, no eye made dim;
Bright memories ever shall dwell with him.

When the world is wrapt in winter's snow
And the ice-hung branches bending low,

Rock in the strength of the north wind's blast,
He dreams of the sunny days gone past.

One picture is his of hill and stream,
Weird and bright in the moon's pale beam;

Another is gay with autumns blaze,
With trees of scarlet and purple haze.

Resting on mountains and far-off dales,
Through the golden air the thistle sails;

The asters bend as his wheel flies by,
And maple-leaves on his pathway lie.

Once more he beholds a valley fair,
And feels the touch of its perfumed air;

He knows each path in this cool retreat,
Its fern-decked dells, and its fountal sweet.

Or, again he sees the mirror lake,
Where the pure-voiced echoes oft awake

At notes from the wheelman's bugle clear,
And carry the music far and near.

Now, memory paints a rocky shore
Where the foaming breakers ceaseless roar;

In a sunny cove the bright sands lie
And white gulls over the waters fly;

A wonderful veil far out at sea
Has hidden the ships in mystery;

The distant waters, like opals rare,
Are changing shades in the noonday glare.

But the fairest picture of them all
Is a face that hangs in memory's hall.

And this secret dear the lover knows,
That when smiling spring shall melt the snows,

His wheel must speed without resting place
'Till search is done, and he finds the face.

—*Greylock.*

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

When will we find an honest professional?

What's the matter with our Constitution Committee? Have they collapsed.

We hear that Mr. Chas. Richard Dodge and Mr. C. T. Chapman, artists, have been writing and sketching the historical points of interest between Gloucester, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H., the results of which will shortly appear in print.

The *San Francisco Daily Examiner* of Oct. 14 contains a 4-column illustrated article on "Bay City Wheelmen." It contains portraits of Chief Counsel Edwin Mohrig, ex-Chief Counsel Robert M. Welch, Jos. J. Bliss, F. Russ Cook, G. R. Butler, Dr. Thomas L. Hill, F. D. Elwell and Capt. W. M. Meeker.

A Mormon, the happy possessor of several wives, and who also is addicted to riding the bicycle, recently took a fall that would have knocked any ordinary man into the Kingdom Come, he, however, escaped with but slight injuries. After a man has been cuffed, bossed, and kicked around by a job lot of wives a little tumble like that is looked upon simply as light exercise.

The hold that cycling has obtained upon the affections of the public is eloquently witnessed by the frequent appearance in the daily and weekly press of narratives by the many hundreds of riders who, returning from their holiday jaunts a wheel, find renewed pleasure in relating, for the delectation of their many friends and acquaintances their manifold experiences.

We have been for many years trying to find the average number of cyclers who have taken the trouble to master the rudiments of riding. We regret to say it is diminishing each day. One cannot sit properly, another is unable to pedal, a third works with his shoulders, another considers an in-kneed action graceful, and only equalizes matters by going about with a bandy-legged rider, while as for the ladies, as a rule they want a special mission started at once to bring them out of the state of hopeless darkness in which they start cycling and remain for the lack of instruction or a desire to do better.

Some people may wonder what socials have to do with cycling. Nothing whatever, so far as cycling in the abstract is concerned, but in the vitality of a club such gatherings are an important factor. Anything which tends to keep members of a club together, and to bring into prominence identity of interest, is of importance, and the feeling of good fellowship which prevails among cyclists is in the main responsible for the marvellous popularity of the sport. We do not mean by that statement to decrease the physical advantages of cycling; they are very great, but when leavened with the social advantages they find more ardent partakers.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM OCTOBER 15 TO NOVEMBER 15.

Connecticut. Harvard College annual road race Nov. 8.

Delaware. Three races took place in connection with the fair in Wilmington Oct. 11. Result. One mile, novice—Charles R. Gulden, Reading, Pa., won in 3m. 26½s. Half mile, championship of Delaware—B. F. McDaniel first, in 1m. 34½s. One mile, 3:30 class—B. F. McDaniel won, in 3m. 37s. There was more racing on the following day, the events resulting as follows: One mile open—S. Wallace Merrihew, Wilmington Wheel Club, first; time 4m. 7½s. One mile, 3:00 class—S. Wallace Merrihew first. Three mile lap race—W. I. Wilhelm, Reading, Pa., first; time 13m. 28s. One-half mile open—W. I. Wilhelm first; time 1m. 15½s. Two mile, 6:20 class—S. Wallace Merrihew first; time 8m. 4½s. One mile consolation—George Scheele, Reading, Pa., first; time 4m. 10s.

Illinois. Six day, eight hours per day, race at Battery D Army, Chicago, Oct. 15-20. Lincoln Cycle Club of Chicago, smoker Oct. 30.

Massachusetts. Somerville Club run to Lexington Woods, Mass. Oct. 28. In the Y. M. C. A. games held at Worcester, Oct. 20, the one mile bicycle race was won by D. W. Rolston. Somerville Club run to Salem, Mass., Oct. 21. The Cambridgeport and Dorchester Bicycle Clubs on Oct. 25 attempted to ride off the tie for the Eastern Road Club Cup, starting from the Fareuil House, Brighton, Mass. The course was twenty-five miles, and the result of the contest was another tie. Only two men from each club started, F. E. Carmen and Charles E. Fay representing the Cambridgeports, and J. P. Clarke and Capt. Benson the Dorchesters. Wakefield Bicycle Club's reception, Nov. 8. The Fall races of the Danvers 'Cycling Club took place on Oct. 20, on a heavy track, with this result: Mile novice—J. Ogden, of Middleton, 3m. 4s. Half mile, club challenge, two in three—M. W. Robson, of Salem. Mile tandem tricycle—R. H. Robson and mate, of Salem; 4m. 50s. Mile handicap—E. A. Bailey, of Somerville, scratch, 3m. 37s. Mile tricycle—R. H. Robson, of Salem, 5m. 15s. Mile county championship—R. H. Robson, of Salem, 4m. 14s.

New Jersey. Rutherford Wheelmen's race meet, one mile open handicap, Nov. 6. The Orange Wanderers held a twenty-four hour road race over a ten-mile course, starting at 6 P. M. Monday, Nov. 6, and ended at 6 P. M. on Tuesday, election day. The start and finish was at Brick Church Station, opposite club house.

New York. Outing Athletic Club's one and two-mile handicaps, at Brooklyn A. A. Grounds, De Kalb and Classon Avenues Brooklyn, Nov. 6. Grand bicycle tournament, Berkeley Athletic Club, at Morris Dock, New York City, Oct. 27. The Manhattan Club had a smoker and refreshments at the club house on Halloween.

Pennsylvania. Banker Bros., of Pittsburg, made a mile tandem bicycle road record Oct. 21 in 2m. 41½s. The South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia held their annual ten-mile road race Oct. 13, five starting, and the winner being E. G. Kolb, whose time was 42m. The Lancaster Bicycle Club opened their new club house on Oct. 9, and the members gave an enjoyable reception to a large number of their friends. W. C. Furnelton and Harry Mayer engaged in a ten-mile safety bicycle race on the Lancaster Pike, Philadelphia, Oct. 29, the former being successful in 39m. 20s.

Virginia. Tournament at Richmond Oct. 29 and 30, resulted as follows: The one-half mile for novices, was won by C. W. O'Neil, Norfolk, in 1m. 40½s. The two-mile race for amateurs was won by H. L. Kingsland, Baltimore, in 7m. 18½s. William E. Crist, Washington, was second. The one-mile, Virginia Division, L. A. W., championship race, was won by A. A. O'Neill, Norfolk, in 3m. 17s. In the one-mile race for professionals, H. G. Crocker, Boston, finished first, with W. J. Morgan second. Time, 3m. 40s. Crist and Kingsland won the mile handicap tandem tricycle race in 3m. 42s. The half-mile handicap, for boys under eighteen, was won by C. F. McClure, Richmond, in 2m. 10s. The one-mile championship of the O. D. W. fell to W. G. Long, Richmond, in 4m. 12s. The half-mile race, without handles was taken by Phil B. Brown in 1m. 50s. Isaac Hinds, Baltimore, won the half-mile consolation race in 1m. 41s.

FOREIGN.

England. At Coventry, Oct. 20, Jack Lee and S. G. Whittaker

ran a ten-mile safety race, Whittaker winning in 30m. 31 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. Oct. 9.—Messrs. Albone and Tingley rode their tandem tricycle fifty miles in 2h. 59m. 38 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. R. Tingley rode fifty miles on the road mounted on a tricycle in 3h. 2m. 44s. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Smith lowered the world's tandem record at Long Eaton, Oct. 1, making thirty miles in 1h. 40m. 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. A five-mile match on bicycles between Richard Howell and W. Wood, for \$500, took place at North Shields, Eng., Sept. 29, the latter winning by a yard and a half, in 16m. 34 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Coming Events.

Nov. 20.—Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago, entertainment "Athletic and Smokenstic."

Nov. 21, 22, 23.—Tournament at Columbus, Ga.

Nov. 24.—One and two-mile bicycle handicaps at 23d Regiment Armory, Brooklyn.

Nov. 27.—Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago. Literary address by Rev. E. J. Petrie.

Nov. 28.—New Haven Bicycle Club's reception and entertainment, at New Haven Opera House.

Nov. 29.—Races at Opelika, Ala.

Nov. 29.—Prospect Harriers' ten-mile bicycle handicap, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dec. 17.—Twelfth Regiment Games at Armory, Ninth Avenue and Sixty-second street, New York. Two-mile.

Dec. 17.—Chelsea, Mass., Cycle Club's reception.

Dec. 4.—Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago. Medical address by Wm. T. Belfield, M. D.

Feb. 8, 1889.—Entertainment and reception of Manhattan Bicycle Club, at Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York City.

SETTLED AT LAST.



THE DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT TABLET, OF WHICH, THE ABOVE IS AN EXACT FAC-SIMILE, PROVES CONCLUSIVELY THAT THE ANCIENTS RODE CYCLES.



New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes and attachments from Oct. 2 to and including Oct. 30, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

390,368. Oct. 2. H. H. Holtkamp, Knoxville, O., attachment for bicycles.

390,641. Oct. 9. H. Baines, Brooklyn, N. Y., velocipede.

390,662. Oct. 9. T. L. Gable, Savona, N. Y., velocipede.

390,733. Oct. 9. L. Wheelock, New Haven, Conn., velocipede.

390,897. Oct. 9. R. A. Perret, Moers-on-the-Rhine, Germany, velocipede.

390,916. Oct. 9. W. F. Stevens, San Francisco, Cal., bicycles.

390,952. Oct. 9. F. M. Drake, WilkesBarre, Pa., bicycle.

391,100. Oct. 16. E. Weeks, What Cheer, Ia., velocipede.

391,210. Oct. 16. R. T. Torkelson, assignor to I. Johnson, Worcester, Mass., velocipede.

391,212. Oct. 16. R. T. Torkelson, assignor to I. Johnson, Worcester, Mass., velocipede treadle.

381,241. Oct. 16. T. H. Gongware and E. K. Hanley, Elmira, N. Y., bicycle lock.

381,253. Oct. 16. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Manufacturing Co., velocipede.

391,333. Oct. 16. W. T. Osborne and J. Johnson, Martling, Ala., velocipede.

391,417. Oct. 23. A. H. Lucas, St. Louis, Mo., velocipede.

391,490. Oct. 23. W. E. Smith, Washington, D. C., assignor to Smith Cycle Manufacturing Co., of Washington' D. C., tandem bicycle.

391,499. Oct. 23. F. M. Wolfe, Springfield, Mo., velocipede.

391,852. Oct. 30. G. S. Chapman, Tottenham, Middlesex Co., England, velocipede.

391,895. Oct. 30. J. W. Hall, London, England, velocipede.

391,900. Oct. 30. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Manufacturing Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.

391,947. Oct. 30. J. S. Copeland, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Manufacturing Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.

New English Patents.

12,524. Aug. 31. J. B. Brooks, Birmingham, Improvements in velocipede saddles and saddle springs.

12,559. Aug. 31. J. W. Richardson, London. An apparatus for indicating the speed of bicycles, tricycles and other similar machines while running.

12,595. Sept. 1. J. W. Boothroyd and P. L. Renouf, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

12,688. Sept. 3. S. L. Hart, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

12,742. Sept. 4. C. S. Young, Ashton. Applying by leverage the power of engines or machines worked by steam or other motive power, or a combination of them, or machines worked by muscular action, such as bicycles and tricycles.

12,836. Sept. 5. G. Nobles and R. Stamper, London. Improvements in the method of driving velocipedes and in apparatus therefor.

12,888. Sept. 6. J. Hawkins, London. Improvements in brackets or supports for holding bicycle and tricycle lamps.

12,899. Sept. 6. H. Bogaerts, London. Improvements in velocipedes.

12,941. J. Harrington and G. Meader, London. Improvements in or connected with the saddles or seats and springs of velocipedes.

13,017. The Quadrant Tricycle Co. Improvements in rear driving bicycles and tricycles.

- 13,034. G. A. Schubert, Manchester. Improvements in, and relating to velocipedes.
- 13,043. A. Sharp, London. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 13,073. G. H. Washbourne, Highgate. Improvements in velocipede lamps.
- 13,099. J. Lucas, Birmingham. An arrangement for a safety or signal lamp for cycles.
- 13,152. T. Ward and T. Edmondson, Warrington. Improvements in the gearing of velocipedes.
- 13,252. W. A. and J. T. Smith, Birmingham. Improvements in saddles for bicycles, tricycles and other machines.
- 13,636. J. T. Tilby, Middlesex. Improvements in the construction of lamp brackets for the use of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.
- 13,638. Sept. 21. C. A. and F. J. Millner, Birmingham. Improvements in velocipede lamps.
- 13,847. Sept. 25. Charles Lock, London. Improvements in and relating to bicycles and other velocipedes.
- 13,933. Sept. 27. August Braun, Middlesex. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 14,313 and 14,315. Oct. 5. C. P. Byrne, London, and F. T. Haisman, Hanwell. Improvements in velocipedes.
- 14,378. J. S. Edge, Jr, Birmingham. Improvements in the production of velocipede ball pedal plates.
- 14,666. Hugh Edwards, Berlin House, Llanrhryddlad, Anglesea, for "Improvements in safety bicycles or other velocipedes."—Oct. 12.
- 15,679. William Henry Upton Marshall, 50 Bedford Row, London, W. C., for "Improvements in cycles."—Oct. 12.
- 14,680. Richard Nightengale, 6 Richmond Row, Portobello, Dublin, for "Reducing the vibration arising from riding over bad roads, in safety bicycles, tricycles and other carriages."—Oct. 12.
- 14,719. George Barden, High Street, Tenterden, for "A lady's safety bicycle."—Oct. 13.
- 14,725. John Law Garsed, Town Hall Buildings, Halifax for "An improved combined bicycle or tricycle or model locomotive and barrow or go-cart."—Oct. 13.
- 14,749. Walter James Cock, Fair View, Murray Road, Ealing Park, Brentford, Middlesex, for "An improvement in velocipedes, a detachable stand and locking apparatus."—Oct. 13.
- 14,929. James Alfred Lamplugh, of the firm of Lamplugh & Brown, 7 Staples Inn, Middlesex, for "Improvements in the saddles or seats of tricycles, bicycles and other velocipedes, and in supporting the said saddles or seats."—Oct. 17.

Recent Publications.

THE ART OF TRAINING FOR CYCLE RACING, by *George Lacy Hillier* and *T. H. S. Walker*, is a 100-page book devoted to the training of a racing cyclist. The subject is, we can assure our readers, in good hands, for Mr. Hillier and Mr. Walker are considered authorities in their countries. That it is especially issued for Continental wheelmen can be readily seen. Each page is divided into three parts, one English, one German and one French, so that all of this book could easily be gotten in 30 pages if printed in one language.

We would advise every racer and club Librarian, however, to secure a copy, as it is well worth perusal. It is issued in paper at 50c. or ornamental cloth at \$1.25. We can supply any who wish copies.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES OF X M. MILES ON A BICYCLE, by *Karl Kron*. Many favorable paragraphs have recently appeared in regard to the 100-page gift-book which Karl Kron is distributing among all who address a request to him at the University Building, New York. The *Wheel* calls it "an interesting and unique production." The *Louisville Commercial* says, "it is all so arranged as to be decidedly readable." The *Star Advocate* declares "the pamphlet itself is worth half the price of the book it is intended to sell." The *Publishers' Weekly* asks booksellers' attention to it, as being "without doubt the longest advertisement of a single book that is until now on record." The *St. Louis Spectator* pronounces it "a curiosity worth the attention of all wheelmen. It will help you pass away a spare hour and will interest you." "Both interesting and instructive reading," is the verdict of *Wheeling*; while the *Sewing-Machine and Cycle News*, (London), speak as follows: "The mass of press

notices here collected redound with praises of Mr. Kron's great work, and there can be no doubt that it deserves all the praise that can be given to it. 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle' will prove interesting to all who delight in travel and in the study of men and manners.'

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE Vol. II, by *Thos. Stevens*. Charles Scribner's Son's Publishers, N. Y.—This second volume of Stevens' wonderful travels is quite as interesting as Vol. I, which appeared some time ago. The illustrations, while numerous, are not as good as those of the former volume. While a large part of the matter is reprinted from *Outing*, where it originally appeared, there are several new chapters that have never been in print before. In size and general appearance the volume is exactly similar to Vol. I. Both are large substantial-looking books, and, taken together, present nearly 1,000 pages of very interesting reading. The price of both volumes is \$8, or \$4 each.

Odds and Ends.

There is a village in England called Fakenham. Good place for Rowe, Temple and Morgan to retire to.

The Cyclists' Union of Long Island, now numbers some 200 members, and is still growing.

There is a loud wail going up to heaven that the day of honest professionalism in bicycle racing is over.

The Wissahickon Wheelmen, the latest addition to the list of Philadelphia cycling organizations, is in a fair way of doing well.

The *Scottish Umpire* and *Scottish Athletic Journal* have been merged into one publication to be known as *Scottish Sport*; this change occurring Nov. 6.

C. E. Urbahns, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., had a 50-inch New Rapid bicycle, No. 3370, stolen from him Oct. 11. Any information concerning it will be thankfully received.

If Windle is to represent the New York Athletic Club, as rumor says he is, Halsted will have to show more speed if he is to be the representative rider of that organization.

Galigan's Messenger, the English paper published in Paris, has gone in for a series of articles on cycling which are well written and seem to have created considerable excitement in the gay capital.

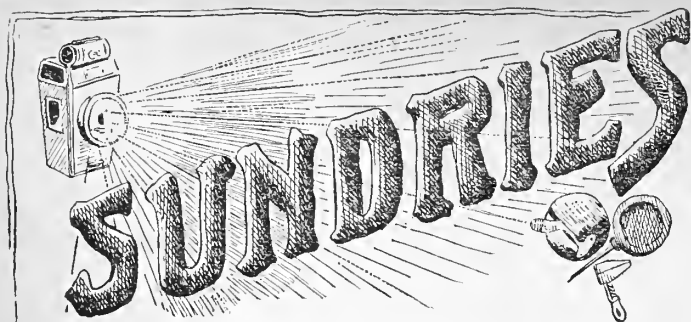
The hill that is now claiming the attention of Philadelphia riders is the one that starts from under the Reading Railroad bridge, just northwest of the red bridge over the Schaykill, near the Falls Village.

Freemasonry of the wheel! Dark night. Enthusiastic pedestrian to cyclist who carries lamp which shows an excellent light—"Whose lamp's that?" meaning maker's name "Eh?" "Whose lamp?" Faintly in the distance, "*Moine*."

The New Haven Bicycle Club has hired the New Haven Opera House for the evening of Nov. 28th, Wednesday evening, day before Thanksgiving. The program is not made up entirely yet, but they will have some of the best local talent, also fancy riding by some professionals, and a first-class program generally.

The *Cyclist* thinks that safeties should be fitted with rear wheel brakes; that the present front wheel spoon-brake is not powerful enough. The *Cyclist* thinks that the public is rapidly coming to recognize this and advise dealers to manufacture a fair proportion of wheels fitted with rear brakes for next season's trade.

The Holyoke Bicycle Club are conducting a series of drive whist sociables to be held monthly at the club-rooms in Rigalio, on High street, in that city, and are soon to commence a whist tournament with the Chicopee Falls Club, the opening games to be played Nov. 9 at Chicopee Falls, Nov. 16 at Holyoke, and every Friday night following until March 1. Visiting wheelmen that are lovers of that sport will be cordially welcomed.



The parade at Kansas City had 260 wheels in line.

* * *

The *Cyclist* entered upon its tenth year October 10.

* * *

They speak of a man who is training in Minneapolis, as "rolling dust."

* * *

The date of the Richmond, Va., race meeting was postponed to Oct. 29-30.

* * *

Aesthetic wheelmen in Connecticut, trim their wheels with the gorgeously tinted leaves of autumn

* * *

The Boston Club have formed a bowling club. The first of the meetings was held at the Gymnasium Oct. 30.

* * *

Atlanta, (Georgia) championship has been decided by a series of three races between E. Durant and H. Ried. Darant won them all.

* * *

Miss Pauline Hall, of the Erminie company has recently been interviewed in regard to her riding a ladies bicycle. She speaks of it very highly.

* * *

A party of Eastern capitalists have taken hold of H. G. Kennedy's Railroad Tricycle and intend to start a factory in the East for building the machine.

* * *

Van Sicklen now weighs more than he did before his accident, and declares he never felt better. Unless he changes his mind, however, his racing days are over.

* * *

The Bavarian cyclers always carry a long carriage whip when riding. They do this as a protection against imprudent children and dogs of a sanguinary turn of mind.

* * *

Italy is not the cyclist's paradise, if we are to believe the statement of tourists, who claim that they are subjected to all sorts of annoyances at the hands of the Italian Custom House officials.

* * *

An English invention is the "centercycle," having four wheels a foot in diameter and a large wheel in the center. With it the rider is enabled to go up hill as easily as to go forward on level ground.

* * *

Though life be sad and murky,
It's always worth the living
When we set down to the turkey
On Thanksgiving.

* * *

Harry Etherington, ex-proprietor of *Wheeling* and well known in American racing circles, has sailed for Melbourne, where he will manage Etherington's Improved Switchback Railway Co., which has recently been started with £20,000 capital.

* * *

Rowe says he will retire and go into business in Lynn. Temple has gone to Chicago, where he will also engage in business. Both are tired of professional racing. There are also other people who are very tired of this kind of sport. Mr. Foudrinier, for instance.

* * *

S. G. Whittaker, the American bicycler, now in England, in a recent interview; said that four months ago he openly challenged any man in the world to a race on safety bicycles, any distance, and staked \$50, but no one came forward, and he now throws down the

gauntlet to the world again, to race for the championship of the world on a safety bicycle, any distance. Since this second challenge has been made Jack Lee has accepted it, and, at Coventry, Oct. 20, a ten-mile match was run, Whittaker winning in 30m. 31½s.

* * *

Sailing through the azure vapors,
Sailing through the dusk of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset,
Was the ancient Wainamomen;
On a wheel both strong and graceful,
Made of steel and India rubber,
Made of balls in every bearing,
Sail'd the ancient Wainamomen.

* * *

The latest English novelty is a juvenile road race, open to youths and girls under fifteen years of age. A race of this sort was recently decided at Leeds. The distance was 4½ miles. Nellie Maude and Charlie Maude, aged five and three respectively, allowed twenty minutes start, held the lead for three and a half miles, when they were passed by A. Aldred, fifteen years old, allowed two minutes start, who went on and won. The little Maudes rode a superbly made miniature Humber tandem tricycle. Among the entries was Little Bobbie Chorley, aged five, who is a marvel on a safety, but who was prevented by sickness from riding.

* * *

We noted recently that the authorities of Berlin, having probably come to the conclusion that cycling is not revolutionary or demoralizing after all, had relaxed the stern law which forbade this fascinating pastime to be indulged in within the city boundaries. Cyclers however, must still regard the busy portion of the town as closed to them, but in the suburbs they may tear along to their hearts' content. At first the rider of the "Dreirad," as the Teuton calls the tricycle, appeared timidly in the streets amid the jeers of the cabmen, who did all they could to impede his progress, in more than one case even running him down. Now, however, we are told the cyclist has triumphantly asserted his rights, and has risen to the dignity of being freely caricatured and gayed by the funny men of the Berlin press. In all the principal thoroughfares tricycles may be hired, and the appearance of the streets in fine weather seems to indicate that the hiring business is a lucrative one.

* * *

Some people seem to think a safety is a family machine which is equally appropriate for the father of half-a-dozen children as for his youngest son aged six. We hope fathers will be careful how they accept this, or they may ruin the cycling future of their children in a way they little think of. A safety has an adjustable seat, we know, but it won't rise and fall feet in the ordinary course of things, and the lowest reach will probably prove a straining point to a young boy. Again, a man's handle-bar reach is long, and on a man's safety a very long bar is fitted, as a rule. This is again a strain on a boy's arms, and the result is painful to the onlooker—and what it must be to the rider we do not venture to guess—when a youngster is riding along hardly able to touch the handles, much less grasp them comfortably. By all means let your boys cycle, fathers of the coming generation, but make them ride machines appropriate to their size, we implore you.

* * *

In spite of its astonishing popularity, there can be but little question that cycling has still its difficulties—sometimes very trying to its votaries. The knowledge now common to every living soul in the land that a bicycle is not an easy thing to manage, does not prevent numerous somnolent cartmen from lumbering heavily along the road, taking up all the room, and stolidly refusing to heed the warning tinkle of the cyclist's bell or his sonorous shout, thus driving him over a stony and impassable track, or sending him to sprawl in a ditch. It does not prevent children from dancing in front of him much to his own danger and to theirs, it does not hinder them from throwing heavy missiles, such as old shoes and tin kettles, in the path of his wheels. Highways in a bad state of repairs constitute, of course, a grievance of long standing, which, however, the rapidly increasing favor shown to cycling, combined with many influences at work, has already reduced and may be trusted to mitigate still further. Yet if cyclists have not altogether realized up to the present a full measure of happiness, they are content to wait and make the most of what they enjoy.

Selections from Poetry and Prose Dedicated to Prominent Wheelmen.

Altered Words are Italicised.

- F. P. Prial.
"The world agrees
That he writes well who writes with ease." —Prior.
- Jay A. Hinman.
"He can ride as well as write." —H. G. Kelly.
- Violet Lorne.
"With what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself.
—Arbutnot.
"You have a nimble wit." —Shakespeare.
- Jos. J. Bliss.
"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrude
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less but nature more." —Byron.
- T. J. Kirkpatrick.
"Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness," —Shakespeare.
- Abbott Basset.
"Ne'er shall oblivions murky cloud
Obscure his deathless praise." —Sir W. Jones.
- Chris Wheeler.
"The critic with a poets fire." —Pope.
- Pres. Bates-
"Meretricious popularness in literature." —Coleridge.
- J. S. Dean.
"Clear headed friend, whose joyful scorn,
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
The knots that tangle human creeds." —Tennyson.
- Jack Rogers.
"At billiards he is said to be first rate." —Thackeray.
- 'Spectator' Page.
"A combustable character." —Irving.
- Art Munson.
"The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite;
But groves, hills and valleys diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight."
"By my fegs!
Ye've set old *Cyler* on her legs." —Beattie.
- Sam Miles.
"Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free." —Carey.
- E. H. Corson.
"Oh, he was all made up of love and charms!" —Addison.
- W. H. Emery.
"Endued with great pertinacity." —Johnson.
- C. W. Foudrinier.
"The feast of reason and the flow of soul" —Pope.
- Karl Kron.
"Give me the good old times." —Bulwer Lytton.
"Deep learned in the mazy lore
Of *eycling* philosophy." —P. Francis.
- Thomas Stevens.
"I have rode out the storm when the billows beat high,
And the red gleaming lightnings flashed through the sky."
—Southey.
"O! what men dare do! What men may do!
Not knowing what they do." —Shakespeare.
"His fancy lay extremely to travelling." —L'Esrange.
- W. S. Doane.
"He was touring about as usual, for he was as restless as a hyena." —De Quincey.
- George B. Thayer.
"Where'er his fancy bids him roam,
In every Inn he finds a home." —W. Combe.
- Henry E. Ducker.
"A jolly little red faced man,
His caligraphy, a fair hand
Fit for a secretary." —Dickens.
—B. Johnson.
- Sam Hollingsworth.
"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work" —Shakespeare.
- W. D. Maltby.
"I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank
Unshak'd of motion." —Shakespeare.
- 'Senator' Morgan.
"How know you him?
By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his suscibility." —B. Johnson.
"There he stood with such *sang froid* that greater,
Could scarce be shown, even by a mere spectator." —Byron.
- The 'Big Four': Morgan, Temple, Alley & Rowe.
"To *fake*, or not to *fake*
That is the question." —Shakespeare.
- Ralph Temple.
"He does smile his face into more lines
Than are in the new map." —Shakespeare.
"When he appeared
A secret pleasure gladdened all that saw him." —Addison.
"Twere good you knocked him." —Shakespeare.
- N. Kaufman.
"With just bold lines he dashes here and there.
Showing great mastery with little care." —Rochester.
- Wm. A. Rowe.
"No winter could his laurels fade.
"Ye may as easily
Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast." —Ford.
"There is no competition but for second place." —Dryden.
"He is in high condition, and fit to run." —J. H. Walsh.
- Frank Dingley,
"With winged expedition, swift as lightning." —Milton.
- Prince Wells.
"A young man of visionary and enthusiastic character." —W. Irving.
- Eddie McDowell.
"I'll die or make good the pace." —Dryden.
- S. G. Whittaker.
"Electric *Whit*, quick as fear,
With race-dust on his cheeks, and clear,
Slant, startled eyes." —E. B. Browning.
"He distanced the most skillful of his contemporaries." —Milner.
- H. G. Crocker.
"Virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape." —Milton.
- Wilber F. Knapp.
"He was in form and spirit like a supple-jack, yielding, but tough;
though he bent, he never broke." —Irving.
- Wm. A. Rhodes.
"Thus formed for speed, he challenges the wind,
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind." —Dryden
- Tom Eck.
"None but the brave deserves the fair" —Dryden.
- George Weber.
"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career." —Byron.
- Wm. Woodside.
"After him came spurting hard
A gentleman almost forespent with speed." —Shakespeare.
- Robt. Neilson.
"What nervous arms he boasts, how firm his tread,
His limbs how turned!" —Pope.
- Richard Howell.
"Lovely in your strength as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman." —Byron.
- Allard and Lee
"It is said that the form of the one is equal to that of the other." —J. H. Walsh.
"The two stand to one another like men; rally follows rally in quiet
succession." —T. Hughes.
"The least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure." —Wordsworth.
- Percy Furnivall.
"Gash'd with honorable scars." —Montgomery.
"Learned he was in medicinal lore." —Hudibras.
- Hal Greenwood.
"To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first." —Shakespeare.
- N. H. Van Sicklin.
"And we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise," —Tennyson.

The Banker Bros.

"The nicest eye could no distinction make
Where lay the advantage, or which side to take." —Dryden.

Frank Dampman.

"Lo! from the dread immensity of space,
Returning with accelerated course,
The rushing cyclist comes." —Thomson.

Percy Harris.

"Fair-haired, azure eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth and the beauty thereof." —Longfellow.

Kenneth Brown.

"Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve." —Addison.

Will Windle.

"Turn *Windle*, turn thy wheel and lower the proud." —Tennyson.
"He went off at score and made pace so strong, he cut them all
down." —Lawrence.

"How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed,' it to the record saith." —Longfellow.

A. E. Lumsden.

"Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm and cloud." —Tennyson.

John A. Wells.

"His great attempt, which nigh the birth,
Now rolling bolls in his tumultuous breast." —Milton.
"His performances on *Eagle Rock Hill* were equally good." —Dickens

W. E. Crist.

"A certain miracle of symmetry." —Tennyson.

Col. Albert A. Pope.

"But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt among the war of elements." —Addison.

Edwin Oliver.

"O! he's a lovely gentleman." —Shakespeare.
"Each popular delirium caught his enthusiastic mind." —W. Irving.

Geo. D. Hazars.

"A great knack at remarks." —Attebury.

George H. Jessup.

"A fit man, forsooth, to govern a realm." —Hayward.

Wm. Read.

"He hummed and hawed." —Hudibras.

Jens Pederson.

"He was a perfect timist." —C. Reade.

George Hendee.

"About him were a press of gaping faces
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice." —Shakespeare.

Sam Clark.

"Wisdom and discipline and liberal arts,
The embellishments of life." —Addison.

L. S. Copper.

"Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength." —Pope.

Geo. Bidwell.

"In composure of his face
Lived a fair but manly grace." —Crashaw.

A. W. Gump.

"He's a lusty, jolly fellow that lives well." —Swift.

T. B. Jeffery.

"A popular man." —Dryden.

R. Phillip Gormully.

"So excellent a touch of modesty." —Shakespeare.
"O! but to have gulled him
Had been a mastery." —B. Johnson.

C. H. Lamson.

"He is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms." —Addison.

L. H. Johnston.

"His enunciation was so deliberate." —Wirt.

Howard A. Smith.

"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine." —Pope.

Harry Corey.

"My love is a rover." —Old Song.
"How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution!" —Shakespeare.

W. M. Frisbie.

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky." —Wordsworth.

A. Kennedy Childe.

"That comely face, that cluster'd brow,
That cordial hand, that bearing free,
I see them yet." —Mather Arnold.

A. H. Overman.

"He moves with manly grace." —Dryden.

Lincoln Cycle Club, of Chicago, Ill.

"Come, musicians play
A hall! A hall! give room and foot it girls." —B. Johnson.

Learning.

THE TRICYCLE.

The general public labor under the impression that anybody can ride a tricycle, and most beginners start with this idea. They are sadly mistaken, however, which most beginners find out to their cost. In fact the worst falls are often sustained off the lowly three-wheeler. The novice who attempts to master the narrow-gauger has a due regard for the magnitude of the undertaking, and lays his plans accordingly, with the result that he often learns without a single fall. The novice who tackles the three-wheeler has a lordly disregard for his mount, and is convinced that he has nothing to do but get on and ride off, and thus over-confidence generally leads to disaster.

Commonly known as the crupper-type tricycle, with, however, numberless modifications, is now almost the only three-wheeler in the market, and with the exception of mounting and dismounting our remarks will apply to every other with hardly an exception.

Standing directly behind the machine, grasp the handles firmly, and placing the left foot on the axle or bridge, slip into the saddle. This is the commonest method adopted. A better way, however, is to get the left pedal nearly at the highest, and raising the left foot over the axle, step quickly on the pedal and thence into the saddle. A rider with a long stretch can reach the pedal when at the dead point, when his weight coming on it in a forward and downward direction will start the machine. This method of mounting is easily acquired and much nicer looking than the other.

Put either foot back until the axle or bridge is reached, and then raising the weight onto it step off. It is neater and quicker, however, to step from the rising pedal, and in that case the weight of the rider resting for a moment on the rising pedal tends to stop the machine.

The learner should next make himself acquainted with the workings of the brake, for on this his safety may depend. Our first attempt on a tricycle has left a most lively impression on our mind. We started to ride down a moderate incline, without making ourselves acquainted with the workings of the brake. The machine was a side-steerer and half way down the pace became unpleasantly fast, but we could not check it, and swerving and swaying from side to side, we reached the bottom after several hair-breadth escapes.

Professor Drummond, of London, has been traveling through uncivilized Africa, and, judging by his reports, it would be quite practical to make an extended bicycle tour into the heart of the Dark Continent. He says that no country in the world is better supplied with paths than this unmapped continent. Every village is connected with some other village and the explorer has simply to select from this network of tracks, and he can travel from place to place. These native tracks are the same in character all over Africa. They are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest by centuries of native traffic, and, as a rule, the paths are marvelously direct. A new world is thus open to adventurous pioneering cyclists. Fancy a bicycle tour across Africa! There the wheelman would find no comfortable hotels, nor be able to obtain any good square meals. He would have to pay his way in cloth and beads; that is, if the natives would wait to trade. It is more than probable, however, that on first sight of a bicycle they would flee as from a strange god.

A German firm is building a copy of the "American Star" bicycle.

Brakes.

Of brakes in use on cycles there are two principal kinds—band and spoon—the former retarding the machine by friction against a drum attached either to one of the hubs or to the axle of the machine; the latter, by means of a spoon pressed on the rubber of one of the wheels by some system of levers. The spoon is much the oldest form of brake; it was used on the Boneshaker of olden days, and generally acted on the hind wheel. The great danger was of the string breaking going down hill. When the modern form of bicycle came in the usual brake was a small roller applied to the hind wheel by means of a lever and a string going along the backbone to the handles which rotated. This brake proved very unsatisfactory, as it was not powerful enough, was not safe on account of the danger of the string breaking, and because it cut the hind wheel rubber a great deal. Now, however, for Ordinary bicycles, the double lever spoon-brake has out-distanced all competitors and is universally used on this type of machine, but I very much doubt whether it could have been used on the earlier spider wheels, as they were very rarely true, and with an untrue wheel, the brake goes on more at one part than another—a state of affairs likely to cause a header. When, however, the tricycle was introduced, it was clear that, although used on many rear-steerers, a spoon-brake was unsuitable for the front steerers, which in those days had loop frames, 18-inch front wheels, 46-inch drivers, and very little weight on the front wheel. Therefore, a band-brake was adopted, which, by acting on the balance gear, retards both wheels equally. When, however, the Crippler, or bicycle-steering type of tricycle came in with plenty of weight on the front wheel, a spoon-brake applied to the front wheel became possible as soon as the front wheels were made large enough to apply the spoon without danger of stripping off the rubber, so that now there are the two systems of brakes applied to tricycles—the spoon-brake, acting on the front wheel, and the band-brake, acting on the drivers through the balance gear. To compare the advantages and disadvantages of these two systems of brakes is the object of this article. The strength of the spoon-brake depends, firstly: on the force with which it is pressed against the wheel, and, secondly: on the state of the rubber—*i.e.*, whether it is wet or dry. The first is constant, and depends only on the leverage of the brake, and the pressure with which the handle is grasped; the second is obvious to the eye, and thus the rider can accurately foretell to what amount his brake will act. The strength of the band-brake, however, depends not only on the force with which the band is drawn round the drum, and the size of that drum, in relation to the wheels, but also on the state of the surfaces of the drum and the band, a thing which is not at all obvious to the eye. All know how badly a band-brake acts if there is oil on the band, and how well if a little resin is applied, but at no time can a rider be certain that a little oil may not have got on the band, and caused the brake to act badly. Again, if resin has been applied, it may melt while going down a long hill. From this happening, a runaway, which might have been very serious, took place while the writer was going down the hill from Glenree to Enniskerry on a tandem, in company with an English friend. Thus, it will be seen that the strength of a band-brake cannot be with certainty foretold by the rider. Both band and spoon-brakes are rarely made with sufficient leverage to enable the rider to go down a long and steep hill without his hand or foot getting fatigued, and if the leverage is made sufficient the brake-handle must have a good long range, in order that the band may come well clear off the drum, or the spoon well clear of the wheel, so that mud will not collect. This necessitates the brake-lever being a long way out from the handlebar, so that the brake-handle cannot be grasped without taking the band off the handle to draw it in. There is a strong prejudice against having the brake-lever so far out, but for many years I have had a brake so fitted, and have found it no disadvantage, and it is impossible to make a brake with what I consider sufficient leverage without doing so. Again, the width and diameter of the drum of a band-brake must be sufficient to prevent the leather with which the band is lined being squeezed out by the pressure. Of course, such a brake must be used with skill and caution, or the result may be disastrous, but for many years I have used a brake on my wheel, which, if applied hard, would promptly put me over the handles. Lastly, the band-

brake has the advantage that it does not dirty the rider, no matter how wet the roads are, while the spoon has an unpleasant trick of covering him with mud. Thus, we have on the side of the spoon-brake *certainty*, and on the side of the band-brake *cleanliness*, and when proper care is taken to keep it in good order, a large degree of certainty.

In the case of Tandems there is rarely enough weight on the front wheel for a spoon-brake on it alone to be sufficient, and I consider it best to have a spoon-brake on the front wheel and a band-brake on the drivers, which latter may also with advantage be arranged to be applied by the foot of the front rider, as well as the hand of the hind rider.

On rear-driving Safeties the brake is applied in three ways. A spoon-brake to the front wheel or hind wheel, or a band-brake on the hind wheel. As to the relative advantages of the spoon-brake to the front wheel and the band-brake to the hind wheel, the arguments are the same as in the case of a tricycle, but I should wish to point out that a spoon-brake applied low down to the hind wheel is as clean as a band-brake, and, if properly fitted, has the advantage of greater certainty, but the fitting of it complicates an all ready complicated part of the machine—*i.e.*, in the neighborhood of the crank axle. Again, in those machines in which the chain is tightened by shifting the hind wheel, the brake is liable to be thrown out of adjustment when the chain is tightened.

GERALD STONEY.

A writer in the *Field* contributes some very interesting remarks *apropos* of town riding, from which we reproduce the following: "For getting along in busy thoroughfares, the rider must be fairly expert in the management of his machine. For such purposes nothing, perhaps, is more suitable than the small rear-driving safety bicycle. Brake power is of primary importance in enabling the rider to pull up suddenly when his way is blocked unexpectedly by vehicles or pedestrians. The only other machine adapted for town riding is the ordinary front-steering tricycle, and this has one advantage over the safety bicycle in that it can be brought to a standstill without the necessity for a dismount. This is occasionally a convenience, as the bicycler, when dismounted, finds it difficult to obtain, amid the traffic, that brief respite necessary to enable him to regain the saddle. On the other hand, the bicycle is of narrower gauge than the tricycle, and can be taken through openings in the traffic that are closed against the tricycler. In other respects, there is little to choose between the two classes of machines for use in towns. The question of stability may come into consideration where badly paved roads have to be traversed; for then, when these are covered with a deposit of greasy mud, riding over them on a bicycle is not particularly safe, though it appears to the rider to be more dangerous than it really is. The dexterity with which a bicycle can be manipulated, and the accuracy with which it can be steered enable the rider, if an adept, to thread his way through busy thoroughfares with a facility that is inexplicable to those who have had no experience in riding or driving. It is a considerable tax upon the attention, however, as a constant vigilance has to be exercised to avoid accidents that are rendered possible by the great carelessness often exhibited by men intrusted with the management of horses and carts—men who barely know the rule of the road, and whose knowledge of driving is often acquired at the expense of others. One of the acts of careless drivers which is often productive of accidents consists in turning a horse and vehicle round in the streets without first ascertaining what is behind them. Instances of this kind may be witnessed any day in the streets of any large city, in which collisions are only narrowly averted. A bicycler is, however, more liable to be caught in this way, as drivers trust as much to their ears as their eyes to warn them of any approach from behind; and if a glance to one side does not disclose a coming vehicle, and they hear nothing, they will suddenly pull across the road without the slightest warning. No more complete trap can be laid for anyone, and if the move is not anticipated or detected in time for a shout to stop the man, or for a sharp turn to the left to enable the pursuer to pass on the near side, there is generally a collision of some kind.

Cyclers are not lunatics, but most of the wheels they ride are driven by cranks.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

A CYCLING ESSAY.

It was a pleasant day in July. We had dismounted in the village at the village church. The sweat trickled down our manly brows and soaked the riding habits which covered our athletic forms. All of this I mention to prove the pleasantness of the day.

We wiped the perspiration from our faces and satisfied our thirst. Those of us who had not satisfied their thirst had dismounted farther up the street and were manfully endeavoring to do so.

To fully express the beauty of the day, I might say it was hot! Writing, as I am, to-day, with the bleak winds of the winter howling without my palatial abode and ever and anon shrieking through the cracks in the logs, I look back on the warmth of that day with a trace of longing that can not be obliterated. Even now, methinks I see that narrow roadway, fragrant with the perfume of the flowers that adorned it. (I am not certain whether flowers adorned it on this particular day, but the editor has insisted that I make this flowery and I cannot miss the only opportunity I have of working the line in.)

We dismounted at the village church. Now, have you ever seen a village church?

Standing out in bold relief. To the rear the grave yard. The country church yard with its white palings, its marble shafts and crumbling stones. The resting place of the village fathers, the subject of a hundred elegies. But I am not in the elegy business. Gray has immortalized himself by his truly good poem and why should I detract from his glory!

Beautiful indeed is the village church in poetry. Ah! how different in reality! To-day, I look on this—"lonely and vast, in its grandeur sublime!" A one story frame structure. Once painted white, now darkening as the years roll by. Booms of neighboring towns destroying its attendance and its pride. Yesterday, it rang out love and truth, good will to man. Here, to-morrow, the rabble with fight for the supremacy in a township election! A week—a month—a year is gone and with it the vestige of this holy place. Tradition points it out but those who fed tradition have passed away with the village church.

To-day, we watched the children, with their snowy dresses, come up the path toward us. Farther down the road approach their elder sister, with their brothers, or, perchance, some other sister's brother. Then the parents, all bearing toward the common center.

This the day, this the hour, this the place. The haven of rest in this world as in the next. The seat of knowledge, of pleasure and of prayer. Here acquaintance is formed, here love springs up, here marriage is consummated, here the loved one is laid to rest!

Have we intruded? Before us they pause. The gossip, the laughter, the lovely sentences are hushed. We become the center of an observing multitude. Blushing girls receive our modest attentions. Little misses gey our lathy proportioned or corpulent forms. Bold escorts finger the nicked backbone or whirl the pedals. Then they kill us with questions until the hour calls them within the church. Will we join them in their Sabbath school? Will we?—we have entered in.

No extravagant, artistic frescoing decorates the village church. No tapestried pulpit adorns a carved and inlaid rostrum. No upholstered pews flank a brusseled aisle. No ushers in broadcloth and ivory lined beckon you at the door. This is not the sanctuary. This is not the cathedral. This is simply the "meetin' place," this and nothing more. No palace organ with innumerable pipes and stops ornaments this little house. The deep voice of the brawny farmer lad, the tender notes of the farmer's daughter, trained and cultured as she roams o'er meadow and woodland, join in the lusty swell.

Salaried choirs, selected vocalists may charm the ear and please the senses but will He, in whose honor these praises go up, not turn aside to listen to the chorus uncultured and unpaid that rises from the village church?

But, to-day, ah! what has hushed those tender notes? Why does father and mother and brother alone join in that sweet refrain? Why should those pasteboard covers conceal blushing countenances? What causes the shy glance that now and then is cast our way?

How it pains the heart of the President, who has long since learned the meaning of those flushed faces, to know that these young men, whom he has always endeavored to guide in the proper paths

of decorum, have been uttering honeyed words and subtle compliments to those innocent rural belles. How his heart aches to tell them that these self same young men, flushed with the blood of youth, attractive in their neat fitting uniforms, have wives at home who await their return.

But, to-day, I look on the interior of the village church calsoned and striped from its wainscoting to its ceiling. Above the pastor's chair, some artistic sister has endeavored to describe a semi-circle with evergreen motto, "God Bless Our School." The years gone past have dried and bleached the green. Letters have dropped out and been replaced wrong side up and in total disregard to the fact that a "curve is the line of beauty." The old stove in the corner has rusted to a rich mahogany that but poorly matches the painted pine pews upon which, here and there, the irrepressible small boy and his knife have left their intricate forms and fancies. Resting on that cracked and rusted heater is the superintendent's half smoked stogie, whose delicate perfume is now and then wafted to our nostrils. In front of us an antiquated melodeon groans and wheezes under the torture of a young and freckled faced deciple of Bethoven. When a false note is struck and the discord results the congregation pauses until the proper rendition is obtained and then resumes the sweet refrain! To our left, the infant class, whose minds are too frail to grasp the words of holy writ, are instructed in their A B C's. Now and their lisplings of "o-x, ox; b-o-x, box" rise far above that ceaseless hum, above that vile tobacco smoke and the psalms of David! The secretary reads the list of "male teachers, female teachers, male scholars and female scholars" present, the regular singing school meeting is announced and the papers are passed as we go out. A glance at these reveals a continued story, a puzzle and chess column and a receipt for producing whiskers in six weeks!

Back into those blistered saddles we vault and speed down the road. Smiles and glances of admiration follow us out of sight.

The years to come will bring those little feet to the bustling city but in their dim eyes will be vivid again the picture of the village church, as it stands to-night, enshrined in the rosy light of the setting sun.

Turn my wheel! Carry me hither and thither, through the whirl of yonder city out into the silent paths of the woodland. But—stay! Is there a spot on earth so full of happy recollections and associations, so dear to our gray haired fathers and mothers as their old country home and their "meetin' place?"

PRES. MERG.

At present there are about 64 cycle factories in the German Empire, employing 1,150 people, while many others make them outside of their principle trade. Thirty-seven factories derive half-finished parts of these machines from domestic, others from foreign makers; for instance, 36 from English manufacturers, 118 English and 132 Germans are employed in putting together the different parts. The average value of a wheel, with all accessories, is about 350 marks. The number of machines manufactured amounts to about 7,000 per annum. The import of English machines is much larger. The total number of cycles sold is rated at 20,000 in Germany. In races which took place last summer and autumn in Germany, the German beat the English machines in several instances. Cycling is more and more applied to practical uses. The Diet of the Province of Hanover recently appropriated 7,000 marks for cycles to be used by highway supervisors.

Parents and guardians of youth please copy. The other day an exclusively feminine household was a good deal shaken from its usual calm by the visit of a schoolboy relative, for whom there did not appear to be a more suitable provision of amusement than crochet work or the manufacture of puddings. Some bright inspiration suggested the borrowing of a safety, which was placed at the youth's disposal on ascertaining that he was capable of disporting himself upon it. From that hour his happiness was secured, and a worthy family was freed from the burden of his entertainment. He scoured the country for miles round; saw everything that was to be seen, or, so he vows; was out of everybody's way during his entire stay, and left declaring that he had never had such jolly holidays in his life before.

Bicycle riders are pedalers.

The Romance of Stonekill Glen.



HE city of Merlinford is furnished with an abundance of water from an artificial lake, twenty-five miles distant. This reservoir, a mile in length and three-quarters in width, was created by throwing a dam of heavy masonry across the river, where it debouches from the uplands in a series of leaps and plunges among the rocks which gave it its name. The Stonekill, fifty years ago, was a stream of respectable size, flowing between wooded banks and smooth, sloping lawns, or precipitous bluffs where the water, always in shadow, whisked by like a green serpent seeking its den among the marshes in the valley below. But the necessities of man, ever at war with natural beauty, have changed all this. Instead of a broad current with picturesque pools and rapids, known to enthusiastic trout-fishermen, a petulant little brook murmurs along the bottom of the glen, spanned here and there by small foot-bridges, a single plank wide, and buried from sight at midsummer by the luxuriant growth of flags and rushes.

The old river bottom has been converted into arable land, and where the salmon once turned his shining sides to the sun, houses and barns are built. One of the most pretentious of these, at the period of this history, was owned and occupied by Abiah Suthern, his family and a dozen boarders from Merlinford. Mr. Suthern was, to use his own modest description of himself, "a pretty considerable genius," with a turn for most things likely to yield a profit; uniting in his own proper person the several characters of farmer, boarding-house keeper, wheel-wright, deacon of the church and inspector of the dam, which later was something more than half a mile distant from his dwelling.

The most onerous duty connected with the inspectorship was the monthly journey to Merlinford for the purpose of drawing his salary; for he rarely troubled himself about the dam, confining his office to a prefatory visit once or twice a year. His indifference, however, was that of pure faith; he had as much confidence in the dam as he had in himself, which is a metaphor for infallibility.

The deacon—he preferred that one of his many titles—professed to have studied human nature and to know a thing or two about it. When summer boarders had been decided upon, he immediately set about securing them upon sound philosophical principles.

"Find out a pretty girl and her ma," he said to his wife, "and the thing is done."

And it *was* done. The pretty girl and her ma were discovered, and presently the deacon's diplomacy began to bear fruit. Several young men, known to the aforesaid pretty girl, happened along—quite by accident, of course—were immeasurably surprised to meet a city friend in that out-of-the-way region, and, detecting hitherto unsuspected sanitary virtues in the air and water of the district, concluded to stop awhile. A number of acquaintances and relatives followed in turn, and the deacon's house was full to overflowing.

"Human natur' is human natur'," observed Abiah, sententiously; "the same as it was, wife, when I went sneakin' round after you, thirty years ago."

The pretty girl in question was Miss Amy Fawcett, another example of the deacon's judgement. For she was a very pretty girl, indeed; a slender, flower-like creature, just in the debatable land of immature womanhood, with the stateliness of a budding goddess and the affectionate gentleness of a child. A trifle of a flirt she was, perhaps, but only as an innocent girl may be to whom passion is yet but a rumor, and the solemn mysteries of the heart a book in an unknown tongue. Miss Amy had ideas, nevertheless, and was pragmatical on questions of moral manners; but if her views were not very deep or original, her way of expressing them was delightfully piquant, so that nothing was lost in the end.

Among her little court of admirers at the farmhouse, there was at least one who was frankly in love with her. Stanley Parr, with characteristic impetuosity, had already offered himself to her after a three week's acquaintance, and had been informed that his proposal was regarded as an impertinence.

Utterly abashed and miserable, Stanley had resolved first to join the Army and get himself killed by the Indians, leaving behind a better upbraiding her with his premature decease; next, to go to sea

as a common sailor, and wait until one day when she would be crossing the ocean in a storm, obligingly sent for the purpose, he would rescue her from a watery grave and die with her name upon his lips, and finally—to light a pipe, sit down and think it over coolly.

The result of his meditations was that he had acted like a fool in trying to win such a girl by a *coup de main*—a dash and scramble worthy of a clown—and that he had only received his just deserts. The shock of her refusal had taught him that he did not love her seriously and earnestly, and that, though she was far too good for him, he could never be happy without her. He determined to make a prudent and manful fight for her and to commit no more blunders.

He had thereupon assumed a diplomatically penitent air, begged her pardon, and since she was really not very angry with him, been received into favor again as a friend.

He was a tall muscular fellow, with a handsome boyish face, honest gray eyes, incapable of concealing or disguising his least emotion; an innocent, useless, generous lad, heavily handicapped by a large fortune in his own right, with no natural abilities or tastes, except, it might be, for athletics, in which he excelled. He could row, ride, cricket, run, swim like an otter and box like a pugilist.

"But you don't remember a single Latin verb," objected Amy, to whom he had recited a catalogue of his acquirements one afternoon at the farmhouse. You don't know the name of the commonest botanical plant, and you have never read Emerson."

"Well, I never had a head for such things," replied Stanley, argumentatively. "Heads are so different as legs and arms. Now, the professor couldn't lift a hundred pounds, whereas I can lift twice that with the professor upon it to boot. Don't you see?"

"That is mere brute strength," said Amy, disdainfully. "A horse is as much stronger than you are—"

"As I am stronger than the professor," interjected Stanley, jealously; "that's true, but I would rather be a horse than that hollow-chested, chalk-faced creature, with his drivel about the conduct of the crustiores and secondary strata."

"The professor is a friend of mine," answered Amy, with dignity; "you appear to forget. I consider your remarks in very bad taste, besides showing that you are quite incapable of appreciating the moral and intellectual worth of a man like Professor Waldruff."

"Which you are, no doubt," retorted Stanley, satirically. "But let me give you one bit of advice, Amy. When you go botanizing with him again, take care not fall into the brook, for the best he could do would be to put up his glasses and look at you, as he does at one of his specimens, and say, 'How very remarkable!'"

"I think," said Amy, with indignant emphasis, "that we had better not converse longer on this subject. Our minds are of so different cast that we cannot by any possibility understand each other."

"You mean, in plain terms, that I am a fool, don't you?" asked Stanley, sorryfully. "You are right, and I know it only too well. I wish I were the kind of a man you approve of Amy. I would even change places with the professor for your sake. You know what I mean by talking as I do. I am jealous, miserably, shamefully jealous, and that is the truth."

"You have no right to be," answered Amy; sharply, while a faint blush rose to her cheek.

"I know that," admitted Stanley, "but I can't help it. I love you so that I am jealous of the very air that stirs your hair, of the flowers you wear at your breast. It is in me; it has become a part of my life, and you might as well forbid me to breathe as forbid me to love you."

She arose and turned away.

"I took you for a man of your word, Mr. Parr," she said, haughtily, "when you assured me that you would not refer to the subject of your—your affections again. I accepted you back as a friend on that one condition. I perceive that you are not to be trusted. I shall know how to guard myself from a repetition of this scene."

Poor Stanley sat looking after her, as she walked slowly away, with a mournful expression.

"I was a fool to hope," he muttered, dejectedly. "She will never care for me as I care for her. I am not her equal, and this is a fact. They say a woman must respect a man before she loves him, and

what is there to respect in me? I have made the best mile running; I pulled stroke in the winning crew at Yale; I have won three prizes in succession for a hundred miles on the wheel. But what is all that to her? If I could talk Herbert Spencer to her as the professor does—“curse the professor,” he added savagely, “I would like to take a round out of him without gloves; I’d mix up his confounded strata for him.”

His bicycle—for poor Stanley, unfortunate in love, was the admiration of all adepts in wheeling—stood against a neighboring tree. He sprang upon it and grimly trundled off up the road toward the dam for his regular afternoon spin around the reservoir.

He was in no mood for the exercise to-day, however, and arriving at the dam, he dismounted, and threw himself upon the sod in shadow of the huge wall.

“Why *am* I such an utterly good-for-nothing fellow?” he said, scanning the structure discontentedly. “Why couldn’t I have been built such a thing as *that*? Some one was proud of it, I suppose, though it is an ugly, commonplace heap of stones at best.” He arose and walked to the foot of the wall. “And leaks, too,” he added, examining a dozen little jets of water, which were spouting viciously through the masonry. “That can’t be right, I am sure. What was that problem they used to give us about the detrition of water against stone? I never got the answer, I remember. No doubt the professor could give the figures to an ounce in weight and a second in time.”

He went and threw himself upon the grass again and remained buried in moody reflections until near sunset. Then he arose and cast another glance at the wall. He was consequently startled to observe that the jets of water had increased in number, and that some of them had grown in size to the thickness of his wrist. A deep crack, which he had not noticed before, had opened perpendicularly in the face of the wall, and small pebbles and particles of mortar were dropping down. He could feel a preceptable tremor in the ponderous stonework, and he fancied that he could hear a low, threatening sound, like the muttering of an angry voice, arising from the depths of the foundation.

“I will swear *that* is not right,” he said with a sensation of terror, looking up at the mighty structure confining thousands of tons of water, forever struggling to escape, like a chained giant. There had been a series of heavy rains of late, and the reservoir was full to overflowing. “I will speak to the deacon about it to-night.”

“He mentioned his discovery at the tea-table to the no small amusement of the worthy inspector.

“That dam was put there to stay,” he said; “and you can’t knock it down with a pea-shooter, young man.”

“But the leaks enlarged while I sat looking at them,” insisted Stanley; “and I felt the walls shake.”

“I have examined the dam,” observed the professor, with calm certainty. “It is built upon sound scientific principles, The angle of resistance is geometrically correct, and the base lines—”

“I don’t care for angles or base lines,” retorted Stanley, with the anger which the professor’s pleasant allowance for his ignorance always roused in him; “that dam is unsafe, and as this house is directly in the old path of the river, I think it ought to be looked to.”

“The law of resisting angles is very simple,” replied the professor gently. “I could give you the equation, Mr. Parr—that is, if you could understand it.”

Stanley would have insisted, but he saw that Amy was looking at him compassionately and he remained indignantly silent.

“She thinks I am displaying my stupidity before the professor,” he said to himself, and his fingers itched to pitch the learned gentleman out of the window.

But though silenced, he was by no means convinced. For once in his life he passed a restless night. Many times the stir of the wind among the trees sent him to the window with a bound; and—it was not fancy either—there were odd, unaccustomed moanings and sighings in the air, inarticulate voices of warning proceeded from the direction of the dam. The house-dog went whining and pattering about the door-pard, and the cattle stamped uneasily in the sheds with the instinctive foreknowledge of danger which man in his wisdom has lost.

The rising sun partly dissipated his fears. With the placed glory of the morning flooding the lawns and meadows, and the soft wind breathing perfume at his window, danger and death seemed the unhealthy fancies of a dream. Somewhat reassured, therefore, he submitted to the deacon’s bantering on the subject with perfect good-humor. But he resolved, notwithstanding, to satisfy himself by another visit to the dam.

In truth, in the present state of affairs, he had need of something, however unimportant, to distract his thoughts. He had tried to make peace with Amy, but without avail. He had offended her too deeply. He had spoken disparagingly of the man she loved; for it was plain enough to him now that the professor had won the place in her heart which he would have given ten years of his life to have occupied.

“Poor little girl!” he said; “she is right, after all. It wouldn’t do. I am jealous of the professor, of course, but there must be something in him or she wouldn’t like him. But I don’t see how I am going to stand it.” His eyes filled with tears and his lips quivered: “I’ll go away somewhere; I don’t much care where. I must make sure about that dam first, though.”

Toward four o’clock he mounted his bicycle and rode toward the reservoir. On crossing the brook, near the house, he was startled to discover, that the water had risen during the night, so that the footbridge was submerged and a swift, muddy current, ten yards wide, was boiling along the valley where a tiny stream had trickled before. Even as he stood looking at it, it seemed to increase in volume and a number of planks dislodged from the fences and clumps of uprooted willows swept by.

As he hurriedly remounted his bicycle, a roar like distant thunder came through the woods from the direction of the dam, followed by a series of smaller detonations. He hesitated an instant, undecided as to whether he had better return to the house at once and give warning, or proceed to the dam and ascertain the exact state of affairs. He finally decided upon the latter course, and set out at a rapid rate toward the spot where the reports growing louder and more continuous every instant.

Arrived at the base of the dam, he uttered an irrepressible cry of terror at the scene of destruction which met his gaze. The small stream he had noticed on the previous day had enlarged into torrents. All along the face of the stonework appeared jagged cracks, widening visibly and emitting hundreds of foaming jets, while pieces of rock and fragments of cement fell in an uninterrupted shower. At intervals, sections of masonry toppled down with a crash, flinging up fountains of spray.

Shaking off the trance of terror which benumbed him; terror not for himself but for the incredulous and unconscious occupants of the farmhouse; for Amy; he tried to think clearly what he ought first to do. The deacon’s dwelling, though in line with the course the liberated flood would take and certain to be swept away, was fortunately but a few hundred feet distant from the high ground where all would find safety. Casting a final glance at the crumbling structure Stanley saw that he must act promptly. A new crack had opened diagonally through the wall from top to bottom with a sharp report, and the huge fragment was swaying to its fall. When this gave way, the whole lake would instantly precipitate itself into the valley below. He sprang upon his bicycle and started down the road, riding as he had never ridden before, even upon the race course, with the eyes of breathless thousands upon him. Trees, rocks and fences whirled by in a confused phantasm; the wheel bounded beneath him like a spirited horse touched with the spur. His heart swelled with an emotion of pride; though Amy despised him she would owe her life to his foresight and devotion.

His shout brought Abiah, the professor and one or two of the boarders to the door. Amy was nowhere in sight.

“The dam, the dam!” he cried; “the dam is going! Run for your lives!”

“Come, come,” said the deacon, still obstinately incredulous; “no insinuations ag’in’ that dam, young man!”

“Professor Waldruff,” said Stanley, turning to him with impressive calmness, “on my honor as a gentleman, the dam is falling! I have seen it going under my very eyes. Take the women and make for the high ground yonder. Don’t wait for to look after your baggage, but get out! You haven’t ten minutes to spare!”

"The angle of incident—" murmured the professor with a white face.

He was interrupted by a terrific crash which shook the very earth.

"Hark!" said Stanley; "if you won't believe me, will you believe that?"

By this time the tenants of the farmhouse had congregated in the doorway, breathless and bewildered with terror; Stanley ran his eyes over them, and turned with a startled cry, to the professor, who, with the now wholly converted deacon, was preparing to head the flight toward the high ground.

"Where is Amy?" he demanded sharply.

"I believe she went to the brook to gather some specimens of mallow," answered the savant, with an expression of real distress.

"Take care of yourself," exclaimed Stanley, seeing that he was making a feeble and indeterminate movement in the direction indicated; "I will look after her."

Stanley sprang to the saddle again and spun down the path toward the bottom of the glen with fire in his eyes and despair at his heart. He rode on over ground surely never attempted by a bicyclist before, among rocks and moist earth, bounding and staggering headlong down precipitous places at the risk of his neck. The brook had become a broad, impetuous river, pouring over ground which had been cultivated meadows an hour before. He glanced anxiously over the foaming expanse with a shuddering dread that he was already too late. But no, at the further side of the stream he discovered a little white-robed figure composedly picking its way, with raised skirts and delicate tread, across the muddy flat. He sprang from the wheel, and dragging it after him, waded through the water waist deep.

Amy looked up inquiringly as she saw him approach livid, soaked with perspiration, and dripping with the foul slime of the river.

"Isn't it singular?" she said, with a puzzled smile, "the brook has risen so rapidly that I had to run, and I have wet my feet as it is."

And she exhibited a dainty kid boot and stocking, soiled with mire. But Stanley, with unappreciative haste, seized her by the arm.

"On, on!" he cried, "we must get out of this at once. The dam is broken."

"But both the deacon and the professor say you were very wrong," she objected, shyly. "The professor ought to know don't you think?"

"Confound the professor," ejaculated Stanley, explosively. "It is his fault, with his infernal sines and angles, that you are in danger now."

"You are very rude," she said with dignity. "Leave me by myself, please; I don't wish to be under any obligation to you."

"Amy," he answered, earnestly, "I know that you despise and dislike me, and I don't say that you are wrong. All I ask is the privilege of placing you in safety."

"For Heaven's sake don't let us waste valuable time. I swear to you we haven't an instant to spare, if it isn't too late already."

"And the people at the house?" she inquired, still hesitating.

"I have warned them, and they are safe by this. Don't be afraid, I saw the professor start with them," he said with a suppressed sigh.

"Very well; let us go then," she replied, moving away with a deliberate step, and with due care of her skirts.

Still somewhat incredulous as to the actual and immediate danger, Amy persisted in walking at a quiet pace, casting demur glances now and then at Stanley's anxious face. And, indeed, the young man himself was beginning to hope that he had exaggerated the situation, when, as they stepped through hedge upon the road, a phenomenon met their gaze, which struck them both motionless with horror. A huge wall of water, of a deep, livid green, bearing upon its crest *debris* of trees, fences and out-buildings, was rolling toward them with a hoarse, deadly sound, cutting down everything in its path as the mower's sythe cuts the grain.

Stanley threw a wild, shuddering glance around him.

"Yes, yes," he groaned, answering her mute, beseeching look, "poor little girl, I will save you, or—" his eyes fell upon the bicycle resting against a tree, and uttering a cry of hope and joy, he seized the shrieking girl about the waist, flung her upon the saddle,

and crowded himself upon it behind her. The wheel rocked from side to side in gyrating curves, and but for his wonderful skill would have lost its balance entirely. But he had not won his prize for nothing; and was he not riding now for a prize dearer than life—the safety of the woman he loved? So after an instant of terrific struggle and doubt, he gained control of the machine and set off down the road with the speed of the wind.

With the flood foaming and bellowing behind him, he labored on, his teeth clinched, his eyes blazing and every muscle in his vigorous young body quivering like the flanks of a horse at a gallop. Amy had instinctively thrown her arms about him, and as he rode he could feel her warm breath fanning his cheek and the quick beating of her heart against her breast. And it seemed to inspire him with the strength and courage of ten men. He looked down at her, meeting her startled gaze with a yearning tenderness which he had no thought of disguising.

"Another minute, oh God!" he whispered; "one minute more!"

But it was not granted him. A few turns of the wheel, a hasty scramble up the side of the bluff and they would have been safe; but now the waters were upon them; first in a blinding dash of spray, then in a mountainous billow, which overturned, caught them up, still clinging to each other, and whirled them away like straws. But Stanley, ignorant of sines and cosines, was a powerful swimmer, and, after the first bewildering concussion, he shook the water from his eyes, and, lifting the girl's head clear of the torrent, struck out for the shore. It seemed well-nigh helpless. But after ten minutes of desperate effort, Stanley discovered that they were drawing diagonally toward the bank. With eyes glazed, and his breath coming in thick, choking gasps, he swam painfully on, and presently he dimly perceived that they were floating beneath a clump of willows still firmly rooted in the soil. With a final effort of his expiring strength, he pushed her up the slope.

"Climb, climb!" he panted, and saw that she obeyed him and was safe.

"Then, in the midst of his exultation, while she stood stretching out her hands to him from the bank, there came a sudden, sharp, universal sound, a sense of violent pain, and he dropped back and floated away into darkness and silence.

His next impression was of a faint, far-off voice, speaking his name, and of a light warm touch upon his aching forehead. He still lay with closed eyes until, to his clearing senses, the warm touch resolved itself into a palpable pair of lips and the far off sound; now close at his ear, into Amy's voice. He raised himself and looked vaguely around. Kneeling beside him on the moist earth, drenched and shivering, but with flowing tears of pity and joy, he beheld Amy herself.

"Are you better, dear?" she asked, hesitating a little over the tender epithet; then, as he put his hand confusedly to his brow, she drew his head to her breast and burst out sobbing again. "It is all out and bleeding!" she said. "It was a plank that struck you there, just as you had helped me ashore. And oh, when I saw you shut your eyes and float away, I remembered how shamefully I had treated you, and I was going to throw myself into the river and die, too. But the water washed you ashore, and I got you out. And now I am so happy, and you are going to live and forgive me, Stanley, are you not?"

"Bless your little heart!" answered Stanley, sitting upright and looking at her wistfully; "I have nothing to forgive!"

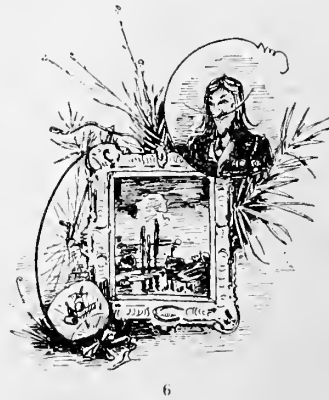
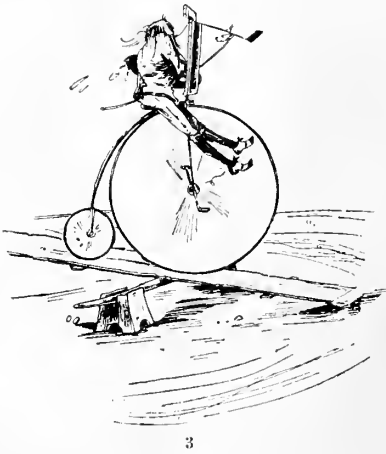
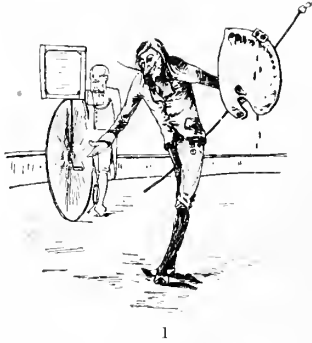
"Yes, you have!" replied Amy, determinedly; "I lied to you—yes, it was a lie!"

"Oh, Amy!"

"Yes, I did, when"—she averted her face from his eager gaze—"when I made you believe I did not care for you!"

"But I don't understand," said Stanley; "the professor, you know—"

"Do you know what a flirt is, Stanley?" she asked soberly. "Well I will tell you. A flirt—that is not really a wicked, selfish flirt—is only a foolish, petulant girl, vain and affected, craving for admiration and amusement; till one day something terrible happens which compels her to pause and reflect; then she learns that she has a heart, and that it is overflowing with love for somebody. And oh, Stanley, if I had lost you what should I have done?"



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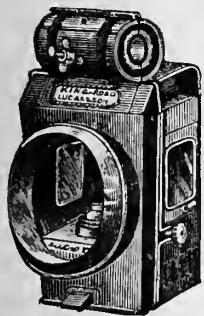
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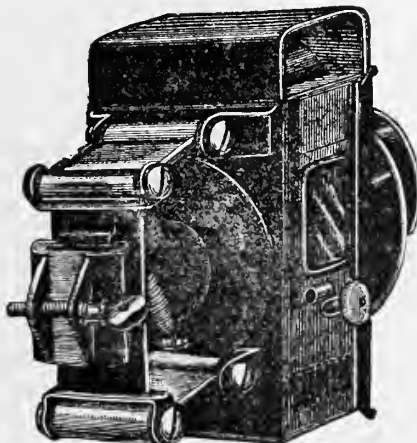


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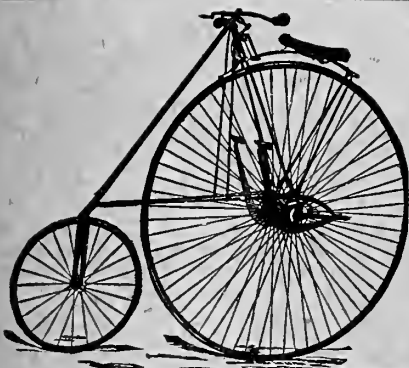
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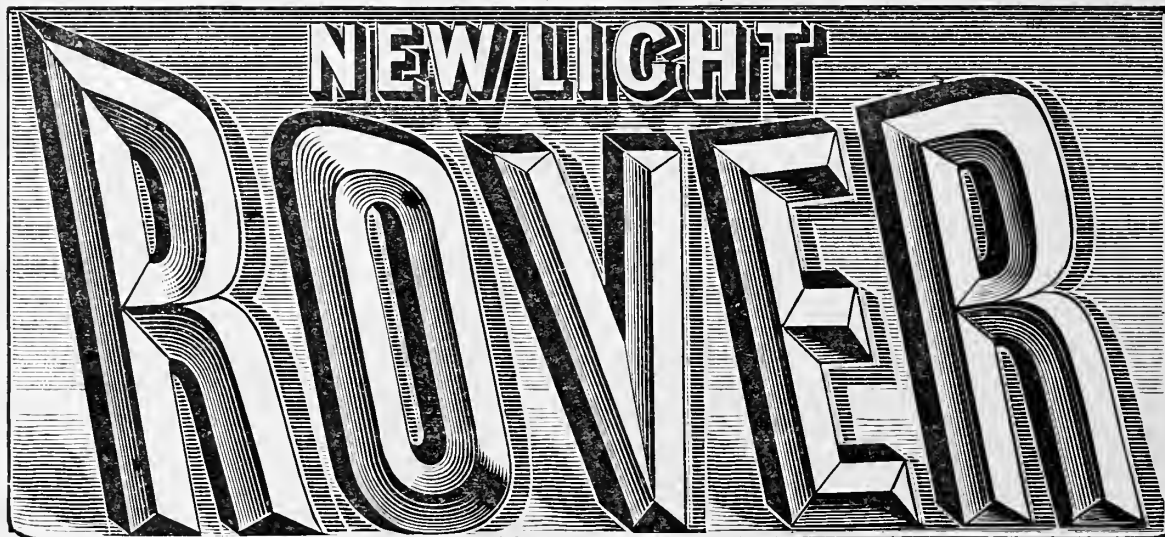
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VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 12

Our Home-Made Trip to England.



FOR TWELVE years I had been a reporter on the *Parkville Daily Gazette* and through all that time I had never taken or even asked for a vacation. It is true that there had been a vacation of three weeks due me every summer, but some unfortunate combination of circumstances had always arisen to cheat me out of it. The other reporters always took their vacations regularly enough; I was not so fortunate. Once the Rasseltown riots broke out on the very eve of our departure for the Adirondacks, and of course the whole force had all they could attend to, as the

whole country were for a while fixed on Parkville and its manufacturing suburb, Rassletown. Once it was a five million dollar fire, and again it was an unexpected turn in a gubernatorial campaign that brought the tug of war at our very doors; and so on through the whole category of unforeseen incidents or accidents, I called them, that go to make the life of a reporter the uncertain quantity that it is. Although the head editor never seemed very reluctant in asking me to postpone my vacation, as fast as different emergencies would arise, the fact that he never postponed it to any definite time or thought of the delayed vacation after he had once set it aside, made it very embarrassing for me. As fast as one man's time was up another man was off, and so on all through the summer. For two reporters to leave at once, was an improbability that my acquaintance with the austere habits and methods of the head editor, led me to set down as an impossibility.

It was on the fifth anniversary of our marriage that my wife, remembering how we had been cheated out of our vacation the summer before, by the untimely development of a Parkville church scandal of national notoriety, arose to the emergencies of the occasion and insisted on my demanding my twelve three weeks' vacation all in one lot and that we take a tandem tour of England. Twelve times three would give us thirty-six weeks or nine months, to say nothing of the interest really due that would be eight and nine-tenths days more, figuring it compound at six per cent. Nine months and nine days was ample time in which to make a foreign tour, and a tandem ride through England struck me as being a remarkable brilliant thought on my wife's part.

We had ridden a tandem tricycle for a little over a year and ever since we had first mounted it and taken a little run around town, we had always yearned for a longer ride next time. So it was our rides had extended out further and further over the beautiful roads around Parkville till we had thoroughly investigated every nook and corner within a radius of fifty miles, we both in the mean time becoming quite enthusiastic, and I may say expert tricyclers. It is perfectly natural then, that my wife's suggestion struck me as being a most happy one and I hastened to overcome my native timidity, as I had often had occasion to do since joining the ranks of the reporters, and began to frame a letter to the head editor containing my request for a vacation of nine months, eight and nine-tenths days.

This was early in April. So early that the exact date of the letter was April 1st. This fact, together with the extreme singular nature of the request that followed, caused my superior to look at it as an April fool joke of a most novel character, which supposed usurpation on the part of the duties of the "funny editor" was not relished by

our methodical head and it was this fact that led to my being called up before him personally. When I told my wife about it afterward, she said that was probably the most fortunate thing that could have happened, for if the head editor had replied by letter he would likely have refused to grant the request entire. As it was, on my explaining to him the complete seriousness of my demand and rehearsing again the fact of twelve years vacationless work, he admitted the justness of my claim, and said I could take a leave of absence for nine months beginning with the first of July, and providing I could find a proper man to take my place during my absence. The matter of interest on the delayed time he was not prepared to grant, as such a thing was, he said, utterly unheard of; so I did not press the question, notwithstanding my wife and I both decided it only a fair business-like way of settling the matter.

My letter to the head editor was dated April 1. Our request was granted April 4. This left us four months less four days in which to get ready for our novel trip, which was little enough time indeed, so my wife said. With my twelve years service as a reporter at a fair salary and my wife's economical habits, we had managed to put in bank quite a neat little sum for just such an occasion as this, and now that the occasion had arrived we determined to make our money go as far as it would and get all the enjoyment out of it that was possible. "We won't pay out a dollar," said my wife, "but what we get some pleasure out of it; and there won't be any pleasure that a dollar will buy, but what we'll have it."

Tricycle riding, we both decided, was ever so much cheaper than railroad traveling, and the fun to be got out of the two were not to be compared by any right-minded person. It is strange how soon a person will forget a long period of drudgery, as soon as the prospect for a change comes; make the change as short as you will. Not only that, but we both decided we would be willing to come back and spend twelve years more of common-place, if we only could have three month's repetition to the delightful novelty we were confident was in store for us. Looking back over my twelve years' work as a reporter, there was one thing that worried me more than everything else together, and that was my seeming inability to make folks take things as I meant they should be taken. For instance, my most seriously pathetic articles were passed around as samples of reportorial wit and refined humor. My most truthfully written reports were invariably "blue-penciled." "You draw too much on your imagination," said the head editor; "facts are what we want; go in for facts; leave probabilities alone." So profiting by experience, my reports were always made truth appearing by a smattering of fiction, and my serious matter made more so by a dash of humor. I was never obliged to reverse the operation for fiction and "funny business" were out of my domain. But I must not forget what I started out to tell about.

"Of course," said my wife, "we want to gather all the information we possibly can before hand, for a trip of this sort." So we discussed the various methods of acquiring English touring information. My wife knew a lady whose brother or cousin or some other relative had once traveled with a bicycle in England and she was sure he was a member of the C. T. C., and that he found it ever so much an advantage in traveling. The next day I sent in two applications for membership in the C. T. C., together with subscriptions to *The Bicycling News* and *The Cyclist*. These, together with some

large county maps of England that we borrowed from an English neighbor, served as a first-class means of self-instruction. When the first installment of the papers arrived we took turns reading parts of them to each other, skipping all uninteresting items, such as race meeting reports, champion challenges and editorial criticisms on some of the other papers, we carefully discussed, with the aid of the map, all reports of tours, runs, etc., in whatever part of the country they might be. So it was, in the course of six weeks or less, we had laid out a pretty accurate route of the trip we proposed taking. My wife prepared the time table and schedule which was a model in its way. Every day was to see us over just so much ground. Every night was to find us in such and such a place. Even the very taverns we were to stop at were set down. Once we were to stop at the "Lion" at Ripley, but a casual item in the *Cyclist* extolling the excellence of the lamb chops at the "Lion" caused us to change our proposed patronage to the "Boar's Head." "I never could relish lamb chops," said my wife, "and I am sure if they would serve them the morning we would be there, they would spoil my enjoyment for the day, no matter how excellent they might be." So we became in time perfectly familiar with all the details and peculiarities of our proposed route, and not a circumstance that was worth noting was left unnoted.

It was arranged that I should keep an accurate diary of our travels, with a view, my wife said, of writing a book for publication. I have always believed that my wife had an over-estimated idea of my literary abilities, and although I was not at all averse to keeping a diary for our own special satisfaction, I told my wife it must be with that distinct understanding, and none other.

The ill luck that had attended my twelve previous proposed vacations did not desert me on this my thirteenth, and unlucky thirteen was the unluckiest of them all. On the morning of the third day before our departure, the Parkville Savings Bank and Fidelity Co. opened business with closed doors. The Parkville Savings Bank and Fidelity Co. held all of our savings, The blow was a heavy one to me. I hastened home to tell my wife. I feared she would be utterly overcome by the misfortune.

"Anyway we have the tandem and the vacation left," said she, "and, if we can't go to England, there's plenty of places we can go to."

I felt relieved. There was no denying the truth of this remark. "How fortunate," she continued, "you did not buy our passage tickets yesterday, as we proposed doing."

I admitted the fortunateness of the circumstance, for I could see the total uselessness of going to England with no other assets than a second-hand tandem and the return coupon of a steamer passage ticket. Nevertheless, it occurred to me that it would have been still more fortunate had we started four days earlier, as we had *not* proposed doing.

The evening of the day of the Bank failure my wife met me on my return home with more than usual animation. I at once scented something in the air, but thought best to wait till she got ready to tell me rather than ask her what was up.

It came when we sat down to supper.

"Dearest," said she, "you remember what Emerson says about the imagination?"

I replied that I did not, but that I could imagine what Emerson would say about the imagination.

"That's just like you," she said. "Well, I remembered that he said something on the subject and I have been reading up and I believe that by a judicious use of the imagination we can take our English tour right here at home and enjoy it just as much as if we were in England. I am sure you have enough imagination, my dear, if you would only think so, and I try to think that I have."

At first I was tempted to laugh. Then I saw how earnest my wife was in the matter, and how disappointed she would be if I didn't fall in with the plan. Besides, I could really see no harm in humoring the idea, as my wife's ideas generally turned out good ones. All this ran through my mind before I said a word. When I opened my mouth it was to consent.

"And you must keep the diary the same as we set out to do: that will heighten the illusion. How much more delightful it will seem riding down the old Parkville Turnpike if we only imagine we are scorching to Ripley."

To all of which I gave my unqualified consent.

* * * * *

On the afternoon of July 6 we arrived at a little crossroads settlement hot and dusty. It was our sixth day out and we were only ninety miles from home. We had conscientiously followed the plan we had set out to follow, and, strange as it may seem, it was a complete success.

It was much more interesting and romantic to wheel at nightfall into Leominster or Biggleswade and stop at the best tavern in the place than it would have been to ride into Jimtown or Gibbs' Corners and put up at the only "hotel" in town.

At one place where we had to ford a creek and my wife stood on the axle of the tricycle while I pedaled wet-legged across, it was the most fun in the world, all because the stream was the Avon and not Wiggles Run.

All this was very interesting and recreative, and, knowing that my wife enjoyed it hugely, I really believe I could have enjoyed it too if it hadn't been for that confounded diary I was obliged to carry and post up every evening after supper. While my imagination was sufficient to call Jimtown Leominster, or Gibbs' Corners Biggleswade with hot breath, when it came to petting the same down in cold black and white, it took on an air of prevarication that I did not like. Nevertheless, as my wife insisted upon it, and as she always personally superintended the transcribing of my notes, I saw the uselessness of objecting. "Who, besides ourselves, will ever see them?" thought I. For some inexplicable reason my wife's schedule, previously arranged, failed to correspond with our actual riding distances. Stretch our imagination as we would, we could not stretch our riding distance to anything like the figures laid out.

So it was the end of the first week found us some eighty miles behind our advertised schedule, as I facetiously termed my wife's timetable.

This eighty miles we agreed to divide up and add to each day's distance on the diary so that we could begin the new week afresh.

"We will have no trouble hereafter," said my wife, "as I have allowed much less distance each day after the first week, supposing we would then be more tired, when really I feel more like riding now than I did at first. Besides," she went on, "we can ride to-morrow, which is Sunday, and so save some distance on each of the other days, as I have allowed no time at all on Sunday on our schedule."

This concession on the part of my wife of part of her religious views about Sunday riding impressed on me more than ever the sacredness of keeping that diary, and keeping it correctly.

As we rode up to the store and boarding-house at Dobbs' Mills on the evening of the sixth day, we were, as usual, the center of all eyes. It was not till we had retired to our rooms that we could help feeling but what we were some kind of "freaks." When I returned to the front porch, some half hour after, I found the town had a later attraction than myself, and that I was nowhere.

In the center of a little crowd in front of the hotel I saw the newcomer. He was a cyclist, too, so it was but natural he should attract my attention quickly. If a stranger at Dobbs' Mills was entitled to receive attention in proportion to his travel-stained and generally wind-blown condition, then this man surely deserved all the attention that was lavished upon him. A strange mixture of mud and dust covered him from head to foot. His bare arms and ankles were black from the sun, and his left arm was bleeding from a probable fall. With a quick, sharp voice he ordered some one to brush off his clothes, some one to tie up his arm, and some one else to take charge of his wheel. Then he went in and up stairs.

Later in the evening I was seated again on the porch enjoying an after supper cigar when a man walked leisurely out and took a chair along side me.

"Nice country, this, we're traveling through?" he said, and as soon as he spoke I recognized him as the dusty stranger who had lately arrived by bicycle. He was considerably cleaner than when I saw him last, and the jacket he now wore completed the disguise.

After I had said "yes," he said: "We notice those things more than other travelers, I suppose."

I didn't exactly fancy that collective "we," but as there was really nothing in his bearing or remarks to take offense at, I gave another "yes." "We professionals," he went on, "have such a tough

time generally that when we strike a road like this here I call it a snap." Then, as if it had escaped his memory all along, he jerked out, "Who you riding for?"

I told him if he had asked me *what* I was riding for I would say for my pleasure and health, but as for whom I rode, I rode for no one except myself and possibly my wife.

He gave a slight whistle and went on, with what I thought an unnecessary emphasis on the "I." "Well, I am a professional record breaker. It's nothing to be ashamed of, though some people in the same line of business don't want to have it talked about. These 'makers' amateurs' and amateur records make me sick."

My curiosity was now aroused, and I asked him to tell me exactly what was a professional record-breaker and a maker's amateur and amateur records.

He looked me all over, from head to foot; then he said: "A professional record-breaker is a man who makes a record for a given distance. That is, he puts in the best time ever made for that particular distance, and when he does that he gets his pay and waits for some man from some rival concern to do a little better. Then his maker comes back at him and offers him big pay to come under the other man's figure. I do this by a fraction of a minute and get my pay and wait for another lowering on the other side and then sail in again. This way we can make a coveted record last us all season."

I thought that it must be a profitable business as well as an exciting one, and I said so to the stranger, who turned and looked me sharply, and I thought suspiciously, in the face.

"It would be a profitable business," he said, "if we were not troubled with these confounded makers' amateurs and thieves. But when a man's records are stolen from him—actually stolen—you cannot call his business profitable, can you?"

I said I thought that under such circumstances a business might be called anything but profitable.

"And the worst part of it," he went on, "is while I am engaged in making one record I find another being stolen from me. What would you think of a man who would steal a cross-continent record?"

I told him I thought the man who would do such a thing would have to be very dishonest.

He looked at me as though he had some doubts as to whether I was serious or not, and continued: "Dishonest, well, I should say he would be. Downright dishonest. A man who steals a mile record that it takes a few minutes to make or break is bad enough, but how much worse is a man who fakes up a cross-continent record it takes months to break again?"

"Now I am employed by a respectable house to ride a record across the continent, and as soon as I do that, me and a partner of mine is going to do a tandem record from ocean to ocean for the same house.

"Now, I just happen to find that some one else is onto this tandem snap and is tryin' to work in ahead of me. That's all right. As long as it's fair and square I ain't no kicker. But if them parties fake up a record I think we can't beat, all I can say is we're going to make 'em prove it. That's all, sir; we are going to make 'em prove it." So saying, he arose and walked hastily into the hotel office.

When I returned to our room a little while later I found my wife anxiously waiting for me.

"Do you know," she said, "that you left the diary on the dining-room table and that if I had not happened to think of it, it would have been lost for good?"

I could not help thinking what a good thing it would be if it had been lost for good, but I did not say so.

"As it was, I remembered where you left it," she went on, "and ran back into the dining-room after all had left. It was lucky I went back, for when I stepped in a man was bending over reading what you had written. I know he was a sneak thief by the way he acted, and I am sure if I had not come in just then he would have stolen it."

"You talk as though the diary was a pocketbook," said I.

"I am glad it was not a pocketbook, for then I am sure we should never have seen it again."

We started quite early next morning, but early as it was my queer acquaintance of last evening had left some two hours earlier. At exactly 4:02½ said the landlord. I did not understand then how he had the time down so pat. Neither did I understand why, on our mounting, did he walk up to me with open watch and pencil and request that I certify to the correctness of our leaving time on a scrap of paper he held. Both these things bothered me as we rode down the pike.

Our riding directions for that day were very meagre. We had got into a thinly settled part of the country, farm houses were growing far apart and towns ever so much further.

It was necessary, in following the directions we had received to Pixleyville, to ride half way around a large sized hill, or group of hills rather, that had appeared in the dim distance early in the morning. Between two of these raises my wife noticed a peculiar opening off the road, a little, well-packed by-way that looked as though it might lead to something. Into this she proposed we should turn.

"Who knows?" she said, "perhaps it may lead to some pleasant farm house, where we may get a chance to rest and eat a comfortable meal."

I turned the trike in, although I had not much faith in my wife's theory; but after wheeling a hundred yards or so we came upon an old-fashioned farm gate, nearly covered with shrubbery and bushes. Back of this we could see the farm house. Not very much of it, it is true, for the whole affair was nearly overgrown with vines and mosses.

We dismounted at once, and, after pulling the trike into the shade of the hedge, we opened the gate and walked up to the house. Everything about the place was in the best order, but not a soul was to be seen. We decided we would search at once for the owners and ask them if they could not give us something to eat. My wife was greatly delighted at the prospect. "Perhaps, she said, "they will even take us to board. You know we had about settled to spend a week in Northumberland, and I am sure we could not find a more truly North of England villa anywhere than right here."

As my wife was speaking, we turned the corner of the house and came upon a man busily at work upon a bicycle. As little as we were looking for this sign of civilization in this rural retreat, the surprise at first was a trifle startling. But there was a bicycle, sure enough, with its handles tied up to a low overhanging limb, and a man a man at work on it with his back toward us. So surprised were we that we stood and watched him. He was at work, but he was not repairing the bicycle. In fact he seemed to be trying to put it in need of repairs. He had an old nut wrench with which he was knocking the enamel off the forks and backbone, with an occasional jab at one of the spokes. Then he would give the wheel a vicious whirl for a minute or so and when it came to a rest he would carefully examine the cyclometer in the hub and compare it with some figures in his note-book. He also had an old butcher-knife with which he slashed away indiscriminately at the tire.

When he saw us, he appeared a good deal startled and somewhat angrily inquired what we wanted.

"We want," I said, in a dignified manner, "to know if we can have some luncheon at your house."

"Well, you can't," he replied, "now you know."

"But we have brought our luncheon with us," said my wife. This was not strictly true, for we had eaten our last mouthful nearly four hours before.

"Well," he said, "take it away with you again," and once more he gave the wheel a ferocious turn.

Discouraged by this rude reception of a perfectly proper inquiry we moved away; but before we had gone a dozen steps my wife stopped me.

"Do you know who he is?" she said.

"No," I replied, severely, "I do not know who he is, and, from what I have seen of his manners. I shall not cultivate his acquaintance."

"Why," she went on, without noticing my tone, "he is the sneak thief who wanted to steal your diary in the hotel dining-room last evening. I am sure of it, by the peculiar way he stoops over to look at that cyclometer."

As soon as my wife said this a great flood of light burst upon me. I had not recognized him before, partly on account of my own lack

of observation, and partly because he had not turned fully upon me. Now it came to me. He was my queer acquaintance at the hotel last evening, the professional record-breaker.

As soon as I recovered myself I went back promptly to the man.

"You are the professional cross-continent record-breaker," I said, "and I am going back to Parkville to expose you."

He turned white as a ghost, and looked thoroughly used up.

"Don't be too hard on me, professor," he began, "I am a poor man, and have to work hard for a living. Besides, remember we are in the same lead, so to speak. Keep it dark, professor, and I'll do the same for any queerness on your part."

Perhaps it was his forlorn manner, perhaps it was my naturally sympathetic nature, perhaps it was his appeal to my vanity in that title "professor," but I promised not to expose him unless he was engaged in doing something actually illegal; and then I asked him what he meant by saying we were "in the same lead."

"Ain't you riding for a record?" he asked incredulously.

"Certainly not," indignantly interposed my wife.

"Well, that's a nice way you have for queering a chap, I must say," he went on. "Didn't I read in your book as how you had made one hundred and sixty-eight miles yesterday, and also as how you expected to be to London by to-morrow night. Why, London is over Ohio a good three hundred and twenty miles from here, and if riding them rates ain't riding for a record, what is it? It surely ain't riding for fun, not leastwise from my way of looking at it."

I did not know what explanation to make. The whole misunderstanding was evidently due to that absurd diary of ours, and no one could understand that without our going back into affairs we did not care to talk about to every one. I looked at my wife; she was looking at me. As our eyes met we both burst out laughing. This turn of affairs somewhat reassured the record-breaker, who was leaning dejectedly against a tree. He interrupted us at this point.

"I will tell you the whole truth and throw myself on your mercy. This whole affair is for exhibition purposes. I left Parkville four days ago, on this bicycle, to ride to San Francisco. I rode square the first three days; indeed I did, professor. But last night when I met you and your tandem, it occurred to me right off that you were following and watching me, and that put me on my guard. When I saw you leave that book of yours on the dining-room table, I was glad enough to read it and find out what you were up to. Soon as I see them dates and distances I tumbled to the fact that you were cross-continent record-breakers too. Well, you see, your times are better than mine, so I run in here where a relative of mine happens to live, and resorted to a little expedient I had intended to postpone till I was well out of civilization's reach on the boundless plains of the West. As it is, you have tumbled to my racket and I might as well own up. Don't give me away, professor, for I am a square rider generally, and besides, I'm a poor man and have to ride for a livin'."

"Then you don't really cross the continent a-wheel?" I inquired.

"I wouldn't cross them plains and deserts and mountains out west," he replied, "for—for—well, you see, I had it fixed so that would not be necessary. After I had got far enough to be out of the whirl of society that surrounds us here in the East, I intended to run into some quiet spot, tie up my wheel, run my cyclometer up to the necessary figure, give my bicycle sufficient rough usage to look reasonable, tackle a train and ride till within easy distance of my next checking station.

"Don't you think your relatives who live here," said my wife, changing the subject, "might take us to board for a few weeks?" There was the least bit of a tone of coercion in my wife's voice.

The record-breaker looked us both over very carefully and finally said that he "reckoned they would."

We had a good luncheon, prepared by Mrs. Hoehandle, whose husband was the record-breaker's first cousin, she informed us. We also had a good dinner and a first-class bed in a little room over the parlor. In fact, so pleased were we with the Hoehandle's accommodations that we determined to spend three weeks of our vacation here, at least.

That evening I finished posting our diary, and I determined that should be the last of it. I noticed that the record-breaker was also busy writing. He worked hard, but he apparently spent more time chewing his pencil and erasing than he did in writing. Later on he

came over to where I was sitting, and said, in a differential way:

"I judge you are a literary man."

I told him I was a reporter. I did not have the courage to deny his appellation. He went on:

"I am writing an account of my trip for one of the New York story papers, and later on to appear in book form in the Seaside Library. I am not a literary man myself, and I have a great deal of trouble in making it sound right. I wish you would go over it and tell me how to fix it right. Publishers are so awfully particular, that you can't be any too careful about suiting them."

I told him I would be glad to look over what he had written.

I soon found that the story could be improved by various grammatical corrections and by the addition of certain imaginative and picturesque details. After half an hour's study I told the record-breaker that if he would throw his manuscript away, I would write a new story for him which would be vastly better. At this he seemed very much pleased.

The next morning the record-breaker left us to continue his way. He promised to mail us each day his stopping place and enough facts to make a basis for my narrative. I, in return, promised to wait till he should have accomplished his journey and stop on his way back East by train.

Weeks passed away. My wife and I were having a delightful time at the Hoehandle's, such a quiet, pleasant time that we had quite forgotten our disappointments at the beginning of our vacation. At last our record-breaker reached San Francisco, having knocked one day, four hours and twenty-three minutes off all previous records. When he stopped at the Hoehandles a week later his story was ready for him.

We sent it away. Soon a letter came from the publisher. He was warmly enthusiastic in his praises. "It is just what what we have been looking for," he wrote, "and as soon as this story is finished we shall want another from you." The record-breaker was delighted and insisted on my taking half of the liberal remittance the letter contained.

When the first installment appeared in print, it called forth at once the most lavish praise. The record-breaker's name was in every month. Everyone was talking about the man who could ride a bicycle across the continent in such wonderful time and then write such a remarkably vivid description of the trip and its details.

So great was its success that he not only secured a contract from the publisher for a six months' sequel to run after the first twelve months' story was printed, but he also secured engagements for three summers ahead. These engagements consisted of a bicycle trip to Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, a tour through Kamchatka and Northern Siberia, and a trip on a water bicycle up the Yang-tse-Kiang River. The literary part of all this he at once delegated to me.

After a while our vacation came to an end.

When we went back to Parkville at the expiration of my leave of absence, I presented myself to the managing editor, who asked me, very kindly, if I had had a pleasant trip and how I enjoyed England. I answered that we had had a very pleasant trip. He remarked that England was a great country.

I replied that it was a great country, and offered him my resignation, telling him I had found a line of literary work that suited me better than reporting. He accepted my resignation very politely, and expressed the hope that I would be more successful in my new line of work than I had been at reporting.

When I told this to my wife, afterwards, she said that there was no doubt but what I would be, for as long as I stuck to facts as I did when a reporter, everyone took them for either fiction or exaggeration; while as soon as I entered upon a work of the imagination, so peculiar was my style that everyone took it for the most carefully adhered to facts.

"It is just as well, after all," said my wife, "for I am sure it is ever so much easier to sit at your desk and imagine how things ought to happen than to have to run around at all hours day and night to find out what things really do happen." P. C. D.

It does n't hurt a man's back half so much when he falls off his bicycle and lands flat on his back, as it does to bend over to black his shoes.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	25 cents.
Single Copy,	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription,	4 shillings.

P. C. DARROW, Editor.
BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.
25 Sentinel Building. Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

The League Presidency.

AT FIRST it seemed as though we would have a sort of triangular fight for the League Presidency, but one by one the various candidates dropped out. First, CHARLES H. LUSCOMB, who signed his death warrant, as far as this position was concerned, when he sent out his circular letter to the L. A. W. members of the State of New York, advising them to support David B. Hill for Governor. Then HERBERT W. HAYES announces that he will, for business reasons, leave for Brazil in January next. This practically leaves the field open for GEORGE A. JESSUP, who, in our estimation, is the best man that can be selected for the position.

As in all probabilities MR. JESSUP will be the next President of the League, a few facts in regard to his career and character may not be amiss. He was born at Montrose, Pa., Feb. 5, 1838, and was educated at Montrose and Homer, N. Y. He served with honor and distinction in the late war, and at its close was appointed Assistant Assessor of the International Revenue, and Assessor's Clerk, which position he held till 1871. Since then he has been engaged in the banking business at Scranton, Pa., and is at Present President of of the Scranton City Bank. He is also Treasurer of the Scranton Illuminating Heat and Power Co.

MR. JESSUP has for some time been an active cyclist, has been President of the Scranton Bicycle Club for four years, and Chief Consul of Pennsylvania for two terms. He is held in very high esteem by all who know him.

A Harrisburg man whose spine was so weak that he was unable to maintain an erect position, has been furnished by a surgeon with a metallic backbone and now his spinal column is stiffer than ever. Before Rowe everlastingly disgraced himself in the recent hippodroming, he should have employed the surgeon aforesaid to make an operation on him so as to have had sufficient backbone to withstand the Senator's tempting offer.

An article in one of our esteemed cotemporaries tells "How to Ride a Bicycle." A canal-boatman who happened to be seeking a little gentle exercise, after reading the article tried to mount one, and, to his great surprise, didn't succeed any better than if he had never seen it. Maybe he didn't try on the right make of wheel.

It is said that Kluge, the well-known racing man of the Hudson County Wheelmen, owes his success upon the road and path to his profession as a paper-hanger. It teaches him to thoroughly "size up" the abilities of his opponents, and thus defeat them by taking advantage of their weaknesses.

Now is the time of the year when the cyclist benevolently gives his old knee breeches to the poor.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM NOVEMBER 15 TO DECEMBER 15.

Alabama. Races at Opelika Nov. 29.

California. Among the other sports held in San Francisco Thanksgiving day were several bicycle races ridden by local riders. At the Sportsman's Club festivities held at San Diego, Thanksgiving day, a one mile bicycle race was included in the program.

Colorado. Social Wheel Club's five-mile handicap road race was held Nov. 25.

Connecticut. New Haven Bicycle Club's reception and entertainment, at New Haven Opera House Nov. 28.

Delaware. Wilmington Wheel Club held races at Union Park Thanksgiving day.

Georgia. Tournament at Columbus Nov. 21, 22, 23.

Illinois. Quincy Bicycle Club held a ball at the Guard's Armory Dec. 6. Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago, entertainment "Athletic and Smokenstic" Nov. 20. Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago. Literary address by Rev. E. J. Petrie, Nov. 27. Bert Meyers, of Peoria, made a run of 289 miles on the Chicago Boulevards Nov. 21. Peoria Bicycle Club held their Thanksgiving run over a course of about 15 miles.

Kentucky. Louisville Cycle Club held a club run to Mt. Washington Thanksgiving.

Louisiana. The cyclers of New Orleans will participate in the coming Mardi-Gras festivities. They will endeavor to portray the character of Mother Goose's melodies astride of bicycles.

Massachusetts. Cambridge Bicycle Club's house warming Nov. 13. The Thorndike Bicycle Club, of Beverly, held a fancy dress ball and costume party Nov. 16.

Missouri. Cycle Club races at Forest Park, St. Louis, Nov. 29.

Nebraska. In connection with the Thanksgiving sports held in the Coliseum, at Omaha, several bicycle races were run, Eck, Prince, Louise Armando, and several local sports participating. There is talk of a horse vs. bicycle race being held in the Coliseum, Omaha, some time during this winter, particulars, however, have not yet been arranged.

New York. Members of the Huntington, Long Island School, formerly opened their new rooms Thanksgiving evening. Kings county wheelmen held a century run Thanksgiving. John Bensinger did the best work of the day, making 102½ miles and finishing at 8:30 P. M. One and two-mile bicycle handicaps at 23d Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, Nov. 24. Prospect Harriers' ten-mile bicycle handicap, Brooklyn, Nov. 29. Riverside Wheelmen's reception at West End Hall, New York City, Dec. 13.

Pennsylvania. The new officers of the Allegheny Cyclers' Club are as follows: President, A. R. Neeb; Captain and Treasurer, C. C. Taggart; Secretary, R. A. George, First Lieutenant, F. G. Lenz; Second, W. A. McConnel. The Lancaster Bicycle Club opened their new club house on Oct. 9, and the members gave an enjoyable reception to a large number of their friends. The South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia held their annual ten-mile road race Oct. 13, five starting, and the winner being E. G. Kolb, whose time was 42m. W. C. Furnelton and Harry Mayer engaged in a ten-mile safety bicycle race on the Lancaster Pike, Philadelphia, Oct 20, the former being successful in 39m. 20s. The team road race between Wilmington and Reading was run Nov. 3, Wilmington winning with 19 points to Reading's 17. Nov. 6, the *Sporting Life* 100-mile amateur road race was run, Frank Dampman winning in 7:20:17, breaking the record. Banker Bros., of Pittsburg, made a mile on a tandem bicycle in 2:38, Nov. 25. South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia celebrated their second anniversary and opening of their new club house Dec. 4.

Tennessee. The second heat of the ten-mile handicap race was held at Memphis, Thanksgiving day, W. A. Whitmore, scratch, winning in 41:30.

Texas. Hugh J. Blakeney, of Dallas, has been appointed Chief Consul. Bicycle races at San Antonio Nov. 22. Third annual tournament of the Dallas Wheel Club was held at Dallas recently.

Virginia. Several members of the Norfolk Cycle Club had a race at the driving park, Thanksgiving day, to decide who should own the prize cup recently presented to the Club, A. A. O'Neill winning it.

Wisconsin. There is some talk of re-organizing the old Milwau-

kee Bicycle Club, but as yet no definite steps have been taken. A five-mile bicycle race was held at Waukesha Thanksgiving day.

FOREIGN.

Australia. T. W. Busst, of Victoria, now holds the title of 10-mile bicycle champion of Australia, having won it at the centennial championship meeting of the Australia Bicyclists' Union held at Sydney recently.

England. G. P. Mills on Oct. 23 rode a tricycle one hundred miles on the Great North Road in 6h. 58m. 54s., beating the record previously made by E. Hale. He rode 50 miles in 3h. 12m. 50s.

Coming Events.

Dec. 17.—Twelfth Regiment Games at Armory, Ninth Avenue and Sixty-second street, New York. Two-mile.

Dec. 17.—Chelsea, Mass., Cycle Club's reception.

Dec. 17.—Long Island Cyclists' Union's musical and literary entertainment at Y. M. C. A. Hall, Brooklyn.

Dec. 24.—Lincoln Cycle Club, Chicago. Medical address by Wm. T. Belfield, M. D.

Jan. 16.—Lecture by Thomas Stevens at Indianapolis, Ind.

Jan. 25-Feb. 2.—Stanley Show at Crystal Palace, London, Eng.

Feb. 8.—Entertainment and reception of Manhattan Bicycle Club, at Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York City.

A few months ago the American Team was called "All wool, and a yard wide." It has since been "worsted" several times.

How's This for a Record?

J. H. SHURMAN, of Lynn, after waiting till everyone else had finished record breaking on Eagle Rock Hill, took a whack at it Nov. 18, with the following result:

Trip.	Finish.		Round Trip.		Trip.	Finish.		Round Trip.
	H.	M. S.	H.	S.		H.	M. S.	
1.	9	03 05	13	05	13	11	55	17
2	9	16 30	*13	25	14	12	13 20	18 20
3	9	30	13	30	15	12	33	19 40
4	9	42 20	*12	20	16	12	50	17
5	9	56 35	*14	15	17	1	07 40	17 40
6	10	11 45	15	10	18	1	23 35	15 55
7	10	26	*14	15	19	1	38 55	15 20
8	10	40 20	*14	20	20	1	56 45	17 50
9	10	53 45	*13	25	21	2	17 47	20 55
10	11	08 05	*14	20	22	2	36 30	18 50
11	11	23 20	15	15	23	2	54 20	17 50
12	11	38	*14	40	24	3	14 15	19 55

* Beat's Coningsby's round trip time.

It will be seen by the above that Shurman beat Coningsby's record for 13 trips by 12m. 57s. Coningsby's time was 3.17.57, while Shurman did the 13 trips in 3h. 5m. The finish was made at 3.14.15 P. M., and Shurman's riding time was 6.24.15.

The timers were E. J. Desker, F. Brock, F. P. Prial.

Considering the tremendous feat, Shurman showed up pretty fresh at the finish.

His mount was the Springfield Roadster, and we doubt if this record established by Mr. Shurman will be beaten for some time to come. Certainly 1888 will not see it bettered.

Illustrated Advertisements.



OUR GOODS ARE WARRANTED NEVER TO BUCKLE.



New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipeds and attachments from Nov. 6 to and including Dec. 4, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

392,349. Nov. 6. Emmet G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., Portland, Me. Velocipede.

392,523. Nov. 6. Herbert S. Owen, Washington, D. C., bicycle.

392,557. Nov. 6. Gideon Haynes, Jr., Hingham, Mass., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., Portland, Me. Handle-bar for velocipeds.

Nov. 6. Frank Armstrong and N. W. Vandegrift, Bridgeport, Conn. Wrench.

392,821. Nov. 13. Albert H. Overman, Newton, assignor to the Overman Wheel Co., Boston, Mass. Saddle for bicycles.

392,889. Nov. 13. Charles W. Sponsel, Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Overman Wheel Co., Boston, Mass. Bicycle.

392,973. Nov. 13. William E. Smith, Washington, D. C., assignor to the Smith National Cycle Manufacturing Co., of Colorado. Bicycle.

393,044. Nov. 20. Otto Unzicker, Chicago, Ill., assignor to Adolph Shoening, Chicago, Ill. Velocipede.

393,230. Nov. 20. Percy D. Hedderwick, Acton, England. Brake for velocipeds.

Nov. 20. Charles M. Kiihr, Buckmann, Minn. Snow velocipede.

Nov. 20. D. A. B. Bailey, Potsdam, N. Y. Wrench.

Nov. 20. Wm. E. Smith, Washington, D. C. Bicycle frame. Design patent.

Nov. 27. Harvey Browne, Brandt, O. Bicycle.

Nov. 27. Andrew J. Cogley and J. S. Kendig, Lancaster, Pa. Lantern.

Nov. 27. Malcom A. Norton, Hartford, Conn. Velocipede.

393,837. Dec. 4. George Kibb, Amsterdam, N. J. Bicycle.

New English Patents.

15,131. Oct. 22. Enrico Ciotti, Portland Place, for improvements in locomotion of velocipedes and other vehicles.

15,302. Oct. 24. Joseph Cottrell, Liverpool, for improvements in tricycles and other velocipedes.

15,308. Oct. 24. Barnet George Price, Birmingham, for improvements in lock nuts for velocipedes.

15,325. Oct. 24. Arthur Edward Scrope-Shrapnel, and John Kemp Starley, London, for improvements in velocipedes.

15,348. Oct. 25. Thomas Warwick, Frederick Warwick, and Edward Warwick, Birmingham, for improvements in tubular fork sides for use on bicycles, tricycles, and other vehicles.

15,378. Oct. 25. John Appleby, London, for improvements in lamps for cycles and other carriages or vehicles.

15,409. Oct. 26. Thomas William Deane, Manchester, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

15,488. Oct. 27. Frederick Malcolm Dossor, London, for improvements in and relating to tandem safety bicycles.

15,709. Oct. 31. Hermann Adolph Reimhold, London, for improvements in wheels chiefly designed for velocipedes.

15,726. Nov. 1. Henry Waterson, Warwickshire, for a new or improved apparatus for the continuous holding on, securing, locking, or releasing at will, the brakes of velocipedes or other carriages.

15,779. Nov. 1. Frederick Malfait, London, for improvements in apparatus for equalizing the power used where uniform revolution is to be imparted to a wheel or axle, as, for instance, in driving tricycles.

15,821. Nov. 2. Henry Hewins, London, for improvements in the construction of pitch chains for driving cycles and other ma-

chinery.

15,890. Nov. 3. William Fisher, London, for improvements in stands for holding bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes during stationary or preparatory practice on the said bicycle, tricycle, or other velocipede, and for other purposes.

15,937. Nov. 5. Arthur Pickard, Leeds, for improvements in bicycles.

15,950. Nov. 5. Benjamin Riley Mills, London, for improvements in safety bicycles.

16,170. Nov. 8. James Williams, Bloxwich, for an improvement in bicycles and other velocipedes.

16,259. Nov. 9. William Dunsmore Bohm, Middlesex, for improvements in bicycles.

16,288. Nov. 10. John James Kear and Henry Edward Kear, Bristol, for improvements in velocipedes.

16,312. Nov. 10. Henry Green, Birmingham, for improvements in forks suitable for use on bicycles, tricycles, and other vehicles.

16,313. Nov. 10. Thomas Williams, London, for an improved bicycle.

16,445. Nov. 13. George Townsend, London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

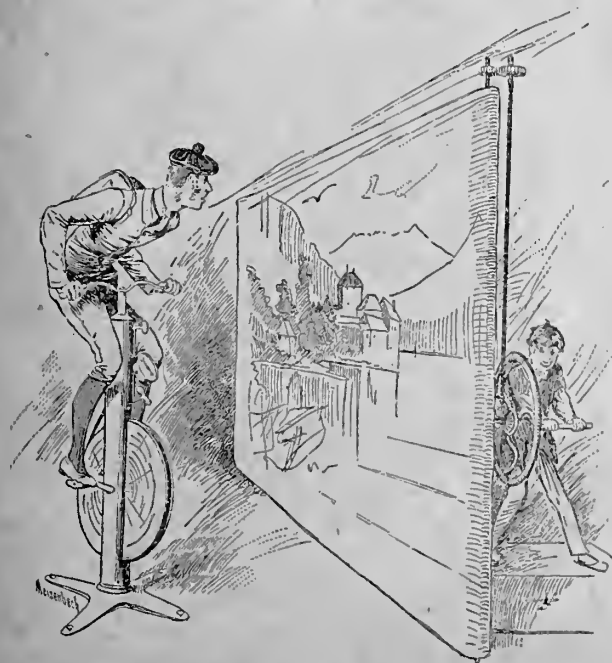
16,524. Nov. 14. Richard Nagel, London, for improvements in pedal mechanism for velocipedes.

16,544. Nov. 14. George Wright, London, for improved steering apparatus applicable to safety bicycles and tricycles.

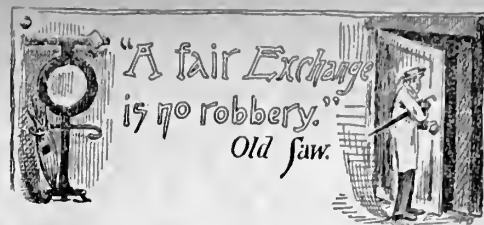
16,616. Nov. 15. Friedrich Paul Alwin Viotor, London, for improvements in cranks, especially a tread-crank for velocipedes, the pedals of which rotate elliptically.

There is a vast increase of cycling subjects among the Xmas cards of this year. Perhaps one of the prettiest I have seen is one brought to my notice the other day. It is published by Raphael Tuck, and bears for its legend, "When the cat's away, the mice will play." A very tall bicycle occupies the center of the card, on which a very charming maiden is perched sideways, the wheel being held upright on each side by another charming damsel. The drawing is good, and the whole thing very spirited and pretty.

An Englishman who has lately been teaching in France, invented while there a curious device in the way of a tricycle. The machine is an ordinary road one, only it has a regular mast and sail, by means of which, on the level and even up grade, the machine has been kept in motion without the action of the pedals.



HOW A CLEVER WHEELMAN CAN TAKE A TOUR DURING THE WINTER. BY CHANGING THE SCENERY, TRIPS CAN BE MADE IN ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY, AT PLEASURE.



The laws against gambling are now so strictly enforced in Philadelphia that lambs are no longer permitted to gambol on the green in that city.—*Drake's Magazine*.

Miss Bunker Hill—Do you have much Indian summer in Colorado? Major Wester—Yes, we have a great deal more Indian summer than you do here in the East. "I wonder why that is so?" "Because we have got more Indians, I reckon."—*Texas Siftings*.

Bicycling News contains particulars of a Cycling Dramatic Company. It consisted of six ordinaries, four safeties, four tricycles for the ladies, and a carrier for baggage. They rode from town to town as their engagements required, and the experiment proved a great success.

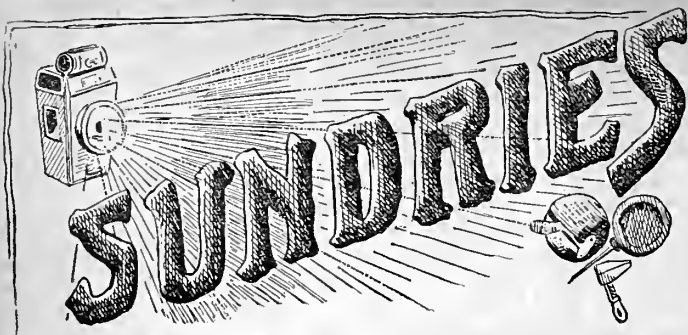
We fully intended to write at the end of the season a poetical paragraph about the decease of summer, the sorrows of approaching winter, and the saddening effect of falling and dying leaves; but here we are almost at the end of November, and we've been so busy that nothing of the sort has been launched on the cycling world. We thought such nice things as these would put to shame a year the like of which we have never before experienced since we commenced to appreciate fine weather as a help to cycling. It would be a farce now to write about anything but winter, so we shall merely gaze sadly on a couple of boxes in which fair flowers were sent up from the country in order to cheer the dreariness of a London office, and look forward to next season, which should in the natural order of things be so fine and warm as to feel out of place in a country like England.—*Bicycling News*.

George B. Thayer, in the *New York World*, writes that he took his first "European" header as follows: That afternoon, just before reaching Montelimar, I took the first fall of the whole trip of over two thousand three hundred miles. I was riding along at a twelve-mile-an-hour gait when a long-haired, miserable-looking dog ran out of a house to accompany me for half a mile or so. There was nothing uncommon about that, nor did I mind it much, for the dogs are so thick in Southern France that it was nothing unusual to have three or four at once barking at me as I rode along through the more thickly settled portions of the country. But this dog, singly and alone, brought me to the dust after a ride so long without a tumble. Whether the dog got careless and ran too close to the front wheel, or whether, in turning slightly, I bore down upon him, I shall never know; but I do know that, going at the high rate of speed I was, I suddenly struck, full length, on my stomach, in the road, 'way ahead of the machine, dog and everything. I could not at first realize what had happened, but when I saw the dog running for home, with a reproachful look in his face, I knew I had done something to, at least, hurt his feelings.

Breaking a Bicycle Record.

FRED CONINGSBY, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, succeeded Saturday, Nov. 24, in an attempt to establish a new record at climbing Eagle Rock Hill, near Orange, N. J., on an ordinary bicycle. The record as it formerly stood was four round trips, without a dismount, in 55 minutes, 55 seconds. This time was made by Coningsby himself a week ago. The road was in perfect condition yesterday. Slowly up the hill the rider went, and back he came a-flying for eight successive trips. In the ninth he was compelled to dismount half way up the grade. His time for the total eight trips was 1 hour, 53 minutes and 47 seconds.

The Philadelphia Bicycle Club has twenty-five lady members.



A great cycle show will be held at Leipzig, Germany, in February, 1889.

The Stanley show of 1889 will occupy a space of 32,000 square feet.

Be sure and send for a title page and index for Vol. 3 of the GAZETTE.

The Philadelphia Bicycle Club is to hold informal sociables throughout the coming winter season.

The *Gentleman* for November contains, we notice, a paper entitled "Through Germany on Wheels."

It is related that Senator Morgan has sought the seclusion of a relative's orange grove at Jackson, Miss.

What is the difference between a 24 hours' scorcher and his time-keeper? Why, the one rides the time, the other times the ride.

How to Enjoy a Bicycle or Tricycle During the Winter is the attractive head lines of an article going the rounds of the English cycling press. Upon reading it you are advised to pawn your wheel at the cycle pawn office.

Title page and index for Vol. 3 of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE will be ready for delivery in a few days, and will be sent free to every one sending a stamp for postage.

For the health and strength that are beauty's own
That are stamped with Nature's seal,
Are securely bound and circled round
By the spokes of the flying wheel.

Copies of Vol. 3 of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, beautifully bound in cloth and stamped with gold will be ready for delivery in a few days. This volume has a complete index. Orders should be sent in at once, accompanied by \$1.50, the price per copy.

Mr. Joseph Heidorf, of Rutland, Vt., is now perfecting an ice bicycle. By the time the water congeals he expects to have it ready. His first trial will be on Lake Bomoseen, and then if it pans out well, he will give it a trial on the Hudson River.

Parachutes have been introduced for the purpose of allowing a graceful descent to mother earth from a height, little wonder that the idea of attaching them to the rider of the ordinary bicycle has struck cyclers who ride "those nasty high dangerous things" (extract from the private correspondence of our family nurse). No less than two correspondents this week draw a parachute as a convenient accessory to the bicycle, so we give our readers the benefit of the suggestion in case any of them are overcoming the mysteries of learning to ride, in which case, no doubt, anything as a bar to rapid progress earthwards will prove acceptable.

It has been left to Dr. Stephenson, of the Woolwich Volunteer Medical Staff, to show what may be done in ambulance work by cycles. That gentleman has mounted an ambulance detachment on bicycles, which carry a stretcher, surgical haversack for dressing, and a large supply of beef tea, milk, and other necessaries for the wounded, together with the means of cooking quite equal to the regulation transport. And what is more, Dr. Stephenson says that

the cycling ambulance, if signaled for, would reach the wounded in a fourth of the time the ordinary transport would occupy. Perhaps the state of the roads would have something to do with this time of transport, but the new development is decidedly interesting.

One more suggestion for a tandem bicycle reaches us from J. B., and as it is distinctly novel we will try to describe it roughly. It consists of the front wheel of a Rover-type safety and the driving wheel of an ordinary linked together by a long tube, the big wheel being placed in the rear. No. 2 rider sits as usual on the "ordinary" saddle, while his companion straddles the backbone at a point halfway between the two wheels. The front man's pedals are connected with the hub of the driver by a very long chain, stays running from the bearings carrying his pedals to the back wheel, and also to the front wheel head. The result is rather a taking looking machine, though we fear it is impracticable on account of the steering.

Cycling, it seems, is to play its part in the colored, if not always artistic, cards of greeting which have become such a feature of the nineteenth century Christmas. A sketch before us depicts "a coming champion," who consists of a very minute boy in sailor costume perched on the elevated saddle of an ordinary bicycle boasting a height hitherto unknown in the history of cycles. The machine is supported on one side by its owner, while an old gentleman assists by holding the opposite handle. Rational principles are quite absent in the build of this 1888 mount, for a back wheel of about 8 1/2 inches, a crank of about four inches, and a handle-bar of a broom-stick-like length are fitted. Otherwise the picture is decidedly good.

A correspondent has been writing to one of our exchanges, and pointing out so many frightful dangers attendant on cycling that the boldest wheelmen might well quail. And really, if half he says is true, we should feel inclined to follow the example of the Arab who sold his faithful steed, and offer our machine at an alarming reduction. We, however, venture to think the dreadful warnings of our contemporary hardly justified. The difficulties and dangers of cycling are greatly exaggerated in the minds of most people who have not had experience with the wheel, and therefore judge only from appearances. It is a popular notion that the wheel is only adapted to athletes, that great strength, muscular development and endurance are necessary to the successful prosecution of its pleasures. This is entirely wrong. As an exercise, bicycling is equal to any athletic sport, bringing as it does, all the muscles into action, and many are the cases of dyspepsia and failing health that have been entirely cured by its use. The effects are felt first by the beginner in the shoulders and back and about the sides and abdomen, and many other muscles of the body not used in walking are brought into play and developed.

In these days when the cycle has been brought to absolute perfection, and the pursuit of wheeling has lost its novelty and become universal, it is pleasant to unearth from the records of the past the quaint comments of our forefathers on the earliest bike—the clumsy and rude prototype of the modern machine. Here is a cutting from an English magazine of nearly seventy years ago, *apropos* of the pedestrian hobby-horse, the introduction of which really marked the birth of present day cycling: "We have just had the pleasure of seeing a machine denominated the pedestrian hobby-horse, invented by a Baron von Drais, a gentleman at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden, and which has been introduced into this country by a tradesman in Long Acre. The principle of this invention is taken from the art of skating, and consists in the simple idea of a seat on two wheels, propelled by the feet acting upon the ground. The riding seat or saddle is fixed on a perch upon two double-shod wheels running after so that they can go upon the footways. To preserve the balance; a small board covered and stuffed is placed before, on which the arms are laid, and in front of which is the little guiding pole, which is held in the hand to direct the route. The swiftness with which a person well practiced can travel is almost beyond belief—eight, nine, and even ten miles an hour can, it is asserted, be passed on good level ground. The machine, it is conjectured, will answer well for messengers, and even for long journeys. It does not weigh more than 50 pounds, and can be made with travelling pockets."

Cycling for Ladies.

"WHAT will Mrs Grundy say?" Such is the usual exclamation with which one is met on suggesting to one of the fair sex the pleasure and benefit to be derived from cycling. Yes, Mrs. Grundy is a terrible bug bear to the feminine mind, and the dread of her almost unanswerable fiat has nipped many a long-cherished scheme in the bud. The influence of Mrs. Grundy, however, is gradually waning, and as regards cycling, the many advantages to be urged in its favor have won the day, for which consummation the wheelwoman has reason to be sincerely grateful to those bold pioneers, who, regardless of the look of high-bred astonishment on the faces of their social *confreeres*, and the caustic remarks passed on them by the general public, calmly went on their way, and lived down ridicule and censure. At the present day no one can assert that cycling is not fashionable, for there is hardly a royal court in Europe where the silent wheel has not found its way.

"But it is such hard work," is the next objection. Never was there a greater mistake. It is, taken altogether, infinitely easier than walking, and, unlike the latter, the after results are almost *nil*, for the weight of the body is carried, and has not to be lifted at every step, as in walking, and all the muscular power can be used simply and solely for propulsion. There is no need to be strong. The most delicate girls can often pedal fast and well, and we know of instances of ladies who would be quite exhausted after a walk of a few miles, who could ride sixty or seventy miles of rough, hilly road, and arrive at their destination quite fresh. We have seen a girl ride with ease up a hill which many a strong, able-bodied man could not surmount. Strength is good, and, where the rider possesses it, so much the better, but skill and experience are more than a match for mere muscle, and a delicate girl may possess both and be able to ride fairly long distances without the least fatigue or over-heating. Even those who possess neither strength nor skill can acquire, by practice, the power of riding with comparative ease, as compared with walking, and will thoroughly enjoy a quiet spin of ten or fifteen miles. To give some idea of what may be done, I may mention that 100 miles in the day has frequently been ridden by a lady, and the late Mrs. Allen, of Birmingham, England, covered on one occasion the enormous distance of 200 miles in the twenty-four hours. Of course, such a feat would be far beyond the powers of ordinary riders, and, in fact, would most likely prove injurious to anyone, but constant and steady practice should enable the very weakest to ride twenty, thirty, and even forty miles in the day, and those who are especially strong or skilful could ride seventy or eighty miles without being fatigued or suffering any injurious results.

The next question which occurs to the feminine mind is, "Is it becoming?" "Will I look well on a tricycle?" etc. The majority of lady riders know little of cycling as an art, and, consequently, ride with too short a stretch, too long cranks, or in bad style. There is no prettier sight than a well and suitably dressed girl who has acquired a neat and effective style, on a suitable machine.

In regard to choosing a machine we would say there are only three types of machine suitable for a lady—the loop frame, the two-track, and the direct steerer. The first is heavy, slow, and the vibration from the small front wheel is considerable. It has not a redeeming feature. The two-track is heavy, slow, the steering is unsteady, and it is a bad hill-climber, but it makes but two tracks and, accordingly, where the road is worked like a gridiron into longitudinal ruts, good going can be obtained where a three-track would be plowing through loose stones. It has an open front also, which renders mounting and dismounting easy—taking it altogether it is a cumbrous, uncomfortable, and unsatisfactory machine, though somewhat superior to the loop frame. The direct steerer is light, fast, strong, safe, comfortable, simple in construction, a good hill-climber, steers beautifully, and is so made that the rider is in a position to exert her full strength, the arms assisting, and doing their fair proportion of the work. In appearance it is also the nicest looking machine, and a graceful rider mounted on one looks most fascinating. The difficulty of mounting and dismounting has been urged against this type, but it has been enormously magnified, for the feat—if feat it be—can be perfectly mastered after a few trials, and looks neither ungraceful nor unbecoming. The only other objection is, that the results of a fall may prove more serious, but thi

also has been exaggerated, for though seemingly cooped in, if an accident does happen the rider is generally thrown clear, and the danger of a fall occurring is much smaller than on any other type. The direct-steerer, therefore, should be the choice of every lady, no matter what her advisers may say to the contrary, and having fixed the type I shall enter more fully into the details. For a lady, weight is a most important consideration. In mere brute strength she is, of course, inferior to the male sex, and the difference must be made up, not only by *finesse* and correctness of style, but also by having less dead weight to carry. A woman is generally much lighter than a man; she also rides slower, avoids scorching, and rarely, if ever, coasts a hill at top speed. Therefore, a lady's tricycle will stand as well as a man's ten pounds heavier, and the difference, although it seems slight, represents a considerable reduction of the muscular power requisite for propulsion. For good roads, from forty-five to sixty, and for indifferent, from sixty to seventy pounds, is about the correct weight for a lady's direct-steerer, but it must be treated fairly if it is expected to last long, and above all, the owner should avoid lending it to friends. The driving wheels should not be lower than 32-inch, nor higher than 40-inch, and anything between 26-inch and 30-inch will do for the steerer. Seven-eight inch rubbers for bad roads, and three-quarter inch for good, will be found most satisfactory, and a band-brake is the best, and it should be carefully tested to see that it is thoroughly effective. We consider free steering better than automatic, but this is a matter of taste. The dress-guard should be of *papier mache*, or, better still, of leather; and the beginner should be very careful that there is not the smallest spot unguarded where the dress may catch in the chain, or an awkward accident may occur. Unless the rider has slits cut in her shoes to catch the rubber of the pedals, she should use square rubber pedals, and in any case she should have ball pedals, as such are cleaner than cone, and not so calculated to soil the hem of the dress; but even ball pedals should be carefully wiped after oiling, and, in fact, this plan should be adopted with every portion of the machine which is likely to soil the dress. The gearing is a very important consideration. The driving wheels can be geared to any height by having extra teeth on the lower cog-wheel, and by this means the wheels may be made to turn once and a half say, while the feet revolve but once, or *vice versa*. The driving-wheels may be geared down, and while they complete a full revolution the feet may have to complete more.

We learn that A. A. McCurdy, the once famous professional or hippodromer, it's all the same, has deserted from Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, where he enlisted some time ago. He was caught while attempting to escape and confined in the guard house under sentence of death, but he escaped Oct. 20, and is still at this writing at large. The government has, however, offered a reward for his apprehension and it is hardly likely he will remain at liberty very long, and when he is caught, it's "Good-bye Mac."

The males of many households generally suppose that their women folk are to sit sewing day after day when not looking after the meals—while they go off for a health-giving ride on bicycle or tricycle into the country. Now we ask in the name of such long-suffering sisters, is that fair? Fathers and brothers, to you we leave the answer, only remarking that if the oft-quoted "all work and no play" is applicable to "Jack," it is equally so to "Jill."

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of the English Scientific Society of Cyclists has conceived a great idea; nothing less than a grand muster of English cyclists, to be held in the spring of 1889, the venue being Windsor Park, and the object to show the strength of English cycling, and to be reviewed by Queen Victoria.

A correspondent sends us the following tips for winter cycling: Bind your cuffs round with string to keep the wind out. Curl the tongue up, press the tip on to the roof of the mouth; the keen air will then not strike so directly on the throat. A great many never think of these little things.

Vice-president H. W. Hayes leaves for Para, Brazil, Jan. 1, under a few years' engagement with a large Boston commission house.

A European Cycle Tour.

MR. FRANK A. ELWELL, of Portland, Me., issues a very attractive and comprehensive circular on his proposed European cyclers' excursion to start from this country in May next. The following route has been selected: *Ireland*.—Cork, Fermoy, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Carlow, Dublin. *England*.—Liverpool, Chester, Birmingham, Coventry, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, London, Brighton, New Haven. *France*.—Dieppe, Rouen, Versailles, Paris, Fontainebleau, Melun, Joigny, Montbard, Dijon, Auxonne, Dole, Poligny. *Switzerland*.—Geneva, up Lake Geneva to Villeneuve, Aigle, Gessenay, Thun, Berne, Lucerne, up Lake Lucerne, (make trip to top of Rigi), Brunnen, Zug, Wadenschwyl, Wesen, Rapperschwyl, Zurich, Schaffhausen, Basel. *Germany*.—Strasbourg, Baden-Baden Heidelberg, Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne; from here steamer will be taken part or whole of distance to Rotterdam, where the tour-proper will end, leaving members free to carry out any private scheme of travel. Steamer can be taken here for England (6 hours), and rail to Belgium, France, or Northern Germany.

The party will be limited in number, not more than 25 being taken. Among those who have already decided to go are, F. H. Palmer, H. S. Higgins and F. A. Elwell, Portland, Me.; Rev. Chas. E. Fessenden, Summit Hill, Pa.; H. J. Foulks, Vincennes, Ind.; Louis P. Miller, Corning, N. Y.; Jas. E. Beal, Ann Arbor, Mich.; P. Howard Reilly, New York City; Fred Weibens, Hartwell, Ga.; S. L. Breed, Lynn, Mass.; W. F. Street, Cairo, Mich., and there are any number of others who are, as Mr. Elwell puts it, "on the fence."

It is more than likely that Mr. Elwell or some of the party will write up this tour for the GAZETTE.

Loose Spokes.

"Och, Dago, Oi've got a great schame. Let's get that naagur, Sambo, and organize an American brass band. Oi'll take all the money, and you will take all the glory, and Sambo can do all the worick!" He had heard of Senator Morgan.

* * *

An effort is now being made in Philadelphia to organize an across-the-continent tour for next season. It will be composed entirely of Philadelphians, and if successful in inducing enough wheelmen to take the trip, a start will be made early in the summer, selecting the Southern route in preference to the Northern one, which will afford much easier riding and less tramping across the desert regions.

* * *

There are about 200 cyclers in Kieff, a large town in the South of Russia, and the spirit of sociableness has taken hold of them and induced them into applying to the Governor-General of Kieff for permission to form a cyclers' club, but the Governor-General refused to grant this permission, accompanying his refusal by a private remark that "he does not see the necessity of a cycling club in a place where there are so many clubs." Well, there is nothing like a free country.

* * *

An ingenious contrivance is shortly expected to endow street life in Munich with additional interest. The machine is in appearance like a comfortable cab, is set upon three wheels, the front one, as in a tricycle, being used to steer by. A metal box or cistern behind contains a supply of benzine oil, from which, while the machine is in motion the gas required in the motor is generated. A quart of oil is all that is required for a drive of ten miles, which can be accomplished in an hour. The vehicle holds four persons.

* * *

A funny incident is told by an English paper—that is, funny to all but the person most interested—happened to an Irish safety rider some time back. He was on his way down hill when he came across and rode over the iron hoop off a cask. This threw him somewhat heavily, and as it was after dark he was unable to understand the reason of his fall. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when a bystander came running up with the said hoop, remarking that the bicyclist had dropped part of his machine on the road. Where the iron had come from he did not attempt to explain, but no doubt he thought it one of the wheels.

Recent Publications.

Behind Closed Doors., by Anna Katherine Greene. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York, N. Y.

Confessions of a Young Man., by George Moore. Brentanos, New York, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.

Divided Lives., by Edgar Fawcett. Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.

Divorced., by Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren. Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, N. Y. and Chicago, Ill.

Echoes From the Blarney Stone, and Other Rhymes., by W. C. R. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill. Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Memories of Men Who Saved the Union., by Donn Piatt. Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, Ill., and New York, N. Y.

Napolean Smith. Judge Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

Poems of Passion., by Ella Wheeler. Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, N. Y. and Chicago, Ill.

Schiller Calendar for 1889. Nims & Knight, Troy, N. Y. Cathcart, Clelland & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Star Crossed; The Life and Love of an Actress. Judge Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

The Art and Pastime of Chelling., by Gerald Stoney and R. J. MeCreedy. Irish Cyclist and Athlete, Dublin, Ireland.

The George Elliott Calendar for 1889. Nims & Knight, Troy, N. Y. Cathcart, Clelland & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Graysons., by Edward Eggleston. Century Co., New York, N. Y.

The Professor's Sister., by Julian Hawthorn. Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, Ill. and New York, N. Y.

The Sunshine Calendar for 1889. Nims & Knight, Troy, N. Y. Cathcart, Clelland & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Wheelmen's Gazette. Vol. 111. Darrow Bros., Indianapolis, Ind.

Lippincott's Magazine for January will contain the complete novel, *HALE-WESTON*, by M. Elliott Seawell.

The *Century* for December contains another of George Kennan's interesting papers on Siberia, and three complete novelettes, besides the usual miscellany of matter.

Betford's Magazine for December contains the complete novel, *THE QUEEN OF THE BLOCK*, by Alexander L. Kinkead, in addition to its usual attractive miscellaneous matter.

St. Nicholas, that charming magazine for boys and girls, has, as usual, a very fine Christmas number. Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Mrs. Burnett and other favorites being numbered among the contributors.

The Stage is a new theatrical paper published in Philadelphia. It is very handsomely gotten up and presents, each week, on its front page, portraits of different popular actors and actresses which are excellently executed.

The *Arkansaw Traveler* has changed its dress, and, commencing with No. 1, Vol. 14, it will appear with about four pages of illustrations each week. None of the established departments will be neglected, Opie Reed's original sketches remaining the leading feature.

Under the title of *THE ART AND PASTIME OF CYCLE RACING*, R. J. McCreedy reprints over a dozen articles from the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* in pamphlet form. They are, on the average, very instructive for a beginner and many old riders might be benefitted by reading it.

Calendars for 1889 are now on the market, and this season are, if anything, more charming than ever. The old idea that art and poetry should be kept distinct and separate from cold dates and figures is surely overcome, as any one can tell by examining the elegant specimens of this line of artistic novelties as published by Nims and Knight, of Troy, N. Y. Hidden among charming landscapes and enwreathed with classic verse, the columns of figures which tell of the days and years are now to be found on every wall.

RANK INJUSTICE.—"What did the men stop for, George?"
 "They made a false start and have to go back to the tape again."
 "Oh, George, and the man we are betting on was so far ahead! I don't think that's fair."

The Centercycle.

SOME paper lately mentioned this as one of the novel machines of English make, and that it was a very easy one to get up hills on.

As to the novelty of it, that is admitted, but how one can push a three-track, five-wheeled machine up hill at all without a horse to help, is more than we can see.

The specimen we saw one day near Horsham, England, was a fifty-inch crank wheel in the center of four wheels about twelve inches high. The "outfit" must have weighed 75 to 90 pounds, and it would take about that many £ to hire us to ride the thing a week.

The rider of it said it was hired, and as he seemed disposed to loiter about the house where he was found, we concluded that the machine was an excellent one to "make frequent stops with."

Somehow we never could spare vim enough to drive more than two wheels at once, and they must not have chain gears, either, for we have tried them to our satisfaction.

Your centercycle might do for "Cholly" or "Henwy," or some parties from that "set" to play with in the "bawk yawd," but we propose to humor our doubt that any sure enough cyclist ever rides such a contrivance.

'Tis to be hoped that the days of experiments will be over soon, and people will settle down to some good, easy-going machine like the one that has for years been ridden by _____ STAMSON.

An Improved Attachment for Bicycles.

A SIMPLE and cheap attachment for bicycles or tricycles, whereby they may be run upon ice or snowy ground, is illustrated in our advertising columns, and has been patented by Mr. Herman H. Holtcamp, of New Knoxville, O. A runner or shoe is arranged for connection with the small wheel of the vehicle, the shoe being attached by means of a clip on an adjustable bracket, whereby the runner may be used in connection with wheels of different diameters. To the large wheel are secured as many attachments as may be necessary, each of which consists of a cylindrical metallic plate, lined with leather or other slightly yielding material, and having flanges which extend outward from the side of the cylindrical section. This section is arranged so that it may be passed over the rubber tire and the felloe of the large wheel, and on its inside are two projections extending toward the hub of the wheel, adapted to receive a clamping bolt, by which the attachment is clamped to the wheel. The two outward bottom flanges of this cylindrical section are placed at either side of the center of the tire, in order to allow for the regular operation of the ordinary form of the bicycle brake, the small wheel being lashed to the backbone of the bicycle. With this attachment the vehicle may be freely used on ice, or heavily packed or frozen snow, while the attachment may be connected to or removed from the bicycle in a very short time. The whole combination, made of steel may be sharpened for special feats on very smooth ice.

Inexpensive Touring.

MR. GEORGE B. THAYER, the well-known cycle enthusiast of Hartford, Conn., has contributed to the *Post*, of that city, an excellent paper on the cheapness of wheeling on the continent. He states that to one who has been through the Trossachs of Scotland and the cathedral towns of England, who has ridden up the Rhine and climbed half a dozen or more of the Alpine passes of Switzerland, and has spent nearly a month each in the cities of London and Paris, the cost is found to have been little more than it would have been to have continued in the dull routine of home life. His expenses in England, though the hotel life is more costly than on the continent, did not average over \$2 a day.

Through Belgium and Germany they were but \$1 a day. A wheelman travels so independently that he is not always obliged to stop over night at the larger cities, and I often could avoid them by riding eight or ten miles farther to some small inn. I found plenty of good food and a comfortable bed for half the money. Such a mode of traveling does not allow of the putting on of any great amount of style, but my chief ambition was to see rather than be seen by men. In London there are plenty of good, respectable, private boarding places to be found for \$1 or \$1.25 per day. To find them one needs only to inquire of some friend who has made an extended stay in London, or to apply to some American living there. In Paris I found better accommodations, if anything, than in Lon-

don. Many of the English and German wheelmen use little sleigh bells fastened to the handle-bars as warnings to pedestrians, but in Switzerland, where the noise of running water drowns all other ordinary sounds in so many localities, I found that my shrill whistle even was insufficient, and nothing but the most throat-splitting yell would clear the road of the numerous pedestrians. In Paris, the wheelmen have adopted the tram-car horn, an instrument with a rubber bulb for forcing the air through, and really one blast from these pneumatic levers is enough to lift a whole regiment out of the road.

Jack Prince's New Venture.

OMAHA, Neb., will soon have a new place of amusement, the Coliseum. It is located at Spruce and Twentieth streets, on the cable tramways line. The building is 300x170 feet, and is in every way fitted for its purpose. The bicycle track is a beauty, 20 feet wide, ten laps to the mile, as certified to by responsible civil engineers. Inside this track is a horse track 17 feet wide. The space inside this track will be converted into a swimming bath, which will have a portable covering. Every description of gymnastic apparatus has been ordered. In the southeast corner of the building will be a restaurant, in charge of a competent *chef*. In the southwest corner will be a Turkish bath-room. The building will comfortably seat 10,000, while on special occasions arrangements can be made to accommodate 15,000. The entrance will be very handsome, being 30 feet wide, with quite elaborate woodwork. The bicycle school will be in charge of John S. Prince, and the riding school will be looked after by Marve Beardsley, who has been with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show the past year. The cost of the building is \$30,000, all the stock being taken by Omaha's prominent business men. The building will be lighted by gas and heated by McLaughlin's patent chemical heaters. A six days' professional race is being arranged for, in which Prince, Dingley, Eck, Whittaker, Woodside, Morgan and Schock are expected to participate.

Annual Meeting of the Overman Wheel Company.

THE annual meeting of the Overman Wheel Company was held Friday afternoon at the office of Chamberlin, White & Mills, Hartford, Conn. The officers of the company reported a very prosperous year.

The capital stock was increased from \$100,000 to \$125,000.

The following directors were elected: A. H. Overman, E. C. Hodges, Luther White, C. E. Mitchell, George D. Seymour, Rodney Dennis and E. S. White.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors A. H. Overman was elected President, E. C. Hodges, Vice President. H. R. Mills was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and W. C. Overman Assistant Treasurer.

From the *New York World* we learn of the peculiar adventures of Ashley B. Johnson, of Canandaigua, N. Y. It appears that he was recently arrested for stealing a bicycle, and when brought before the court told a very pitiful story of the abuse he had received at the hands of his mother-in-law, and which drove him to steal the machine. If Mr. Johnson had stolen the bicycle to leave that part of the country on, in all probabilities he would have been leniently dealt with by the court, but the facts show that he sold the stolen bike and played draw poker with the proceeds, so there is very little chance of his being acquitted.

Final arrangements have been made in Omaha, Neb., for a six-day race between Marve Beardsley, the champion long distance rider of the world, who will ride fifteen horses, against Prince and Eck, on bicycles. The latter will change every hour, and the horseman change horses every mile for six days of eight hours each. The race commenced at 2:30 P. M. Dec. 10, at the Coliseum in Omaha.

At Coventry, Eng., 15 employes of Singer's Bicycle Works have formed a brass band to perambulate upon a 16-wheeled 'cycle. They play while propelling themselves, and a sixteenth man, seated in the rear, steers the enormous machine.

The South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia had to postpone the opening of their new club house, which was to have taken place Dec. 4, on account of the work on the house not being finished.

Odds and Ends.

Baltimore cyclers are assisting the authorities in the matter of seeing that cyclers carry lamps after dark.

Birdie Munger is at present working in a carriage factory at Connersville, Ind. The cold weather is hard on the profesh.

A. Kennedy Childe has been appointed superintendent of agencies for the Warwick Cycle Manufacturing Co., of Springfield, Mass.

New Orleans is to have a great cycling lantern-parade during the coming Mardi-Gras festival. The scheme ought to be a successful one.

It is coming near the time when all local L. A. W. members should commence to think of saving up for their little dollar contribution.

John Mason, of the Illinois Cycle Club, recently made 277 miles inside of 24 hours on a safety bicycle. The 300 miles within 24 hours may some day crop up.

Committees to look after the social side of club life during the off season ought now to be in order. Nothing like keeping up club spirit during the slack period.

The tandem bicycle has come to stay, and the future may see the tricycle and the tandem tricycle take a back seat. While the safety bicycle and the tandem safety bicycle go right ahead.

The Russian military authorities have followed the example of the War Department of England and France and have made arrangements for the introduction of cycles into the army of the Czar.

It is generally allowed that the late road-sculling tournament in New York was a failure. It could not very well be otherwise; not much in the way of time could be got out of the machines used in the contest.

Two new trick riders have come to the front in the antipodes. Miss Nellie Donegan, aged ten years, and her brother James, aged four, are astonishing the natives in Australia with their proficiency as fancy riders.

In five months, Mr. George B. Thayer, of Hartford, has covered over 2,600 miles in Europe on his bicycle. He took his first header at Montpelimar, in France, after riding over 2,300 miles, and it was all caused by a dog.

It appears from what the manufacturers say, that the year passed in cycling trade circles has been an unusually good one, equal in every respect to 1887, in which year the volume of cycling business was considered phenomenal.

Whittaker's broken the record once more,
O, won't the English "profesh" feel sore!
How they'll wish that Stillman would take a rest,
Or lose himself in the wild, broad West.
But record eradicating "Whit" won't quit.

We learn from the Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle* that Senator Morgan has been in that city trying to induce the amusement committee of the exposition there to hold some professional races in connection with the other sports. The Senator is evidently unknown in Georgia, as the article referred to mentions him in the highest terms, a thing they would not be likely to do if they knew him.

The friends of Miss Maggie Kirkwood, of Maplewood, Mass., very properly claim for her the best record of any lady tricycler in New England. She has pushed her tricycle over 1,800 miles of road during 1888, and she has an ambitious sister who has rolled up a score of 1,100 miles during the same time. Miss Kirkwood's record is taken from a cyclometer, and is, therefore, likely to be more correct than those estimated by map measurements.

It is very amusing to notice in our English exchanges the solemn way with which the champions of the ordinary *vs.* safety keep up their discussion. Ever since the dwarf cycle came into prominence the wordy war has waned and waxed, but never entirely stopped

Such discussions are to a certain extent very interesting and must be of inestimable value to the manufacturer. But taken from a purely rider's point of view, what Mr. A. and Mr. B. says to the effect that the safety is a craze, a fad, or that the ordinary is doomed; is absolutely of no value as an opinion. The safety is not a fad, nor a temporary craze, and the ordinary will prove a very active factor in the cycle business for many years to come. As we before have applied a homely saying to this subject and to the disputants, "Both are wrong and both are right, and both are very impolite."

Another decided novelty in the wheel line, which appeared in Philadelphia last week was the Rucker tandem, belonging to Messrs. Will and John Dotter. The appearance of this machine, which has been delayed from time to time owing to various causes, has been anxiously looked for by the local riders, who have been inclined to doubt its practicability. The first sight of the tandem, however, dispelled this idea and convinced the most skeptical that the practical utility of the machine was beyond question. Briefly it consists of the two large wheels of ordinary bicycles, from which the backbones and rear wheels have been removed, connected by a tubular steel bar, with universal knuckle joint. There is thus a perfect immunity from headers and relieved from the friction of the real wheels the machine showed great speed. Up Belmont-avenue grade the two riders led the van on the last club run of the Pennsylvania Club to West Chester, and the hardest riders among the scorchers were hard pushed to keep up with them. The machine was similar to that ridden by Percy Harris and Hal Mueller, of New York city, at the Buffalo tournament.

Now-a-days I never practice, and even my most difficult tricks, such as turning a somersault over a chair placed in the middle of the rope, and landing with my feet on the other side of it, are usually performed without premeditation, just as the whim seizes me. This enables me without effort to vary my programmes at every performance, and prevents them from becoming monotonous to me. I could remain a year, or even longer, without ever setting foot on a rope and then go on and tread it as safely as though I had been in constant practice. As an illustration of the slight amount of practice required for a new trick I may mention my bicycle act. Some years ago, when bicycles were somewhat of a novelty, it struck me that I could utilize one in my performance, and accordingly had one constructed according to my direction, with a groove in the wheels to fit the rope, but otherwise of ordinary fashion. I ordered it to be sent to me some time before the performance, so that I could try it, but it came just as I was making ready to appear. I was as pleased as a child with a new toy, and, mounting it at once, I rehearsed successfully in view of a large audience, who probably thought I had been practicing for months.—*Extract from an interview with Blondin, champion tight-rope performer of the world.*

A correspondent writes to the *British Medical Journal* as follows: "Will you, as representative of our profession, express an opinion on the use of bicycles or tricycles for suburban practitioners to work their practices with, instead of the more generally employed horse and carriage? In these times, when there is a scarcity of money, owing to so much competition, etc., economy must be studied. Does it not seem, then, rather a pity that everyone—especially those not well off—should be bound to follow the fashion, well established though it be? A carriage is a very desirable possession, and most pleasant for travelling, and doubtless adds to the dignity and position of the owner, but when one cannot afford the expense, and it becomes necessary to cover the ground quickly, the only alternative appears to be a cycle of some description or other, for hiring an equipage is certainly no saving to the pocket. Therefore, if you will kindly make a comment on the propriety of adopting this mode of conveyance, I think many, as well as myself, would be glad of the opinion." To which our cotemporary replies as follows: "We are aware of more than one excellent practice in the suburbs in which the partners use tricycles, and can see no possible objection to them. Many clergymen now use tricycles, and some ladies of fashion. We know of no reason why medical men, who frequently use them for purposes of health and pleasure, should not also put them to use in their professional journeys where they find it convenient to do so."

Smithkins and the Hoop-Snake.

TO THE incredulous and knowing ones that may glance at this tale, let me address a few words of explanation to the effect that the little town wherein the strange events narrated took place is strictly temperate in ways and vices, and the time of action was both too late for hard cider to be obtainable, and too early for sweet cider to be made. To the many of you that already know Smithkins, the hero of my story, it is superfluous to explain that, though a trifle eccentric, with many queer notions, and facts about wheels and wheeling, and given to the consumption of countless cigarettes, he is always temperate in his potations and a youth of veracity. Smithkins is what in country phraseology we term a "Fall boarder," in distinction from the early or summer variety. He had been obliged to take a late vacation, and, though coming to a hilly country to pass the few weeks allotted him, had, like a true wheelman, brought his wheel with him, determined to enlarge his hill-climbing powers while opportunity offered. He is an old and careful rider, short and thick-set in stature, and bestrides an ancient Expert of much the same shape. This wheel has been his faithful companion on many a long and tiresome jaunt, and if Smithkins is to be credited, has exhibited on many occasions an almost human intelligence, and he never tired of relating the incidents taking place at those times when listeners can be found. One instance will suffice. Time, was one dark night not long since, and place a long, steep hill between this town and the nearest county seat. The wheel not being provided with a lamp, Smithkins was cautiously feeling his way down the hill, not daring to ride at any great speed, when his wheel stopped and refused to proceed an inch further. Not in the sudden, determined way so peculiar to many a rider, that permits the occupant of the saddle to continue on through mid-air but in a timid, gentle manner, permitting dismount in the orthodox way. On his alighting to learn the reason of this strange performance, directly ahead he found a bad washout, to attempt which was dangerous for both wheel and rider. Once lifted over this obstacle, the wheel moved as easily as ever, and Smithkins sped on his way rejoicing. In view of this fact alone—which he is willing to make affidavit to—the part taken by the wheel in the events narrated may not seem so strange.

Like all country towns, this one has the usual quota of pretty girls, and on one of the most promising samples, residing in the part known as "New Boston," Smithkins had for some time cast a favorable eye. People living on the roads leading there had grown quite accustomed to seeing Smithkins flit past at least twice a week, and in time when the moon lent her countenance, much more often than that.

On these jaunts Smithkins carried, either strapped to his luggage-carrier, or slung over his shoulder, a small, light, single-barreled shot-gun. He claimed it was for hunting, and on one or two occasions had brought in and exhibited partridges of an infantile appearance, claiming to have shot them while riding along. Those that knew more of his ability as a sportsman scouted the idea, and suggested that he possibly might have run over them in the road and afterwards shot them. Knowing Smithkins's mortal antipathy to snakes of all kinds and sizes, which the country people had thoughtfully fostered by filling his only too receptive mind with strange legends regarding the black-snake, particularly the species known as the "hoop-snake," distinguished by the white ring around the neck and enormous constructive power. I fancied the gun might be carried largely on their account, and jokingly hinted as much to him one day. Smithking contemptuously answered, "Great Scott! do you suppose I fear any snake, black or white, when mounted on my wheel? Why, I'd be out of sight in less than a minute."

"Just you wait till a 'racer,' (another name for the hoop-snake) gets after you," replied I, "and you'll have to get a pretty rapid gait on that old Expert!"

"Oh, we'll see about that," said Smithkins, "when the time comes for the snake to appear," but looking a little concerned in spite of the air of bravado he had put on.

One rainy morning, not long since, I had sauntered out to the farmhouse where Smithkins was boarding, thinking to kill time by talking "wheel" as all riders are prone to do, and perhaps entice him into a day of touring, should the roads ever permit. The sound

of hammering drew my steps in the direction of the barn, and as I entered the ever open door I was a little surprised to see Smithkins carefully fastening to the side of the barn what looked to me like a large and highly polished rim, with one white ring encircling it. The next thing that met my eye was the Expert leaning against the barn wall, and wearing a dejected aspect largely due to the large wheel being "buckled," and the handle-bars at a different angle from that originally intended for it by the manufacturers.

"What are you doing with that rim?" said I. "Going to practice some new fancy riding without spokes? And what's happened to the Expert? Any more washouts?"

"Oh, rim be buckled!" said Smithkins. "Do you mean to say you don't know a *snake skin* when you see it? Here I've worked all the morning stuffing this to keep the shape perfect!"

I looked again. Yes, it was a snake skin, fully six feet in length, and nearly as many inches in circumference, while the white ring showed it to belong to the dreaded "hoop-snake" variety.

"Where did you get that?" said I, "shoot it while riding through some swamp?" unconsciously hitting near the facts of the case.

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale," he replied, "but help me get this wheel into shape again and I'll give you the whole story."

"There may hang a tail," said I, still gazing at the snake skin, "but where's the head?"

"Ask the gun," said Smithkins, assuming a melodramatic, dime-museum air, "that far around with fragments strewed the road." "But come, the appearance of my wheel makes me weary."

It was the work of but a few minutes to put that in more presentable shape, but the handle-bars we found stood in need of the friendly service of some blacksmith before it would be of much use in steering. Taking seats on convenient stools, Smithkins produced a box of what I think were the strongest and poorest cigarettes I ever smoked, and handing me one, said, "Well, I'll give you the true and unvarnished facts, and perhaps you can elaborate on them enough to make something readable for some cycling periodical."

"Anything for an item," said I, "but be careful how you impose on my trusting and credulous nature. All readers may not be aware of your reputation for truthfulness."

"Oh, stow that," said Smithkins, in a frivolous way that jarred slightly on my feelings. "I must talk a little, myself, if I'm to tell this story."

"Go on," said I, "I'm dumb as an oyster."

"You know," said Smithkins, blushing slightly, "that I have friends in New Boston? I thought so. Well, last Tuesday was such a fine day, the roads looked so hard and smooth, that I thought no time more favorable for a call, especially as a full moon would light my way back. I left here about 5 P. M., reaching New Boston at 6:30, and after a pleasant evening, which I need not enter into details concerning, at about 8 o'clock started homeward." An incredulous look from me—"Well, it might have been nearly 10," he added, as if by an after thought. "The night was simply glorious, everything being flooded with a golden radiance from the regent of the heavens, and as I sped on I could not help smiling softly to myself," and here Smithkins showed signs of losing himself in pleasant reverie.

"Oh, give us a rest," said I, heartlessly interrupting his meditations. "Keep that for your feminine friends. How do you think I can put anything like that in cold ink on unfeeling paper?"

"Where was I?" said Smithkins, rousing his faculties. "Oh, I had got nearly to Bear Swamp. Well, everything went finely until the point where the grade begins to pitch down towards that long hill this side of the swamp near what is called Little Switzerland. You know what a hill that is, about a mile long and with countless turns and knolls. I had gradually getting ready for this hill, dreading it a little, and at the same time trying to watch the beauty of the moonlight on the valley at my left, when suddenly the bicycle gave a start like a thing of life, and swerved toward the right side of the road. At this I roused myself and looked down, when, to my horror and disgust, I saw a long undulating black form gliding beside me in the road, as if desirous of company. I'm not fond of coasting by moonlight, and usually prefer to keep my feet on the pedals on such a hill as that one, but this time all fear of hills was forgotten. Swinging my feet over the handle-bars in a hurry I took a firm grip of the brake-handle, and, as the wheel felt the first pitch of the road,

could not restrain from singing out, 'Good-bye, my snake, good-bye.' As if in reply to this taunt, the snake simply rolled itself into a wheel by taking tail in mouth, and began to 'coast' beside me. You may believe me or not, but I could feel my hair rise as much as a Pompadour cut would allow it to, and it's a wonder it isn't grey this morning.

"Why didn't you shoot him?" said I.

"To tell the truth," replied Smithkins, I had too many other things to think of on that journey, and haven't been coasting long enough to do fancy acts like shooting snakes with 'hands off.' On and on we went, rounding corners and flying over knolls at a tremendous rate, the snake easily keeping abreast of me, and seeming to bound in the air at every knoll. With all my fright, for I won't deny that I felt a trifle nervous, I couldn't help thinking his skin must be splendidly enameled to stand that trip, and you can see for yourself there isn't a cut or scratch in it. Near the foot of the hill, which we were rapidly approaching, there is a bad place on the right hand, down which it would be almost certain death to plunge. As well be killed one way as another, thought I, and exerting all my strength, I turned the wheel full on my creeping companion. The tires of flesh and rubber seemed to grapple with each other, and the moment after I was picking myself up in a dazed sort of way from a soft bed of sand Providentially placed there. As I slowly arose my hands met the gun which had swung round in front of me, and for the first time in my mad ride I realized it was with me. Snake and wheel were so badly mixed I hardly dared fire, but getting closer saw there was no danger, the snake being held with a vice-like grip between the tire and the backbone, while he exerted all his strength in an attempt to crush the spokes. Perhaps you thought that wheel we have been putting in shape was 'buckled' by a header? Not at all; simply bent by the snake's struggles. With one shot I ended the now unequal struggle, and, with a long squeak of relief, my wheel sank gently in the dust. The walk home, leading the wheel, which would hardly pass through the forks, and was burdened with the weight of its assailant, was a long one, and you may imagine I kept a careful watch for more companions of the same sort."

"Well, said I, it's a strange story, and I'm glad you come out so luckily. but I can't see what forced the snake to attack you in that way."

"That puzzles me, too," said Smithkins, "but I have thought he may have taken the bicycle for another hoop-snake."

"Did you say you were singing?" inquired I, as part of his first remarks occurred to me. (All his friends know the delusion Smithkins labors under in regard to possessing a voice.)

"Yes, a little," said he, regarding me suspiciously, but what of that?"

"That settles it," said I, struggling with my emotions, "the snake was charmed."

"Possibly, said Smithkins, but I still cling to the hoop-snake theory, and its a good one. At any rate, when I go to New Boston again it will be to return by daylight. Better the society of rats and mice than such friends as ours on the wall there!"

By this time the rain showed signs of letting up, and declining another cigarette, I wended my way homeward, pondering on what I had heard 'unconscious cerebration,' in view of Smithkins's antipathy to snakes, might explain the sudden moves of the bicycle away from the snake, but that point in psychology is too deep for me. Smithkins returns to New York before long, and will present the snake skin to the club for an ornament, unique in its way. Any doubting Thomas can there inspect it, and glean what little details I may have omitted. Needless to say that the faith of Smithkins in his Expert beams brighter than before, and not even the most elegant of full-nickled Light Roadsters would tempt him to part with it.

L. B. G.

College Professor—Mr. Wheeler, can you give me a definition of a philosopher?

Mr. Wheeler (*A racing man, with a grudge against the handicapper*)—A philosopher is a man who starts from scratch with a man ten seconds faster than he is, just to show the handicapper how little he knows about his business.

The mercury never gets heated in its race to lower the record.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.



THE DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER ANCIENT TABLET SIMILAR TO THE ABOVE IS ADDITIONAL PROOF THAT THE ANCIENTS WERE WHEELMEN.

--See Page 162.

A correspondent writes in the *Australasian*: "To the experienced wheelman there is really very little danger in bicycling, for old riders may drive their wheels four or five thousand miles in a year without accident, but the novice or learner may meet with a good many mishaps, and sometimes encounter marvelous escapes from, I might almost say, sudden death, chiefly through bolting down steep hills. Old riders generally shudder when they see novices flying down moderately steep declines with feet spread out off of the pedals, for they know too well that if the wheel were to strike a stone the rider would probably be hurled over the handles and turned two or three somersaults with the machine before stopping. I can never forget my own experience, and the lifelong lesson I learnt through my machine running away with me. I was being blown along in fine style by a strong northwest wind on my way down from Kyneton. I spun down the hills with legs outspread, and the wind's force almost carried me up the rises. However, on reaching the top of a rise I saw that steep down-hill road before me, which dips and dips again, going straight as an arrow for two miles down to the plains below. My brake was weak, and before I realized the fact the bicycle was bolting. In an instant my feet lost the pedals. At the first dip the machine seemed to sink from under me, instantly acquiring a lightning velocity, which raised a cutting wind, watered and dimmed my eyes till I could scarcely see. Momentarily expecting to be dashed to the ground, I clung to the handles. The strain was intense, and when the machine bounded down the second dip it could not have been traveling less than forty miles an hour. Then the pace gradually diminished till, away down on the plains, I was able to catch the pedals and dismount to recover my scattered senses."

The Persian Army and the Bicycle.

WHENEVER I read of bicycles being used for military purposes, as they are now in several European countries, it reminds me of the amusing way in which a single bicycle once upset the dignity and discipline of an entire army corps. The bicycle I refer to, as the reader will readily surmise, is the famous wheel that carried me around the world. The army corps consisted of about ten thousand soldiers, and were the choice regiments of the Shah of Persia's army.

These troops were performing garrison duty in the city of Teheran, the Shah's capital, during my stay there for the winter. They used to assemble every other morning in the big military maidan to drill and pass in review before the King and his staff. This maidan was a perfectly smooth, level square of about two hundred acres, which was walled completely in by alcoved walls and barracks. An arched gateway led into the maidan, and at the entrance stood a guard of four soldiers.

The Commander-in-chief of the army was the Naib-i-Sultan, one of the Shah's uncles. He was a genial Persian officer, who, hearing that I had already ridden the bicycle before the King, sent me an invitation to come down one morning and ride it on the maidan, so that he and his brother officers might see it.

Such a curious thing as a bicycle had never been seen in that country before, and everybody in Teheran was wild with curiosity to see me ride. I used to take a spin occasionally on the suburban roads, and the people had come to know me by the expressive title of the *Asp-i-ahen* Sahib (Horse-of-iron Master).

When I first received the Naib-i-Sultan's invitation, for some reason or other I couldn't very well go, and so excused myself until a more convenient occasion. A few mornings afterward, however, I happened to be out riding, and attracted by the sound of martial music inside the military maidan, I thought I would wheel in and see the review. Instead of offering any objections to my entrance the guards grinned good-humoredly as they saw me coming and presented arms as I rode in. Although I had, from previous experience with small bodies of Persian soldiers elsewhere, discovered that my appearance on the wonderful *asp-i-ahen* was pretty sure to create confusion, I was hardly prepared for the reception that awaited me in the maidan. The whole garrison was distributed about the grounds in squads, companies and regiments, manœuvring and drilling to place themselves in readiness for a grand review before the Shah. The monarch was expected to arrive in about an hour.

A company of sharpshooters practicing firing at imaginary foes while lying flat on the ground sprang to their feet as they saw me ride through the gateway. "The *Asp-i-ahen* Sahib!" they shouted; "the *Asp-i-ahen* Sahib!" The officers were evidently as delighted at the opportunity of seeing me ride as the soldiers were, and made little effort to keep their men in line. Other companies and regiments took up the cry, and before I fairly realized the commotion I was causing, from hundreds of martial throats all over the maidan went up the cry, "the *Asp-i-ahen* Sahib."

The whole army corps was delighted. In their eagerness to see, many of the soldiers broke ranks, and the long, straight lines of uniformed men were at once thrown into dire confusion. Even the regimental bands, which but a moment before were in full blast, at once degenerated into discordant squeaks and toots, and finally ceased playing.

At first I thought that the wisest thing I could do under the circumstances would be to retire as quickly as possible. Seeing me make a movement as if to do this, however, our friends, the sharpshooters, began shouting, "*Yokshida, sahib! yokshida! yokshida!*" (all right, sir! all right!); and as some of the officers seconded their men in shouting "*yokshida,*" I concluded to ride for them, anyhow.

Near at hand was a regiment of infantry whose arms were stacked in a long row in front of the ranks. Following up this line, I circled in and out between the stacks of muskets set up at about twenty feet apart. This serpentine ride produced a great impression upon the minds of the Persian warriors. In their ignorance they regarded the graceful evolutions of the bicycle as it circled round about their stacked-up arms, a most marvelous performance, and their delighted acclamations of "*Yokshida! yokshida!*" might have been heard a mile away.

What if the King should arrive and find all this confusion instead of the troops drawn up in proper order for review? I thought; and

so prepared to make good my retreat, and give the officers a chance to get their men in order again. But at this juncture up dashed an orderly on a gray charger with a request that I ride with him to the Commander-in-chief and staff on the far side of the maidan. Of course I readily consented to go, though not without sundry misgivings as to my probable reception, seeing that I had thrown the whole review into chaos, right in the Commander-in-chief's presence.

Taking a zigzag course through the squares and platoons, we found the Naib-i-Sultan inspecting the Shah's favorite regiment of Cossacks. Instead of finding fault with me for my intrusion at such a time, the Commander-in-chief was as delighted as any of his soldiers at the opportunity of seeing me ride. Some of his officers could talk English, and they asked me all about the bicycle and its uses. I told them that in the English and European armies they had begun using bicycles for scouting and carrying dispatches. The Naib-i-Sultan laughed as though he could hardly swallow such an extraordinary soldier as soldiers riding on wheels. He laughed a good deal more heartily and looked around at his officers when I suggested that he ought by all means to mount the regiment of Cossacks on bicycles. After seeing me ride, he admitted that the Cossacks would make a brave display mounted on nickel-plated bicycles wheeling about the smooth maidan, but he shook his head amusedly at the idea of them scouting over the Persian deserts on wheels.

During the interview with the Commander-in-chief, the line officers had managed to get their regiments into formation again, and the bands struck up as lively as before. It was now about time for the appearance of the Shah, and so I placed the bicycle in one of the alcoves of the wall and waited to see the review. Presently a noisy fanfare of trumpets announced the approach of the monarch, and the Naib-i-Sultan and his staff dismounted and stationed themselves in an expectant attitude near the gate.

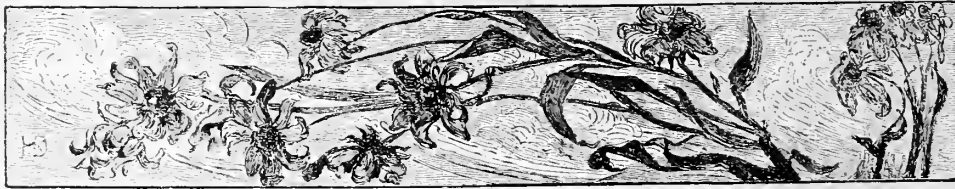
Every officer bowed his head nearly to the ground as the Shah entered, riding on a splendid Arab horse, and then they escorted him to the reviewing stand.

The most interesting part of the review was the exercise of the Cossacks, soldiers mounted and uniformed after the pattern of the famous Cossacks of the Russian army, and drilled by Russian officers in the Shah's employ. These soldiers stood upright in their saddles as their wiry little horses galloped swiftly past the Shah, and tossed their muskets up in the air and caught them. After this they galloped wildly past again, this time sitting in the saddles. As each rider passed the King, he would toss his woolly hat to the ground ahead, and then, without in the least slacking his speed, fling himself over to one side and pick it up as he swooped by.

These facts were truly skilful performances, but both the Cossacks and their comrades in the infantry, and even the Commander-in-chief of the army, considered my simple feat of riding the bicycle far ahead of anything done by the former. I knew better than this, but allowed them to think as they pleased. THOMAS STEVENS.

An ordinary bicyclist playing Romeo to some fair Juliet by moonlight—the balcony or elevated garden wall on which she stands being reached by means of the saddle of the machine—is the subject of a cover of *La Rivista Velocipedistica*, of Paris, before us. In scene one, he approaches his fair; in scene two, he is in the act of reaching the summit of the wall; in scene three, he and she are mixed up somewhat, an imp in the background being depicted as about to spoil everything by means of a hooked stick; in scene four, all is chaos, for the youthful demon has done his work, and separated the lovers by bringing Romeo heavily to earth.

The day of cycling romances is pretty well over; but now and then one hears a story which is well worthy to figure in one of those obsolete specimens of cycling literature. One was told the other day of a Scotch lady who rides a tandem with her husband, and greatly enjoys it, but has never cycled alone till on one recent and memorial occasion. Her husband chanced to cut his arm badly, and there was no doctor within miles. There seemed every fear that he might bleed to death before help could be obtained, especially as there was neither horse nor vehicle at hand. The wife, however, mounted the tandem, rode post haste for the doctor, and returned with him in time to save the life that seemed in such danger.



DECEMBER DAYS.

My lonely life, like the sea, rolls on;
The years like the breakers, are ever the same
As a cheerless day with a troubled dawn
See 's the weary waste of the seasons gone;
To my conscious heart the throbbing waves
But echo a name.

My secret, too like the ocean's own,
Is burled deep in a troubled past;
My heart, like the billows, may toss and moan,
But forever unrevealed, unknown,
Must my long-pent grief remain
To the last.

In December days is a kindred mood
Such as never I find in Summer's sun;
With its sombre tones is my life imbued;
My joys and my griefs are alike subdued;
The vanishing year and my lifeless hopes
Are as one.

In strange accord with my sober thought
Comes the constant break of the cold grey sea,
And the perfect harmony I sought
To my mournful heart has nature wrought
The broken reed and the leaden sky—
They are meet for me.

Once these sunless days had but little charm;
I lived then, and revelled, in the spring-time alone;
But their piercing breath can as little harm
My dreary heart now as the sunshine warm;
For that which is gone neither brightness
Nor cheer can atone.

I bury the dreams of "what might have been"
In the constant toll of my buisny life;
'Mid the great world's victims of want and sin
I have learned to forget the grief within,
And the merciless sting of those other days
I loose in its bustle and strife.

When these cold dreary winds of December come,
When the long tangled grass lies asleep on the lea,
When the seeker for rest and for pleasure is gone,
With a great sad joy I steal here alone,
And the sorrow my heart has secreted from man
I'll tell it to thee.

A BICYCLER'S SONG.

Oh, beautiful bicycle, noiselessly gliding,
How happy the wheelman when trav'ling with thee!
When high on thy saddle, he's fearlessly riding,
How grand and unsprung, thy motion so free!
While horsemen may gather and jockeys may scorn us,
Yet dearer the bicycle daily shall be;
And ev'ry true wheeman shall join in the chorus—
"Oh, bicycle, ever we'll rally to thee!"

When far from the city, where wild flow'rs are growing,
And through the green lanes where the violets hide—
While breathing the health-giving gales that are blowing,
How happy the wheelmen as gaily they ride!
And sharply the shining bell's musical waruing
Rings out on the air as they rapidly move.

Oh! never Arabian coursers adorning,
Can win our true hearts from the steed that we love?

Then come, brothers, come! with our bicycles hasting,
No longer at books or at work let us stay!

No longer in cities the sunny hours wasting,
Let us skim with the birds, to the woodlands away!
The sunlight and breezes our strength shall restore us,
And health to the spirit our freedom shall be;

And ev'ry true wheelman shall join in the chorus—
"Oh, bicycle, ever we'll rally to thee!"



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

They say the longest days in June,
The shortest in December;
And yet I cannot think 'tis true,
Because don't you remember

How very short those days in June
When we two were together,
And how the longest day of all
Were in the winter weather.

What e're the almanac may say,
No matter what the weather,
The days seem long when we're apart
And shortest when together.

A. J. C.



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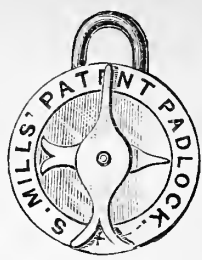
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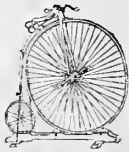
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